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CHINA

AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF WAR

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THE WAR AND THE PEOPLE

By Hawthorne Cheng

THE Chinese believe that all things under heaven work together for good. An evil comes but will not long stay. No matter how a story begins, it has a happy ending.

During seven years of war, the Chinese have suffered misery. There have been broken homes and broken hearts. There have been separations and dislocations. There have been worries about food and about clothes and about innumerable things.

The war years are not the first in which the Chinese have suffered. In their best times, they were afflicted with poverty. The majority of them are poor by birth. On top of poverty there have been floods, droughts, civil wars, each bringing untold suffering. All these calamities soon passed. The Chinese rose after each, not only unbeaten but stronger through the discipline of hardships which, down the centuries, they have learned to endure and overcome.

The present war has brought the worst of the worst to the Chinese people. Seven years is the longest that any evil has remained with them, but it has not been long enough to wear out people who for thousands of years have suffered hardships and privations, and have survived.

This long war will end as all other evils have ended, and there will come a better day. Until it comes, the Chinese have the spirit to smile in the face of hardships and to carry on—a spirit which has sustained them through the calamities of the seven years of this war as it sustained them through calamities of the past.

It is the spirit of her teeming millions of farmers, from whom most of the five million men of China's army were drawn, and from whose fields comes the food for the army. It is the spirit of her laborers, her mechanics and engineers who have built China's wartime railways, highways, waterways, and other arteries of communication, and who work in China's arsenals to keep the guns supplied with ammunition. It is the spirit of China's women as well as her men.

The people of China, despite the stress and strain of war, have carried on. They continue to make love, to get married, to give birth to babies and to support growing families on meager incomes.

Seven years is a long time, during which many things can happen—and many things have happened to Teng Chan.

Teng saw the beginning of the war as a bachelor in Shanghai and Nanking, met and fell in love with a girl, and was married, lived through the worst of the bombing in Chungking and is now the father of two children.

Working in a Chinese government office he is one among thousands of public functionaries. Before the war, he was a prosperous young member of the middle class; but, like his fellows in government offices, he has been hard pressed economically as the war has gone on and on. He has suffered far more than millions of Chinese and far less than other millions.

Before the war, Teng had a remunerative job in a business firm in Shanghai. He drew $300 Chinese a month, which was the equivalent of $100 American. He paid $28 for a room in an apartment house and $30 for food—often eating fish and chicken, which were comparatively expensive—sent another $30 to his father in North China, and spent the rest of his income on clothes, incidentals, luxuries, and amusements.

He drank wine now and then, smoked fifty cigarettes a day, frequented cabarets to dine and dance and took girls out on week-end pleasure jaunts. By persons who didn't do these things he was called a "man of many crimes;" but he was merely a young man enjoying life.

He could afford his pleasures because he was without a family and didn't have to provide against rainy days. He changed from one girl to another so frequently that he was nicknamed "Don Juan." The fact was that he didn't want to forgo his precious freedom before the "right" girl came along.

When war came to Shanghai, Teng was sent to Nanking to take charge of a branch office of the concern. In Nanking his routine was interrupted by as many as eight or nine Japanese air raids a day; but he was never injured, and he was never short of money.

He gave up his job and went to work in a government office which was moved to Hankow early in 1938. In Hankow he continued to eat in restaurants with his friends and colleagues; some of these places were noted for their fish and for excellent pies made of flour from small green beans and stuffed with glutinous rice, ham, and other delicacies. He kept on taking girls to foreign movies and Chinese opera.

He received practically the same salary from the government as he had received from the business in Shanghai and Nanking, and the cost of living was almost the same.

After the fall of Hankow he went to Chungking in early 1939, and everything began to change. The enemy had blockaded all of China's seacoast. Imported goods reached the hinterland only in small quantities which trickled in from Hong Kong and over the Burma Road. Opportunists saw in this condition a chance to make money and took to hoarding and other selfish practices. Prices began their upward

march, and soon some of the articles needed for human comfort went beyond the purse of men like Teng Chan.

Teng cut down his various pleasure pursuits to a minimum. After a day's hard work, he would stay in the barrackslike office dormitory—which, in his early days in Chungking was a building of tile, brick, wood, lime, and mud. He would sit on his bed and chat with three fellow workers who slept in the same room instead of talking over a coffee pot in the Hazelwood or some other downtown coffee house. He seldom went out, and he met fewer and fewer girls. He ate in the office mess hall, where eight persons would sit at a table, quickly emptying dishes of fish and chicken. Even pork and beef were served less and less frequently; when they appeared, it was in small quantity.

Teng had to weigh his purse before he took money out of it. He was still drawing the same salary, but money had lost a third or more of its purchasing power. One of the rare occasions on which he gave a party was when a foreign friend brought his overcoat to him all the way from Shanghai after traveling nearly a year by way of India and Burma. The party which Teng gave in honor of his friend at the White Rose Restaurant, with dishes of duck and chicken, cost him $35 Chinese. The same dinner during his Hankow days would have cost less than $20. He considered his money well spent. He would have had to pay twice $35 to buy a new overcoat, and he already was running short of clothes.

One reason why Teng gave few parties was that he was thinking of marriage. Some of his friends insisted that he could face the increasing hardships of life better if he had a wife.

"Love is great," Liang Ou-kwai used to say.

Young Liang had joined the government in its long march

westward hardly a month after his marriage, leaving his wife behind in his native province Chekiang, with the promise to come back to her as soon as the war was over. In her life the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months and years until finally she left her baby boy—never seen by his father—with her mother-in-law and took to the road.

For the love that Liang said was "great," she accepted the hazards and hardships of a long journey which would have been difficult for a strong man. She was typical of many young wives of China who, afoot or in some other way, traveled hundreds of miles to join their husbands after separations which had become unbearable. She was happier than some of her sisters in the faithfulness and constancy of her husband. Liang cried for joy at meeting her, though he didn't kiss her in public—that is not the custom in China, even for a modern and highly educated couple like the Liangs.

The musician's wife, for instance, had a different meeting with her husband after her long journey to Chungking. He worked in a government broadcasting station, where he had become enamored of a girl in the choir whom he "married."

Under such circumstances, some wives—especially, uneducated girls from the country—meekly yielded to their husbands and agreed to stay under the same roof with the woman who was kept as a mistress or as a second wife. But the musician's wife had had some schooling and had adopted some of the new ideas. She charged her husband with bigamy and desertion, and would have sued him for divorce if it had not been for the two children she had brought along with her.

There were domestic tragedies that would not have happened without the war. There are unfaithful husbands in

China as well as elsewhere, especially among men separated from their wives for months or years.

Teng had made up his mind to begin looking for a girl to marry, and he wanted to make no mistake. He wanted to be a husband like young Liang and to have a wife as loving as Liang's.

Love, he found, was a much more complicated affair in wartime than in peacetime. He had no desire to marry a soldier's wife or fiancée. Such a woman, left with small means of support, with no news from her soldier husband for as long as two years, sometimes became desperate and began to look for other men—it might be any man who would support her.

The Legislative Yuan of the National Government, in view of this situation, promulgated a law under which soldiers' wives were not allowed to seek divorce, to become betrothed, or to marry. In case of betrothal, a wife could be punished by six months' imprisonment or a fine of $1,000. One guilty of bigamous marriage could get seven years in jail or be fined $5,000. Adultery could bring three years' imprisonment or a fine of $3,000. A girl legally betrothed to a soldier could not seek annulment of the betrothal. Adultery on a wife's part could be punished by five months' imprisonment or a $1,000 fine.

After the war had been in progress for a considerable time Warrior Family Aid committees were set up by the All-China Troop Comforting Association in Chungking and other cities to provide food and other daily necessities for soldiers' wives. When they were created, a soldier's wife like Mrs. Wang Li-sze could send her two small sons to "Know Trouble Chang," secretary-general of the Chungking Warrior Family Aid Committee. After learning of their difficulties he would sign an order for money and tell one

of his staff to take the ragged boys out for shoes, socks, and coats. He would promise to try to get rice from the Chungking Food Bureau. If his measures failed to keep the family on its feet he could send the children to a war orphanage.

Teng's field was limited to those modern Chinese maidens who were available in the marriage market. Most of them were newly graduated from middle schools or colleges. Some were working in government offices like himself.

A thoroughly modern Chinese maiden is emancipated both legally and socially, and usually wishes to keep her job after marriage. Teng had no objection to a working wife. He found that most of the younger working girls wanted to wait a few years before marriage, but he was doubtful about their merits anyway.

He preferred a college graduate, who was good at running a home and could save the cents without losing the dollars. He thought a girl who had been working for some time would know better than a girl fresh from school how to use each hard-earned cent and each hard-earned dollar. If his wife wanted to work after marriage, let her work. Life was hard and was certain to get harder and harder as long as the war went on, and it would be better for two to be working and earning. This idea might never have occurred to Teng in peacetime.

The road to marriage, he found, was not without its difficulties. He could not marry the girl across the desk in his office, as some of his friends had done. Across his desk, there sat no girl. Most of the girls in the building were married or engaged, or were too young for a man well over thirty.

The war has at times brought Chinese boys and girls closer together. Casual meetings on busses, boats, and trains developed into long-term friendships; and chance introduc-

tions of those who shared the same dugout, into life partnerships.

If Teng had had any favorable chances he had not taken full advantage of them; and some of his meetings with young women were tragic rather than romantic. While walking along the street after an air raid, he saw a young woman whose left arm had just been blown off by a bomb. She told him she had been holding her child with this arm, and the child was nowhere to be seen when she regained consciousness. For a long time, she said, she did not feel any pain, because she was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her baby.

As she grieved over the baby she suddenly realized that her husband, who had been with her during the air raid, also had disappeared. His death was certain.

Teng was moved to tears. He took from his purse all the money he had, $50 Chinese, and gave it to the woman as she was carried away on a stretcher to a hospital.

Teng had no desire to go to a matchmaker. Matchmakers' services were dispensed with by well educated young people in China. He did go to Liang, his friend and colleague, whose wife knew a host of modern Chinese maidens of marriageable age and mood.

Through an introduction by Mrs. Liang, Teng finally met the girl whom he married. She, too, worked in a government office. She had made the long journey from Nanking to Chungking with her mother and elder sister; but by the time of the marriage she was an orphan. The mother and the two girls were in a dugout during an air raid in which a bomb fragment penetrated the dugout. The mother was killed, and the elder sister received crippling injuries.

The days before and after the tragic event, of August 19, 1940, were not appropriate for courting. Teng was often in

tears, first when the girl lost all her possessions in one bombing, and then when she lost her mother in a second raid. He and the girl walked in the moonlight one night—but it was to a salesroom for a coffin, hoping that the body of the mother could be sent to a temple across the Yantze River before another alarm sounded.

During those days Teng had to save every cent he could against his wedding, which was to be about a hundred days after the death of his girl's mother, according to Chinese custom.

Commodity prices still were rising, so that the government had to adopt control measures. Though profit and excess-profit taxes were imposed by the government, greedy merchants continued with their profiteering practices; and even a person like Teng was sometimes called in jest a "hoarder" because he was saving his money to get married.

The most he could put away each month was $200 then equal to about $40 American. He received an increase in salary, but his raise was insignificant compared with the increase in the cost of living. The girl was impressed by his saving and, to help him, refused all his offers to buy her presents and all his invitations to restaurants and the movies. They met only to walk in a park or along the streets.

The delay in the marriage drew protests from some of Teng's close friends. Liang quoted an old Chinese saying about "hearing noises on the stairway but seeing nobody coming down." Teng could see disadvantages himself, because a wedding ceremony delayed for three months would cost two or three times as much, with the rise in prices continuing.

The movement for thrift had spread to everything. In peacetime, young couples had not begrudged lavish spending at their weddings. Those who were well-to-do and modern

used limousines for bridal chairs, while the old-fashioned preferred the "flowery sedan chair." Before the war there would have been a parade in which the bride's trousseau and dowry would have been shown from one end of the street to the other. The wedding ceremony would have been followed by a costly banquet.

These were extravagances which Teng had to dispense with in his wedding. Economize he must, but not so far as to do without a ceremony. Some couples inserted advertisements in the papers proclaiming themselves man and wife, while others simply began living together without an advertisement. These unions were called "puppet organizations."

When Teng's wedding came on February 23, 1941, it was properly solemnized. A floor of the One Heart restaurant in downtown Chungking was simply but fittingly decorated for the ceremony. For the wedding march, one musician friend of Teng's played his violin and another a piano Teng had borrowed from the American pastor of the Methodist Church.

The bride was dressed in a white silk gown which she had bought from one of the numerous secondhand stores in Chungking. (At first she had thought of renting a new gown; but that would have cost almost as much, and she thought she could sell the secondhand one to another store at the purchase price—as she later did.) Instead of a best man and a maid of honor, for whom it would have been necessary to buy clothes, two small flower girls followed the bride during the wedding march.

The wedding, with a simple dinner for friends and relatives of both parties, cost a little more than $2,000. Half was paid by the groom and half by the bride—which shamed Teng, but which he could not help.

There was a week's honeymoon, as all public fuctionaries were given a week for marriage leave. Then the newlyweds moved from hotel to hotel until their efforts to find the cheapest one landed them in a dingy room for which they paid $10 a day. This kind of life, staying in one hotel today and another tomorrow, having breakfast in one restaurant, lunch in another and supper in a third, is described in wartime China as, *ta yu chi,* (following guerrilla tactics).

Teng and his bride had to follow guerrilla tactics because the house which Teng had engaged a contractor to build was not ready until two weeks after the wedding. The marriage was at the beginning of the retrogressive age of mud and bamboo in Chungking. Most of the buildings of tile, brick, and wood had been destroyed by bombs and were being replaced with structures of mud and bamboo with straw roofs. Even for a shanty of mud and bamboo Teng had to pay $800, which represented nearly two months' salary.

Despite the sums he paid for his wedding and for the house and other things that went with the making of a new home, Teng considered himself fortunate when he saw how much more others had to pay when they were married later. Sun, a typist in another government building, spent more than $4,000 when in 1942 he married a girl who worked in his office. Chu, the English-language secretary in still another government office, marrying a girl who worked across the desk from him, paid nearly $10,000 in 1943.

No matter how high the cost of matrimony or how hard life became, young couples in love continued to marry. Even in the worst of the "fatigue bombing," when Japanese air raiders came five or six times a day, a girl who was the daughter of an overseas Chinese in America arrived by plane in Chungking to be married. As Liang once told Teng, love was bomb-proof. The ceremonies became more and more

simple, and more and more expensive, until an increasing number of couples found it expedient to join the mass weddings held two or three times each year in Chungking. For those weddings, each couple paid only $200.

All those who married had to face a hard problem, best described by the common Chungking saying, "It is much easier to find a wife than to find a house."

It was well to know a contractor like the one who built what Teng called his home—a home which he and his wife, and later his children, shared with rats. It had a straw roof which was twice blown off by bombs. After each bombing disaster Teng had to get the contractor to repair, in fact almost to rebuild, his house; and each time he had to go to an executive in his office for an allowance to help him meet the cost. The cost was approximately $2,000 each time.

Even badly damaged houses were repaired, for every available house in Chungking was occupied and every occupant, once in a house, meant to stay, even if the landlady brought suit in court charging her tenant with refusal to pay the rent she demanded.

A contractor charged $2,000 for a house with two small rooms built for the Suns and more than twice that amount for another of the same size built several months later for the Chus, not because he wanted to exploit the wartime demand for houses but because, as he said, the price of rice had gone so high, and he and his men had families to support.

The workmen who built Chungking's houses were so pressed for time that some of them, hardy and fearless men, continued to work during air raids. Mrs. Teng once hired a carpenter to make a table and a couple of stools out of some old pieces of wood she had collected, and he went ahead with his work after an alarm was sounded. Mrs. Teng asked him to go to the dugout, but he replied in his native Szechwan

dialect, "Pa sha tze," which to a northern ear like Teng's sounds like "Afraid of sand," but in Szechwan means, "What is there to fear?"

After marriages came babies, except with those who felt they could not bring up babies in wartime. The coming of babies raised new problems. Teng had to buy more nourishing food for his wife, although he couldn't afford it, and had to get a new mosquito net at an exorbitant price to replace an old and worn one, so that his wife would be better protected against malaria. He had to make sure that she didn't have to run to a dugout during an air raid. Several wives of his friends lost babies because of malaria or because of running to reach dugouts before the bombs came down.

When these worries were almost over and the baby was soon to come, Teng had to worry about sending his wife to a proper maternity hospital. His hospital bill was well over $3,000. That was the cheapest hospital rate he could get anywhere in or near Chungking when his first baby was born on August 15, 1942.

By that time, Teng had received further increases in pay so that his monthly income, including salary, living subsidies, and allowances, amounted to a bit more than $1,000—which, at the official rate of exchange then prevailing, equaled $50 American. In addition he was given five tou (94 quarts) of government rice per month: two for himself, two for his wife, and one for the baby.

As time passed, Teng's income increased—but not as fast as the cost of living. When his second baby was born in 1944 he was paid something more than $3,000 a month; but he would have paid nearly $10,000 if he had sent his wife to a proper maternity hospital. This he could not afford to do. The child was delivered at home by a doctor of the health

clinic of the Social Welfare Center run by the Ministry of Social Affairs.

Through all these difficult days, Teng's wife put all her earnings into the family budget and saved every cent she could. Her earnings were two-thirds of her husband's. She could have drawn six tou of government rice for the two adults and two infants of her family except for a government ruling that in case both husband and wife worked in government offices only the husband would be entitled to receive the rice allowance.

The ruling was announced in the autumn of 1942, and immediately caused protests by women. After heated discussion, women public functionaries organized an association in whose name strong representations were submitted to the authorities urging cancellation or revision of the ruling.

The government changed the ruling to read: "In case both the husband and wife are government employees, only one of them (either husband or wife but not both) shall be entitled to receive a rice allowance."

Mrs. Teng could do nothing about it. She would not, for instance, lie to her superiors by telling them that she was unmarried or that her husband did not work in another government office. She loved her husband and would not insert in the newspaper an advertisement that she had divorced him. An additional allowance of six tou of rice meant much, and she knew some women were telling lies to get it. They did so because they were hungry and they had to eat in order to live. When they tried to get from the government a little more than the law permitted, it was far less than what the war had taken from them.

Mrs. Teng had to retrench. Instead of hiring a wet nurse, she nursed her own baby. Wet nurses are important in Chungking, for cow's milk is scarce and milk powder is

costly. The housewife and young mother who is better off than Mrs. Teng but not rich enough to buy cow's milk and Klim powder goes to a wet nurse. The salary paid depends upon many factors—the quality of the milk the baby is getting, the financial condition of the family, the fondness of the family for the baby, the age of the nurse, and the generosity of the housewife. A good-looking and young nurse who seemed to keep a baby happy was paid as much as $2,400 a month in the spring of 1944 in addition to food and clothing. The average pay was likely to be between $1,200 and $2,000.

To get the services of a wet nurse, a Chungking mother goes to Golden Soup Street, which is down a hill off the main street leading from the suburbs to the downtown business center. In front of an apartment house on Golden Soup Street she can find, at almost any time between five and ten A.M. daily, as many as twenty to thirty wet nurses and maid servants who are seeking employment.

Mrs. Teng went there, not for a wet nurse, but for a maid. The Tengs both worked in government offices, and there was only the wife's elder sister, who was weak and slow of mind because of her bombing injuries, to help care for the babies and do the housework. A maid was essential.

On her first visit to the servant mart in 1941 Mrs. Teng hired a maid at a monthly wage of $30. Each time she hired a new one the wage was higher. After her second baby was born in 1944 she had to pay $450. The servant's wage in Chungking is a perfect barometer of the upward trend of the cost of living.

Mrs. Teng made many visits to the servant mart, because her servants never stayed longer than a few months. They quit one after another, to open a small shop or take a job in a factory, because such work paid better than work as a

servant. Each time a maid quit, Mrs. Teng had to take over the household affairs herself until she could hire another one.

Mrs. Teng began her day's work at six o'clock. She spent no time on make-up, as she could not afford lipstick, rouge, and face powder. The maid, when she had one, prepared the rice gruel for breakfast; but Mrs. Teng scrambled the eggs herself, because she could please her husband's taste. When eggs were too expensive, she would send the maid-servant out for a couple of crullers, which, soaked in sauce, would help her husband eat more gruel.

Mrs. Teng's own breakfast had to be eaten quickly, for she had to nurse the baby before going to her office. Office hours started at seven A.M. in summer and at eight A.M. during the rest of the year. While nursing the baby or eating breakfast, Mrs. Teng had to tell her elder sister in minute detail what to buy at the market so that the latter, with her bomb-shocked mind, could remember every item. Mrs. Teng could not let the maid do the marketing lest she take "squeeze" out of the day's small allotment of food money.

Mrs. Teng finished her morning's work in her office at noon and started for home. She almost always traveled on foot, even when she was expecting a baby. Teng, whose office was near his home, returned before she did, and tried to make himself useful by giving one of the babies a bath, or by cooking some dish which he and his wife liked. He learned cooking from her, and after much practice became quite good at it.

The first thing Mrs. Teng did upon her return was to nurse her baby, who had been crying for an hour from hunger. Then she ate her lunch, as hastily as her breakfast, because her office hours in the afternoon were from one o'clock to five except during the summer heat, when they ended at four.

In the evening she nursed the baby and helped with the cooking until finally her hard day came to an end.

Day in and day out, a Chinese housewife like Mrs. Teng is busy six days a week. On Sunday she has a day away from the office but not from her endless household chores. It is the day to have an extra dish or two—perhaps a meat dish to vary the monotony of vegetables, and she must go to market herself.

With her allotment for the day's food in a pocket inside her faded cotton gown, and with a shallow market basket on her arm, Mrs. Teng set out for market at six o'clock on a cool Sunday morning last spring. She had risen an hour earlier than usual to feed the baby and to measure out two bowlfuls of rice for the breakfast gruel, which the maid would cook.

On the ten-minute walk to market, Mrs. Teng met a friend coming back. She gleaned the news that there was no pork, and that other meats were very high.

The narrow alley which led into the thatch-covered market place was jammed with men carrying produce into market in large baskets on the ends of poles, and housewives coming out with their purchases in market baskets. Mrs. Teng elbowed her way through the crowd, peering into the baskets of other housewives and asking them about prices. Nothing was wrapped: vegetables and fish and eggs all were arranged in neat layers in the market baskets. Strangers answered Mrs. Teng's questions cheerfully. Bystanders joined in with suggestions.

The stalls were formed by groups or rows of large round baskets full of produce, which served as counters. Over each set of baskets a whole family presided. The cash register was a basket hung from a rafter by a rope and dangling at shoulder level. Into this the salesman tossed the paper money.

Mrs. Teng's first purchase was from a stall handling pickled greens. Salty things, she thought, made rice taste good. She found brine-soaked spinach cheap, and carefully picked out, piece by piece, thirteen ounces. She placed them herself in the tray of the simple scales which the salesman held. Then he put them in a neat pile at the bottom of her market basket.

The bamboo shoots at the next stall interested her. But the big ones, the size of a cow's horn, were too tough, she thought; and the little ones, the size of asparagus tips, were too expensive.

She moved on to the vegetable counter, where a grandmother was industriously shelling peas and beans. Mrs. Teng looked over them carefully and, after much bargaining with the old lady, purchased a catty of shelled green peas. A catty is a large dipperful, amounting to more than a pound.

Mrs. Teng skipped the fish stall. Fish is not for a family such as hers. It is too expensive. Bean curd—which is a standby in Chinese meals—was on sale at small folding stands between the vegetable and fish stalls: the dried curd was brown, and looked like yesterday's waffles. Mrs. Teng was looking for things for jaded appetites, and the bean curd lost her attention when she saw a man with crabs. Her husband liked these, and she must buy some though it was extravagant. After consulting another woman near by she bought a bunch of crabs tied up with a long piece of grass.

Her most serious job was her purchase of twenty eggs. She knelt beside the two large baskets of eggs watched over by a young boy, and picked the eggs out one by one, as carefully as an American housewife picks her tomatoes or her peaches. Every egg must be examined for cracks, weighed in the hand, held up to the ear, and shaken. Each egg that passed inspection went into her basket next to the string of crabs.

Then came the inspection of chickens. The chickens were fully feathered and very much alive. Their feet were tied together with straw, which didn't seem to bother them; and potential customers lifted them up by their wings to examine them, which didn't seem to bother them either. They were extremely placid chickens. Mrs. Teng thought chicken too high. She could afford chicken only once in a great while.

That finished her marketing for the day. In two hours she had spent all the day's food money, well over $200. Yet there was no fish, no chicken, and no pork in her market basket.

By cutting down her expenditures on week days and spending a little more on Sundays and holidays, Mrs. Teng managed with about $5,000 for food, excluding rice, each month. Six tou of government rice was not sufficient to feed her family, so that she had to buy from one of the rice distribution centers an extra tou or so each month. For this purchase she had to borrow an identification card from some friend who was single or didn't have a big family. She could not use her own card or her husband's because they got government rice. In addition to food expenses, fuel cost her $900 a month.

The earnings of the two Tengs were hardly enough to make ends meet, however hard the wife tried to stretch the money. All Mrs. Teng's valuable possessions—a fur overcoat, a pair of gloves, and some dresses, brought to her from down river by relatives and friends—were sold to second-hand stores. She had left only old dresses, washed and remade to look like new ones.

She could buy from her office cooperative some daily necessities, which are rationed by the month, such as twelve ounces of vegetable oil, a little more than a pound of salt, and a little more than a pound of sugar. Once in several

months she could buy a few yards of blue or white cotton cloth, a tube of tooth paste, a box of shoe polish, or a shirt for her husband. In this respect she was more fortunate than wives who did not work in government offices, because she could buy things at fixed prices from the cooperatives of both her own and her husband's offices.

She fought hard against rising prices and did everything she could to make up for the depreciation of the Chinese dollar. By March, 1944, $300 Chinese wouldn't buy what $1 had done in prewar days. She brought from her office old newspapers and other waste paper to use as fuel or as toilet paper. She made shoes for her babies out of the rags of worn-out clothes. Once she brought home a dog which had just been killed by a motor car, because she had been told dog meat, cooked with onions, was delicious. She had heard that one of the war lords was noted for his fondness for dog meat; but she found she didn't care for it.

She turned to animal husbandry, but there her resourcefulness failed her. All the pigs, the goats, and the chickens which she tried to raise died, one after another, either of winter cold and dampness or of some contagious disease. The death of the goats was particularly disappointing for she had hoped to get milk as a supplementary diet for her baby.

Nor was her experiment in agriculture successful. Within the tiny courtyard of her home she tried to grow cabbages, peas and beans, a few rows of corn, and tomatoes. The cabbage grew well, and there were days when her elder sister didn't have to buy cabbage from the market. But the peas and the beans, the corn and the tomatoes were killed by the summer sun.

During all the difficult years, only once did Teng want to resign his government post for a better position elsewhere. He withdrew his resignation when his chief promised him a

better future. The promise of happier days has been the buoy to which all Chinese have clung in the seven stormy years of war.

Liang Ou-kwai, Teng's friend and former colleague, is now the father of four children, including the one his wife left to the care of his mother in Chekiang Province. Liang resigned his government job because he had to have more money with so many mouths to feed, and because his elder brother needed an assistant in his machine shop.

The Ting Feng Machine Shop in the outskirts of Chungking is one among hundreds of industrial plants driven by the war from the coastal provinces to Chungking and other cities of western China. Their journeys were modern odysseys, full of dangers and hardships. Their operations in the interior constantly have been threatened by bombs, by shortages, and by high costs.

The Ting Feng Machine Shop made a hazardous 1,500-mile trip from Shanghai to Chungking. When the battle of Shanghai began, Chinese soldiers helped to remove the machine shop's equipment from the fighting zone. With a loan of $2,000 Chinese from the National Resources Commission the owners started their journey westward, going first to Hankow.

All the machines were placed on junks, and ten foremen and experienced workers were picked from a working staff of eighty to supervise the journey. The rest were told to follow when they had made arrangements for their families. The junks traveled on Soochow Creek from Shanghai to Soochow, where they entered the Grand Canal and sailed north to the Yangtze. The 200-mile trip was accomplished despite the attacks of enemy planes. The junks were machine-gunned no fewer than six times and two workmen were wounded.

From Chinkiang, capital of Kiangsu Province, to Hankow, a distance of 439 miles, the journey was by steamer, and all was uneventful except for an occasional sight of Japanese planes.

At Hankow the machines were set up in twenty days, and work was begun. With sixty workmen, partly old Shanghai hands, the shop started on the production of military compasses, bomb fuses, and other military and commercial articles. Japanese bombs were a frequent menace, but the plant worked day and night shifts for seven months and filled most of the orders received.

When the Japanese approached Hankow in August, 1938, the shop resumed its westward journey. Through the good offices of the Industrial and Mining Readjustment Commission of the Ministry of Economic Affairs, it got space on the congested steamers and reached Ichang, below the Yangtze Gorges, within three days.

From Ichang few steamers were sailing westward, and every one was jammed. Rather than keep the machines idle the owners caused them to be set up; and they were operated in Ichang for about fifty days.

When all hope of a steamer passage proved futile, he again resorted to junks. The junk trip through the rapids of the Upper Yangtze lasted two months and was both exciting and dangerous. The majestic Yangtze Gorges offer much of nature's magnificence, but the 462-mile voyage is a contest with mad currents. Towed by their crews, the junks sometimes made as little as five miles a day. They always were in danger of capsizing and sometimes were half full of water.

This was the machine shop into which young Liang went to work when he left the government office. It was one of the numerous factories which suffered in the bombings in Chungking. Many of them eventually moved into bomb-proof shel-

EVERYDAY SCENE IN A TYPICAL CHINESE TOWN. Soldier and civilians in Pishan discuss the day's news over a cup of green tea.

A YOUNG ACTRESS MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER. Children's food and clothing become a grave wartime problem in blockaded China.

REFUGEES RETURN "HOME" AFTER THE CHANGTEH BATTLE (1943). Only thirty of its 30,000 buildings still stood when the city was recaptured after eight days of Japanese occupation.

ters carved out of the cliffs above the mighty Yangtze and Chialing rivers.

The story of the machine shop and the story of Teng are ordinary stories in wartime China. They are not unusual. Everyone in China has a story. The old woman behind the counter of a small roadside cigarette shop lost all her dear ones and all her property in the bombings, and she is trying to get through her old age by selling tobacco. The food vender who carries a miniature kitchen suspended from the ends of a pole over his shoulder has a story; so has the street-corner barber who half cuts and half extracts the hair of his customers with his primitive scissors; so has the driver of the bus that runs on charcoal; so has the driver of the horse-drawn cart, and so has everyone in China from Chiang Kai-shek to the humblest peasant.

The war has affected the rich as well as the poor, and after seven bitter years they sometimes meet on the same financial ground. The poor street corner food vender may find among his customers an official who has been forced to buy such simple food by the fact that he is earning little more nowadays than the vender. The one-time taipan (manager of a business firm) who used to have his own car but has gone bankrupt considers himself lucky if he can get on a bus without standing in line for half an hour.

The war has thrown together people from all walks of life, people from different provinces who speak different dialects and have different customs. The Ningpo man from distant Chekiang on the eastern seacoast meets the maidservant of Szechwan; the northerner meets the southerner, and the Cantonese meets the Yunnanese. Men meet men as colleagues in the same government office or as workmen in the same factory. Men meet women from distant places who become their friends, sweethearts, or wives. In these meetings and in such

ties of friendship and marriage many of the differences in dialects, in customs, and in modes of life are lost, and many regional prejudices are buried.

All these men and women from distant places who meet in China's hinterland depend for their food upon the farmers. The men of the plow have had their troubles in growing the rice, just like Teng, who eats it as his staple food.

More production is demanded from farmers because many food growers have been driven from their fields by the Japanese, while many others have been conscripted into the Chinese army.

Most of the cattle available for farm labor have been taken to the slaughterhouses to supply beef, because of the shortage of pork and even the tough water buffalo have sometimes been killed for food.

The water buffalo is not the only co-worker of the Chinese farmer. His wife, who used to stay at home to prepare his food and take care of his children, is with him sowing the seeds. If he has been drafted she may be doing the whole job with the help of her older children.

For his tiny fields the farmer in the prewar days paid land tax in cash to the county government. Now he pays to the central government a land tax in kind. He gives 4 tou of unhusked rice or 2.8 tou of wheat for every dollar he paid previously.

If a farmer produces as much as 150 piculs of rice, part of it will be taken by compulsory purchase. The government will pay 30 per cent in cash and 70 per cent in food debentures. The debentures are to be redeemed in five annual installments. The price is fixed according to the cost of production from time to time.

Thus the war has increased the farmer's burden and brought to his door the government rice collector and pur-

chaser, if not the man from the conscription office. But the government also sends to him men like Chao Lien-fang, American-trained agriculturist, who for many war years headed the Szechwan provincial Agricultural Improvement Bureau before he was appointed to the Rehabilitation and Relief Investigation and Planning Committee in April, 1944.

To Chao's Bureau, the Szechwan farmer goes for improved seeds, better farming implements, and more effective fertilizer. He may even bring his mule or water buffalo for vaccination against rinderpest, which is prevalent among farm animals in China.

In China's Northwest there is little rainfall, and the farmers have always suffered from drought. They have been so anxious to see their dry fields watered that when the ten-mile Taohui Canal in Kansu was completed and opened thousands of them, with tears in their eyes, lined up along the canal and kowtowed before the Dragon King, whom they had moved from his little temple to the canal bank. The Dragon King is the Chinese god credited by peasants with the control of water.

The Kansu farmers kowtowed to the wrong god. They might well have bowed before Y. C. Koo, general manager of the Farmers' Bank of China, which has been financing the country's irrigation development during the war years. The war has sent many bankers like Mr. Koo to help the farmers with money for seed loans or with capital for opening co-operatives.

Those whose farms are located in war zones or close behind the firing lines sometimes have to flee their homes as they did during the enemy drive in the rice-bowl region near Tungting Lake which ended with the Chinese victory at Changteh. Some of those who fled put on their doors signs saying, "Will come back soon." They did go back as soon as the Japs were

driven away. Often they returned to find their houses burned, valuable possessions taken, and the pigs and hens killed for food. Some farmers or members of their families lost their lives when they encountered Japanese patrols. Wives and daughters were raped, and crops were destroyed; but the land remained.

The vast expanse of China's war-swept farm land is as full of stories of wartime romance as any of her cities. In Hunan, the province noted for its beautiful girls, especially those who live along the Peach Blossom River, farm girls continue to put threads through the eyes of needles sent to them by farmboy sweethearts to signify consent to marriage contracts. Marriage needles were threaded even during the Changteh battle.

In some of the northwestern provinces the best way of proposing to a girl is for a farm lad to boast how many wells his father has in the rice and wheat fields. Wells in that dry country are precious.

Among some of the tribespeople of the mountains, love-making means a cross-country run for both the girl and the boy—a run that ends under a tree or by the bank of a small stream. If the girl outruns the boy or if the boy loses his way or loses sight of the girl during the chase, the marriage is off. Otherwise the two spend the night in the mountains and return home the following morning as man and wife. This custom has been followed in war as it was in peace.

Only part of China's millions are in the interior and in war zones. There are people like Teng Chan's father who remain in enemy-occupied territories. Many are old people whom their sons or other relatives in Free China have not been able to reach with financial support. Teng has no way to send a remittance through to his father in North China, even if he could afford to do so. In four years he has not been able to

learn how his father has fared. He does not know whether his father is alive or dead.

Communications with Shanghai are not cut as thoroughly as with enemy-held cities in North China such as Peiping and Tientsin, and sometimes money can be sent to and from Shanghai. The situation in Japanese-held Shanghai has been difficult for most Chinese residents, even for many who once were wealthy.

A Mrs. Chang in Shanghai was surprised by the visit to her home early one morning last winter of men from the International Funeral Parlors, who had parked a hearse outside the house.

"What on earth has brought you here?" asked Mrs. Chang. "Nobody in this house is sick, dying, or dead, and we never sent for a hearse."

"We came at the request of Mr. Chang," said one of the men. "He went to our place last evening, deposited money, and asked that a hearse be sent to his house this morning."

Mrs. Chang thought her husband must be sound asleep after the heavy feast of the previous evening, at which he had drunk so much wine and eaten with such gusto. She rushed upstairs to his room on the third floor. Her husband was lying dead, a half-filled bottle of sleeping medicine under his pillow.

This is one of the tragic stories of cotton brokers in Shanghai told by travelers who made their way to Chungking from Shanghai last winter.

More than thirty cotton brokers registered at the Yangtze Hotel on Yu Ya Ching Road one evening and ordered three tables for a feast, with wine and expensive dishes. It was their last feast. At three o'clock the following morning they were found dead of poison in their rooms.

There were four hundred similar cases of suicide involving

cotton brokers and speculators and other Chinese connected with the Shanghai cotton industry who had gone bankrupt as a result of the wholesale and compulsory purchase of all cotton yarn and piece goods by the Japanese.

The wife in Shanghai who received $4,000 in national currency from a well-to-do husband in Chungking in the spring of 1944 got in exchange $2,000 in puppet notes. With that amount, she could buy at the black-market rate approximately 160 pounds of rice. Buying rationed rice meant standing in line for hours and sometimes even for several consecutive days.

The Shanghai housewife cooks rice by burning coal briquettes. It has been as hard to buy these as to buy rice. Months ago Shanghai housewives were saying, "Briquettes are sold like eggs today—you have to buy them by the piece."

Teng has seldom received any news from North China, though a student who escaped from Peiping did tell him a detailed story of life in that city, which is near where Teng's father lives. The student told of a Grandma Yang who was surrounded the moment she left a store on the main street outside Chien Men Gate with a box of cakes in her hand.

"Will you give it to us, or shall we take it away from you?" she was asked. The old woman knew which course to choose. She gave the box away and walked home empty-handed, leaving the mob to tear apart the box and devour its contents.

No one, the student said, dares to carry food openly while walking along Peiping streets, which are filled with hungry people ready for a free-for-all over the slightest scrap to fill their empty stomachs. While on the way to school, three miles from his home, the student saw every day an average of two hundred victims of starvation dead on the sidewalks.

He told of a mob running after a horse-drawn carriage,

which was loaded with bean cakes. With sticks and hammers, the hungry people pounded the load and then picked up the fallen particles of food and crammed them in their mouths. This went on until the carriage was almost empty.

He told of yet another hunger-stricken mob of more than a hundred that stormed several restaurants. Japanese gendarmes were summoned, arrested the members of the mob, deprived them of their domicile permits and herded them out of the city. The following morning, more than eighty of these hanged themselves from trees in the suburbs in an extraordinary mass suicide.

He told of the Japanese rationing system under which no one could long subsist. Every resident holding a domicile permit, between the ages of twelve and sixty, is allowed to have each month a little less than three pounds of low-quality rice, a little more than seven pounds of low-quality wheat flour, and a little more than eleven pounds of the so-called mixed flour, made of peanut skins, bean skins, and other waste materials. Eating "mixed flour" often causes mouths to swell and stomachs to give pain. For persons who can get nothing to add to this diet, death is sure.

From the hell of Japanese-occupied Peiping and Shanghai, many Chinese driven to the limit of their endurance have escaped to Free China. The difference in material hardship may be only one of degree; but spiritually there is a world of difference. In Free China there are far more smiling and far more laughter; and, no matter how desperate conditions may be for a man today, he usually is talking with confidence of what he will do after China wins the war.

Teng Chan, for instance, thinks of going back to his father's home, even though he may not find his father there. The old man may already have joined Teng's mother, who died a few years before the war; but Teng wants at least to be back for a time under the roof where he was born, and to

talk with all the neighbors in his home town about how they have fared during the war years.

His plan to return to North China may be delayed if his wife is to accompany him. She insists she must first take her mother's body from the temple across the river back to her native home in Tsingpu near Shanghai, even if she has to travel all the way on junks. She must see her mother's body properly buried beside the tomb of her father, who died long ago, because she believes the souls of the dead will not otherwise be at rest.

Teng, who now has a boy and a girl, wants a third child after the war ends. He says he must have at least three—the third preferably a boy; but he does not want to have as many as Liang, his former colleague.

Liang wants to be an industrialist, and already has established a small factory of his own. If the government wishes to keep his little factory in Chungking after the war in order to help develop western China he will not object; but he wants to have another factory in Shanghai, near his old home. He hopes to make a trip to America to buy new machines for his factories.

All the people in China, the cigarette dealers, the food venders, the officials, and the farmers have plans against the coming of a new day. They hope to go back to their old homes and live there under more favorable conditions; to resume their old occupations with brighter opportunities; to marry and to have children whose future will be in a better world.

After seven years of war, the Chinese are unbeaten. In the ruins of China, half destroyed by the war, they see in clearer and clearer outlines the dawn of a new era—an era of happiness and prosperity—for they believe that, however a story begins, and however long it takes to unfold, it has a happy ending.

CHUNGKING: CITY OF MUD AND COURAGE

By Floyd Taylor

On a street in Chungking, near the Kuomintang Party headquarters, there is a cake and candy shop named "Heaven Knows."

The proprietors are Mr. and Mrs. Wang, who used to operate a little electrical shop in Shanghai, fled from there to Hankow when the Japanese came, and started up the Yangtze for Chungking the day before Hankow fell. They made their way through the gorges of the river, up its dangerous rapids, past the mountain wall that guards the province of Szechwan, taking their small stock of electrical goods, with which they set up shop in the temporary capital.

In the bombings of May, 1939, their store, which was also their home, was blasted into splinters and junk but they saved a trunkful of electrical equipment which Mrs. Wang had taken across the Yangtze on a sampan before the shop was hit. They opened another little shop in a shed made of bamboo mats. The next bombing destroyed that, and they had nothing left.

By that time there was a child, and money was needed more than ever. Mr. Wang searched for odd jobs, repairing everything from electric fixtures to ice-cream freezers. When he had saved a nest egg he opened a tiny candy and cake shop. It was raining bombs in Chungking in those days, and the candy shop soon was gone. The Wangs opened another —and it was destroyed. That was their fourth disaster. The

fifth and sixth shops went the same way. The seventh still is standing. It is the one that bears the name "Heaven Knows."

It was named by Wu Chih-hui, veteran Kuomintang leader, who called to buy some candy, fell into conversation with the genial Mr. Wang and his smiling wife, and heard the story of their adventures. Mr. Wu is famed for his learning and his ability as a speaker, but when the Wangs had finished the description of the sixth bombing all Mr. Wu could say was "Heaven knows!"

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Wang. "There's the name for my shop. Will you please write out the characters for it?"

Mr. Wu wrote the characters; a large sign was made, and the name went up over the door.

Mr. and Mrs. Wang tell the story of the bombings and the naming of the store over and over as new customers appear. They smile and laugh as they tell it, both talking at once, leaning over a showcase filled with fancy pastry and topped with candy jars. Their children—there are now two—race around happily and noisily among the smoked hams, groceries, peanuts, and firecrackers the Wangs have added to their stock in trade.

The good humor of Mr. and Mrs. Wang is typical of Chungking. Almost every foreigner who flies over the Hump to visit Chungking comments on the spirit of its residents. The Chinese as a race are given to smiles and laughter, and Chungking's people are gay despite the hardships of their lives.

Chungking, after seven years of war, is not a comfortable or pleasant place. It has been bombed almost to extinction and has been rebuilt with flimsy and temporary structures. Its people live and work in unheated houses and offices constructed of mud and bamboo. It is noisy and dirty and odorous. Its climate is one of the world's worst. It is the capital

for that reason. In such an atrocious climate there are not many weeks in a year in which Japanese bombers can visit the city.

Chungking's people work hard and, because of the economic stress of seven years of war, their incomes are low. Clothes are expensive. Many a man of talent and industry wears clothes that have been patched and repatched and made over and patched again. Foods are high-priced, especially the foods that the refugees from the coastal cities enjoy most. Privacy is a luxury almost unobtainable. Entertainment is beyond the purse of the average citizen.

Regardless of all this, the men and women of Chungking chuckle, and the girls giggle, and the children laugh; and no one could tell from the expressions on the faces in the street crowd that life in the city can be a strain upon even the strong and healthy.

Light sleepers find the noises of Chungking irritating. They may be awakened by the crowing of cocks, for thousands of families keep chickens to help meet the high cost of living. Sounder sleepers, if they live near one of the military barracks or offices, may be awakened at dawn by the "rise body sound," blown on the bugles of the soldiers.

Half an hour later the bugles blow the gathering sound, and then the morning drill sound, which is followed by shouts of "One, two, three, four," from hundreds of throats. Next comes the dismissal sound and finally, loud and long, but cheerful, the "eat rice" sound.

The noises of Chungking are made by cocks and bugles, motor-bus horns, singing waiters, brass bands, chanting workmen, town criers, yelling newsboys, barking dogs, peddlers with drums, firecrackers announcing the opening of new shops.

When a customer tips more than 10 per cent in a restau-

rant the waiter may chant his gratitude in a melodious but loud voice. "Extra tip—ten dollars—thanks!" he chants. Other waiters take up the cry. Half a block away the policemen on traffic duty at the street corner hear what has happened. Waiters chant orders across the restaurants to the cooks. With the solemnity of Homeric singers they call "Eggs, noodles, bread" or "One dish of fragrant beef" or "One bowl of dumplings—two sweet ones and two salty ones." When no customers are present they chant imaginary orders.

Cooks attract trade to the smaller restaurants by hitting frying pans with pancake turners. The clatter they make may be drowned out by the noise of the rattletrap bus, its horn sounding—not because anyone is in the way but because the driver likes to sound the horn.

The people of Szechwan, the province in which Chungking is situated, are noisier than most Chinese. The Szechwan street barbers seek customers by striking gadgets resembling tuning forks. Button peddlers carry small drums with long handles which are beaten with little balls attached to the drums by short strings. Knife peddlers strike one knife against another. Newsboys yell the names of the papers they sell, of which one of the most influential is the *Ta Kung Pao* (or "Big Public Paper"). Coolies pulling heavy loads chant meaningless words, such as "Ho hay, ho hay." Boatmen leaning their weight against the long ropes which pull junks up the Yangtze and Chialing rivers also chant, perhaps "Han ho, han ho."

Brass bands play "Onward, Christian Soldiers" at bargain sales and the "Merry Widow Waltz" at weddings and funerals. Town criers, appointed by the police, strike gongs and announce that the militia will meet the next morning. Rock drillers pound in unison drills biting into the solid rock of the hills on which Chungking is built. They lift their long-

handled sledges over their heads and cry out a mournful "Oh-h-h-h, a-a-a-ay."

Schoolboys sing the "National Flag Song" early in the morning in the school yards:

> Azure is the sky, shining is the sun,
> Crimson is the blood shed upon the earth
> For the cause of righteousness and justice.

On Monday mornings, during the weekly memorial services for Dr. Sun Yat-sen, one can hear everywhere in Chungking the slow cadence of the "Three People's Principles Song," which is the national anthem.

Blind fortune tellers on the streets attract trade by playing Chinese fiddles. There are virtually no beggars in the city, but in the suburbs they seek attention by thrumming thin leather drumheads stretched over the ends of long sections of bamboo. Begging is frowned on now, and none of them can hope to make a fraction of the money collected by the late Wu Hsun, who established several primary schools from his income as a beggar and is praised by educators at memorial services.

Most of the people who make and listen to all these noises live in houses or shacks made of mud and bamboo. Lumber is scarce and expensive in Szechwan. Bamboo is plentiful and cheap. It is used not only for building houses but for food for man and beast, for making furniture, piping water, manufacturing paper, reinforcing concrete, and spanking bad boys. One of the favorite foods of the city is bamboo shoots with pork, but a child who is said "to eat bamboo" is one spanked with a bamboo ruler.

No small number of Szechwanese live in houses furnished with bamboo. They rise from bamboo beds with bamboo pillows, step from the bed to bamboo mats, take their clothes

from bamboo wardrobes, glance out of windows protected with bamboo curtains, drink water from bamboo bottle stands, sit on bamboo stools, and eat with bamboo chopsticks from bamboo tables. They spread jam with bamboo knives, drink bamboo-leaf wine, and ride in bamboo sedan chairs slung from bamboo poles.

There are substantial brick and stone houses and offices which have survived the bombings of Chungking or have been built or rebuilt since the last devastating raids in 1941; but the majority of the city's residents live in houses or dormitories built of mud and bamboo and work in offices, stores, or factories made of the same materials.

These buildings have roofs of crude tile or of rice straw, infested with rats, of which there are still millions in Chungking despite the government's attempt to reduce the rat population.

Bamboo and mud buildings will last less than ten years. Before they are worn out many of Chungking's residents hope to be back in the fairer cities of coastal China.

It is ironical that Chungking is a city of temporary buildings, for it is believed to have existed for more than forty-two hundred years. Tradition records that it was the birthplace of the consort of the Emperor Yu, of the Hsia Dynasty, who is supposed to have reigned in the twenty-second century before Christ. From the city's hills can be seen a temple built in honor of this royal pair on the peak of Tushan, across the Yangtze.

To more than half its residents, Chungking is not home. Their courage made it the nerve center of the never ending resistance to the Japanese war of conquest, but they want to leave the gray skies of Chungking's winter of rain and slime and fog and the burning skies of its summer of heat and humidity and dust, which is called "the bombing season," and

go back to the pagodas and temples of historic Peiping, the skyscrapers of Shanghai, and the comfortable homes and offices of Nanking. Their patriotism keeps them in Chungking, but they long to be a thousand miles down the Yangtze in cities nearer to the heart's desire.

Meanwhile they live and work in the mud and bamboo houses and offices. These buildings, if of one story, have a framework of nothing but heavy bamboo and walls of woven bamboo slats covered with a mixture of mud and lime, mostly mud. Two-story houses usually have brick pillars to bear the weight of the second story. Some floors are of wood, but many are of a mixture of mud and lime, well packed down. There are few nails in any of the houses. Bamboo thongs and mortises and pegs are used instead. Nails are costly—even secondhand and rusty nails.

The better houses have glass windows, but most people have only rice-paper windows or, at best, wooden shutters. Despite the flies and mosquitoes and the danger of malaria in summer, few houses are screened. Screens are beyond the means of the majority.

Several of the more substantial houses and government offices in Chungking were once the homes of war lords who dominated Szechwan. The finest building in the city is the National Government Building. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Ministry of War, and the National Military Council also have reasonably imposing and comfortable quarters; but many a government office is made of mud and bamboo, has uneven floors or rough boards—under which rats live and die and become putrid and smell—old and battered desks, aged typewriters of many makes, and makeshift file cabinets contrived out of boxes.

Few buildings, either public or private, have running water, and even fewer have modern toilets (which accounts for

some of Chungking's dreadful odors) or any of the conveniences which their occupants took for granted when the capital was in Nanking.

Some of the more valuable equipment of the government is kept in the caves with which the Chungking hills are honeycombed. Printing presses, both public and private, usually are in caves for protection from bombers. Radio transmitters and other mechanical equipment that cannot readily be replaced are far underground. Several factories have their most modern and useful machinery in caves, including the woolen factory which stands on a bluff above the Yangtze on the outskirts of the city.

Chungking's caves, painfully dug by workmen with primitive tools, aided only by small amounts of blasting powder, are not only big enough to provide air-raid shelters for all the inhabitants but to shelter the city's valuables. There is one cave that runs the width of the city, from the Yangtze River to the Chialing, which may some day be used for an express highway or for trolley cars.

Not only its rocky hills, in which caves could be cut, and its climate, but the food of Szechwan made Chungking desirable as a wartime capital. Food is expensive because of economic conditions brought by the war, as everything is in Chungking; but there is enough food for everyone, though the population of the city has increased from four hundred thousand in 1937 to something in the neighborhood of a million today.

Except for times of drought, which caused famines approximately once in ten years, there was a surplus of food in productive Szechwan before the war; but utter lack of roads and railroads made it impossible to take the surplus to other markets. Since the war began, the Dragon King, the god who controls the rain, has been kind to Szechwan, and there has

been no famine. It has not been necessary for peasants to make a paper figure of the Drought Devil and execute him, as they used to do in periods of famine.

Rice and wheat (especially rice) are the Szechwan staples. Other foods widely grown include corn, rape, potatoes, sweet potatoes, carrots, peas, beans, turnips, cabbages, peppers, pears, peaches, tangerines, oranges, pomelos, grapes, dates, chestnuts, walnuts, and peanuts. Beef is much cheaper than pork, which is a constant matter of comment, for the Chinese prefer pork. Chickens and ducks and geese are too expensive for most families unless home-raised. Milk is scarce, but the Chinese care little for it. Butter is a rarity. Coffee is available only at high prices, but does not matter to the tea-drinking Chinese—and there is plenty of tea grown in Szechwan.

There are few fish, as the rivers and streams of the province are too muddy and swift. The sea is too far away, and communication is too difficult for sea food to be imported except as an unusual luxury.

Despite the foods the province lacks, Szechwan meals are famous throughout China. Before the war there were Szechwan restaurants in all the principal cities, especially frequented by those who liked highly seasoned dishes, as the Szechwanese do. Foreigners who like bland foods soon learn in Chungking to say in Chinese, "I do not like to eat peppery things." If they dislike sweets or salty foods they need other phrases. The Szechwan taste for condiments is not limited to pepper.

There are so many downriver people in Chungking that the city is well supplied with good restaurants which serve food cooked in the styles of various coastal cities. Refugees also run numberless small restaurants, which often specialize in noodles; and there are noodle peddlers, carrying small stoves with a supply of noodles, bowls, and chopsticks, on the

streets. The smaller restaurants are busiest in the early morning and late evening. Szechwanese frequently eat four meals a day. They are inclined to have breakfast, perhaps of bean milk and crullers, in a restaurant, lunch and dinner at home and a late meal—a small one of noodles, dumplings, congee (stewed rice) or sweets—in a restaurant.

By government order, to encourage thrift and conserve food, the number of dishes which may be served in a restaurant to from one to three customers is limited to three. For four to six customers five dishes may be served. Municipal legislation seeks to control luxurious living, for the period of the war, and bans dancing and gambling and card playing and the sale of lipsticks and other luxury cosmetics.

There is plenty of tobacco in Szechwan, and cigarettes of inferior quality and cigars of better quality are on sale. Loose tobacco is smoked in short bamboo pipes. The cigars frequently are smoked at the end of bamboo reeds, sometimes as long as five feet. These are convenient if a man is lounging in a teahouse and wants to keep the smoke of his cigar well away from his face.

Government employees, whose salaries are low, find tobacco a costly luxury but benefit from special prices for food extended to them by the government. They also can buy cloth and, occasionally, clothes through the government at prices far below the market. If they couldn't they would be in dire trouble, for clothing is exceedingly expensive in Chungking—most of China's cloth and clothing factories being in territory occupied by the Japanese.

Usually the government sells only coarse blue cotton cloth, and almost every woman and girl in Chungking has one or more Chinese gowns made of this material. Wool is so expensive that winter socks and underwear are made of heavy cotton. Most winter overcoats and winter gowns are made of

quilted cotton rather than wool. Soldiers wear quilted pants and jackets.

Cotton is grown in Szechwan, and in some areas almost every home has a jenny and a loom. The looms, which are noisy, are made entirely of wood, and the operator sits inside, surrounded by the machinery. Silk also is produced in Szechwan, silkworms being grown as a side line by farmers; but this textile is too expensive for the ordinary man and woman.

There is a wide variety of clothing on the streets, for everyone wears whatever clothes he has left, and in addition there is the contrast between the western clothes of the downriver people and the provincial Chinese styles of the older Szechwanese. One sees girls in thoroughly western outfits, fur coats and all; girls in the long Chinese gowns, split up both sides to the knee or above; middle-aged Szechwanese women in short jackets and pants, made of anything from the coarse blue cotton to the finest silk; men in long silk gowns; men in the style Sun Yat-sen made popular, which is military with a high-collared jacket; men who are literally in rags; men in clothes which might have and perhaps did come from the best tailors in New York.

Because of the shortage of clothing and its high price it is not possible to tell much about a man's standing from his clothes. It is not unusual to see a man riding in a ricksha who is no better dressed than the man pulling him. This is not true, however, in Chungking's furnacelike summer, when ricksha pullers and other people doing hard physical work are inclined to wear little. Sometimes they go to such lengths of undress that the police have to warn them.

Despite the hot pavements of summer and the cold and mud of winter, Szechwanese frequently go without shoes, developing heavy calluses, and at best wear no more than straw sandals, which consist of straw soles held to the feet

with string. Leather is expensive and poor in quality, and even the well-to-do are likely to wear cloth shoes, much like the American sneaker except that they have soles made of many thicknesses of cloth. Rubber cut from worn-out automobile tires is preferred to leather for new soles or half-soles on leather shoes; but such use of rubber was forbidden early this year.

The Szechwanese think it quite odd of the downriver people to be so insistent on shoes and to have so little interest in head coverings. The Szechwanese fret little about their feet but want something on their heads. They often wear as a head covering a piece of white cloth wrapped like a turban but leaving the crown of the head bare. White is the color of mourning in China and there is a tradition that the Szchwanese custom of wearing white turbans is one of endless mourning for Chu-keh Liang, a strategist who was famous in the ancient period of the Three Kingdoms, in which he was Premier of the Kingdom of Shu.

Babies are the best dressed people of Chungking. On festive occasions Chinese babies are sometimes powdered and rouged, with a small red beauty spot placed between the eyebrows. On such days they look like life dolls. It was the custom in China not so long ago to dress a baby like a beautiful doll not only on festive occasions but every day. They would wear expensive embroidered caps, with silver Buddhas on the front, and over their dresses would be embroidered capes of red, the color of good luck and happiness.

After seven years of war few Chungking parents, even of the upper middle class, have money to spend on fine clothes for their babies; yet one now and then sees a baby wearing what appears to be fine raiment. His mother, despite all her troubles, has managed to make him look well dressed. She will wash an old dress of her own in warm soapy water to

give it an appearance of freshness—a dress that is threadbare but that she still would use if she didn't have the baby—and make out of the least worn parts an attractive coat for the child.

She will unravel an old sweater and knit a more closely woven and warmer sweater for the baby. She will take an old shirt of her husband's, probably one that he still needs, and make pants and a jacket. If she hasn't enough material of one color she will work out a design that makes it possible for her to use two.

Her husband won't object, for Chinese fathers are devoted to their children. They play with them on the sidewalks, take them to the theater, enjoy watching them at any time, and, when walking with their wives, frequently carry them.

Diapers are one of the mother's worst problems. If she has enough old sheets or shirts she can cut them up; but most small children in Chungking who are old enough to toddle about have large holes in the seats of their pants because they haven't outgrown the diaper stage and their mothers, who perhaps were prosperous before the war, haven't enough money to buy diapers.

Babies are not cheap in Chungking. A woolen suit for a child costs more than an average government official's salary for a month, including all allowances. Milk, eggs, fruit juice, and the other foods a baby needs are likely to take as much as a third of a family's income. The cost of having the baby in a hospital will be a man's salary for a month or two, so that most babies are born at home.

Dysentery is always a danger, and in summer a mother must guard a baby carefully from mosquitoes, for malaria is prevalent. The disease and death rate is high. Because of the Japanese blockade medicine is both scarce and costly. Chungking mothers remember reading of the birth of four sets of

twins in one block at about the same time and the death of three of the babies within a month.

Chungking babies of today have been in danger of disease and Japanese since their birth. Some were born in dugouts during air raids, like the child of Li En-tze, a government official, who named his baby Tung-sheng ("cave-born"). Some mothers, including Mrs. Li, have come from the dugouts where they gave birth to find their homes and all their possessions blasted out of existence by Japanese bombs.

The long war has brought so much economic pressure on the members of middle class, whose fixed incomes have not kept pace with rising prices, that many mothers of small babies are working in offices. Some find day nurseries to care for their children, but most have to leave them with relatives or older children. A few mothers working in government offices take their babies to work and care for them between jobs of filing and typing.

Chungking is a city of young people, who have no few babies, because the young and hardy have been better able to make their way from the coastal provinces to the deep interior than the old and weak. Thousands of refugee youngsters have married since reaching Chungking, although there are few opportunities for young people to meet in a city with so little social life, and even fewer for them to be alone together.

Late one summer a Chialing River boatman saw a girl swimming in the water. He grabbed her long hair and tried to pull her aboard his junk. A young man swam over and told the boatman to leave the girl alone. The young man said she was enjoying herself. The boatman, an old-fashioned elderly Chinese, found it almost incredible to see a girl and boy swimming together wearing only bathing suits.

"Oh, my!" he exclaimed as he loosed the girl's hair. "Such is the present world."

The boy and girl found swimming in the dirty water a chance for romance. They couldn't be alone in a car, for there are virtually no automobiles except those of important government officials. The movies are not a place for lovers, as they are crowded and the wooden benches are hard and uncomfortable; and the parks are small and much used by pedestrians.

Boys and girls of courting age often walk the sidewalks together and are called "inspectors of the roads." On the beautiful hillsides near the city they sit looking at the Yangtze or Chialing, when not looking at each other, and might well be called "inspectors of the rivers." These hillsides, on the rare days of good weather, are the only thoroughly satisfactory places for courting in Chungking, a city so crowded that thousands of people live in dormitories—separate dormitories for men and women—and perhaps a majority of the people live in one-room houses.

Despite the difficulties of courtship no girl need lack a suitor, for there are nearly twice as many men as women in the city. It can be a beautiful place for courtship, too, regardless of its climate. The business section is between the Yangtze and Chialing at their confluence, and the high hills of the residential districts stretch out along the narrow peninsula formed by the meeting of the rivers, with houses at the tops of the hills, on slopes, clinging to the cliffs.

From Chungking's hillsides residents look south across the Yangtze to the so-called first range, which is high for a chain of hills but hardly high enough to be called a mountain. The first range, reached by ferry or sampan, can be crossed by a flight of ancient stone steps bordered on either side, much of the way, by little shops. Beyond the first range is a second

range, forested and lovely. On both ranges are fine homes, with charming gardens, not kept up as well as before the war but still worth a long walk to visit. Gardenias bloom in the gardens in midwinter. Roses and plums and cherries flourish. Pine woods, dotted with old grave mounds, surround the gardens. Through the woods wind paths, some of them bordered with evergreen bittersweet.

North across the Chialing from the city are high-terraced hills of farm land. These hills and the first range are of varying shades of gray, blue, and green, depending on the fog, mist, and smoke in the air. In the winter there are days upon days when the hills cannot be seen because of the fog. Rarely is the air completely clear at any season, for the wind seldom blows in Chungking. There are gentle breezes but not often a wind. The tiles and straw are laid loosely on roofs, and a wind strong enough to blow away the straw or rattle the tiles is unusual.

Chungking's winter temperatures resemble those of southern California, not often falling below forty; but the rain, fog, mist, and the lack of artificial heat in houses and offices make woolen underwear desirable, and this is hard to get. The lack of heat is due to the high cost of charcoal, coal, and wood. Fires of straw or dried weeds are sometimes used for cooking. A middle-class citizen, such as a government official, may spend as much as a fifth of his income on fuel without being able to keep his home comfortably warm.

The natives don't mind the climate as much as the downriver people. It is the only climate most of them know, for few Szechwanese have been beyond the mountains that encircle their province. The downriver people and the few hundred foreigners in the city find the climate cheerless and depressing. In the early days of the war the downriver people also had to contend with an attitude of dislike they found in

some Szechwanese. Some of the natives, as some members of any group would, resented the influx of hordes of people of different tastes and habits, especially because the new arrivals quickly were followed by Japanese bombers trying to destroy the emergency capital.

Of the middle-class people in Chungking now, 70 to 80 per cent are downriver people. Every major dialect of the Chinese, a people of many dialects, can be heard in Chungking's streets. Newly arrived Americans are surprised to find how much English is spoken. Virtually every well-educated Chinese speaks at least some English and quite a few speak the language well. Chinese with middle-school education often have a smattering of English. Every youngster knows at least the word "hello." When a group of children spot an American they all begin to cry, "Hello, hello, hello," this being frequently followed by a request, in Chinese, for postage stamps, as many youngsters are ardent stamp collectors.

Cigarettes usually have both English and Chinese names on their packages, and some other goods bear English names. There are even a few shop signs in English, and this is not for the benefit of foreigners because foreigners are too few to be of much consequence to merchants.

Until the last seven years few foreigners or downriver people visited Chungking. The mountains that isolate the province of Szechwan are high and have always been a barrier to travel. In the Tang Dynasty (A.D. 618–907) the Chinese government used Szechwan as a refuge in time of stress. The Emperor Tang Ming Huang retreated to Szechwan when faced by the rebellion of An Lu-shan, gathered strength behind the protection of the mountains, and emerged to put down the rebellion and regain his capital at Changan, which is now Sian in Shensi Province.

On the east of Szechwan the twelve peaks of Wushan, where an ancient emperor is said to have met a goddess of surpassing beauty, once were believed to have a supernatural power that assured China of victory over her enemies.

The Szechwan land within the mountains is known to geographers as the Red Basin, but it is a maze of lower mountains and hills and so is not a basin in the ordinary sense of the word. Most of the Red Basin would be considered too steep for cultivation anywhere else in the world, including most parts of China; but the Szechwan peasants terrace and farm every bit of land, including slopes of forty-five degrees and some slopes of sixty degrees. Their work might be called gardening rather than farming, for all of it except some plowing and harrowing with water buffalo is done by hand. Rice seedlings are planted by hand. Wheat seeds are dropped one at a time in little clusters, and the clusters are fertilized by hand. Every available foot of soil is used, and there is intercropping and succession cropping, up to three crops a year, with heavy productivity.

Crops are carried to market over flagstone trails by the men who grow them. There are no railroads and few motor roads. Most streams are too swift for navigation. With their farm produce, farm families carry to the walled market towns bamboo furniture, straw sandals, cotton cloth, and other products of home manufacture which they make when not busy in their tiny fields.

These homely goods from the farms can be found for sale everywhere in Chungking, in shops beside those which sell goods of modern factories and articles smuggled from areas occupied by the Japanese, sometimes with government help because of the need of the people.

Chungking has no grocery stores like those in America. Except for eggs Chungking groceries sell few fresh foods—

only rice, seasoning, and canned goods, of which there are few available, and other articles which keep well.

The housewife who wants a cabbage or a piece of beef goes to one of the old lanes used as markets, where she buys her cabbage from a farmer or peddler on the sidewalks and her beef from a butcher shop. On the main streets are shops something like America's delicatessens, some of them clean, neatly arranged and well managed, which sell cured meats, cakes and pastries, liquor, fruit, litchi nuts, candy, and other delicacies.

Candy stores usually sell wines and liquor, and liquor stores usually have at least some candy. There are no bars. Restaurants are not allowed to serve liquor, but there is drinking in clubs and in the homes of the prosperous, especially when guests are entertained. Yellow wine made of rice, varying in quality with the year and the district of production, is the best available drink. This is warmed and served in tiny cups. Foreigners drink an imitation vodka, usually mixed with orange juice for cocktails. There is a "champagne" made from oranges; there are fiery Chinese liquors which taste almost like straight alcohol and there are imitation Scotches and brandies, which only the least discriminating drinkers can stomach.

Chungking has innumerable little tobacco shops, which are likely to carry side lines of almost anything. There are quite a few art shops which sell framed pictures—generally of poor quality, for Szechwan is a province of farmers, not of artists. Despite the fame of Chinese art, there are few shops in Chungking which sell art objects of any kind. There are many secondhand stores, for in wartime Chungking only a fool throws away anything that has a bit of use left in it.

There is an occasional drugstore which sells only drugs. Even ordinary and essential drugs are likely to be hard to find

and highly expensive. One drugstore, near the gate facing Heaven Ferry, sells an elixir which is supposed to make its users feel like tigers; and to advertise this product it keeps a live tiger in a cage at the entrance. The cage is covered when business is good and uncovered when business is slack, on the theory that there is no necessity to attract customers when customers already are present. Unfortunately the animal is much given to sleeping and acts more like a sloth than a tiger.

Little electric shops have a scanty supply of locally made bulbs and fixtures of poor quality. There are bookstores everywhere, far more in proportion than in any city in America; this is due in part to the complete absence of newspaper and magazine stands. The bookstores sell paper-backed books, magazines, and pamphlets and have trouble with loiterers, who are fond of reading but short of cash.

In the downtown district there are small department stores which display merchandise, and fabric shops with at least a few bolts of good silk and wool and cotton at prices too high for most purses.

New arrivals from America are surprised to find that it is easier to buy various manufactured articles in China's capital than in New York. The explanation is that these goods have been smuggled in from Japanese-occupied territory.

When safety razors and flashlights were almost unobtainable in New York, they could be bought in Chungking by anyone who had enough money to pay the price. Frequently they were imitations of American makes, even to the trademarks.

Downtown Chungking has some fine wide streets—a few built about sixteen years ago, and the rest since the worst of the bombings—and narrow lanes, which have existed so long that no one knows how long. There were no telephones until

1915, and there was no electric-light system until 1934. All water was carried in buckets from the muddy Yangtze and Chialing rivers until 1928.

There was not one wheeled vehicle in Chungking until 1928—not even a wheelbarrow. Until then the only streets were the tortuous lanes, eight to ten feet wide, on which hogs rooted, lanes which turned into stone stairways at intervals to go up and down the hills.

The city was a walled town of ancient Chinese model until the days of the war lords, when Marshal Liu Hsiang, who was governor of Szechwan, became jealous of the accomplishments of a rival at Chengtu, General Yang Sen. General Yang had widened the streets of Chengtu to make motor roads and had compelled all property owners along the new streets to put up structures of two stories. In 1927 the Marshal decided to outdo the General and began to build motor roads in Chungking, informing all property owners that the property along them must be covered with buildings of precisely four stories, no more and no less. In a few sections of the business district which escaped destruction by the Japanese, there are today blocks in which every building is of four stories.

The Marshal also did away with the ancient graveyard, which stretched for three miles beyond the city wall, in which the dead of Chungking had been buried for centuries. The site of the graveyard now is covered with the suburbs of the city.

There are still only two motor roads running the length of the city, one on the top of the bluff rising from the Yangtze and the other circling through the hills of the center of the peninsula. The downtown district has some scores of buildings of two, three, four or even more stories, but the majority of Chungking's buildings are either of one story or,

if the building site slopes away from the street, of one story and a basement. Quite a few stores have, however, a false front which makes them appear to have two stories above the ground. The false fronts and the mud construction give some of Chungking's streets, particularly in the suburbs, an air much like that of the adobe desert towns of the early days of the American West.

At different seasons of the year these streets have different aspects with the change in the goods sold by the peddlers and carried by the coolies. In the fall and early winter thousands of peddlers sit beside baskets of bright tangerines and through the winter beside baskets of oranges. When the power fails or a section of the city is blacked out for a night to save electricity, candles flicker over these baskets, and along the street one looks down long dark vistas bordered by brilliant blotches of color.

From the ceilings of some stores hang gayly colored rows of lottery tickets attached to strings. Customers can inspect the numbers and pull off those of their choice. They are tickets of the government lottery, which has helped to finance the war. There is a monthly drawing with $1,000,000 as the first prize, which sum does not nearly mean so much under the staggering inflationary conditions.

Winners give false names when they collect their prizes, as everyone has innumerable friends or acquaintances in need of money and there are many charitable organizations, most of them worthy but some not, so that a known winner has no peace until all his money is gone.

Among the buyers of lottery tickets are the bootblacks, an odd by-product of the war in western China, so little known before the war that when they first arrived citizens had their shoes shined on the streets out of curiosity.

After the fall of Nanking in 1937 orphan refugees were

trained as bootblacks by relief organizations in Hankow so that they would have some way of making a living. When Hankow was about to fall, the bootblacks went along in the general exodus to Chungking and other cities of the far west of China. The work no longer is confined to boys, for both girls and adults have joined the ranks. They do surprisingly well financially. Some thirty of them recently gave a sumptuous dinner to the Reverend Charles Meeus, a priest who had befriended them.

The conveyances of Chungking streets are battered old busses, rickshas, sedan chairs, and pony carts drawn by the tiny Szechwan horses. The busses are crowded, the pony carts are few, and the government discourages the use of rickshas and sedan chairs to save man power, the chairs being barred from the principal streets except when used for the ill. For these reasons more people walk than ride.

The thirty-odd busses run on alcohol, vegetable oil, and other substitute fuels and lubricants. They are long past the retirement age for busses but no more can be obtained until the Japanese blockade is broken. They are as crowded as the New York subways, if not worse, and their ceilings are so low that Chinese from the north, where men and women are taller than in Szechwan, have to ride in a stooped position.

The sedan chairs, made of bamboo, are designed for the small Szechwanese, and big men use them with some discomfort and doubt, especially when on Chungking's long flights of stone steps leading down to the rivers and over the hills. Both sedan chairs and Szechwanese horses are available at some of the longest flights of steps, but large men usually are inclined to walk, particularly because the sedan-chair carriers are vocal in their preference for small women as customers. As for the horses—it would be more appropriate for a strong

man to carry one of them than for one of the horses to carry him.

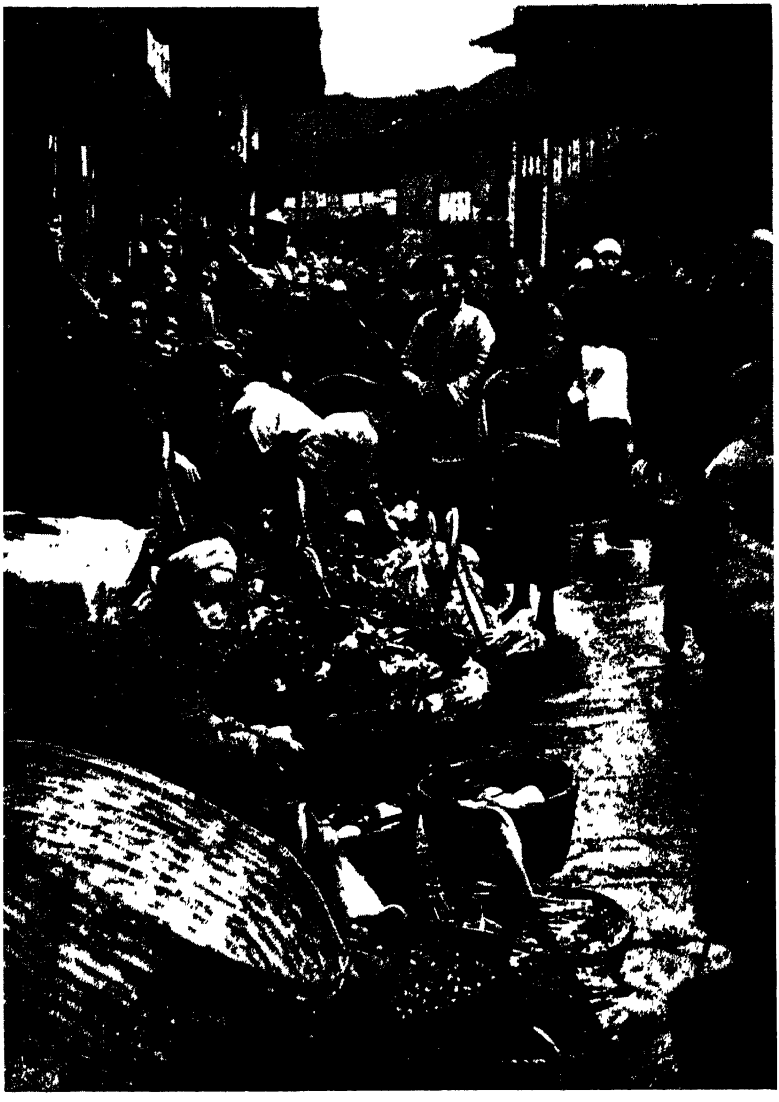
There are still so many of these flights—some of two hundred or three hundred steps—that trucks would not be useful for all transportation even if there were more than the few military trucks. The things on which Chungking subsists are not transported by mechanical conveyances, but by man power—by coolies who carry them in baskets slung from poles balanced on their shoulders. Even the water the people use for washing and cooking and drinking is carried by coolies in buckets slung from poles from the public water faucets scattered through the city.

The coolies hurry along, in a half walk, half trot, with loads of vegetables, firewood, cloth, meat, clothes—with anything that can be carried in a basket. When loads are too bulky for baskets they are carried on men's shoulders or in handcarts, which have automobiles tires, as do the pony carts, there being more tires than automobiles because of the shortage of gasoline and other factors. The handcarts usually are pulled by three men.

The heaviest loads, such as long sections of cast-iron water pipe, are slung from many poles and carried by coolies. A section of heavy pipe may be borne by as many as thirty men, who chant in unison as they walk in step, the men at the front end chanting one word and the men at the back another.

In the summer these coolies stream with perspiration in the terrible humidity of Chungking—humidity so persistent and accompanied by such high temperatures that prickly heat is a common ailment. In the cool and damp weather, in which the mercury rarely falls to freezing and the skies are so dull and gray that it is said that Szechwan dogs bark at the sun and other strangers, the coolies slip on the slime of the streets,

CHUNGKING, WHERE THE RIVERS YANGTZE AND CHIALING MEET. Although rebuilt since the worst bombings of 1939-41 life in China's wartime capital is not characterized by its ease.



PISHAN MARKET-PLACE. Nine times a month by the lunar calendar the town has a market day. Farmers from far and near display their produce along the crowded street.

slide and fall in the mud of the alleys, and strive to keep their balance on the wet stone steps.

The rickshas of Chungking are as venerable as its busses. Their upholstery is as worn and as patched as the clothes of the men who pull them—men like Yu Kang-ming, who races through the Chungking streets yelling at careless pedestrians, "I'm coming." Yu makes money on rainy nights, just as American taxi drivers do. Like the rest of the four thousand ricksha men in Chungking, he belongs to the ricksha men's guild. He lives in a guest house for ricksha pullers, sleeping on a mattress with three or four others. He eats two pounds of rice a day, likes vegetable soup and salty cabbage, and after a prosperous rainy night enjoys a bit of meat.

His name is an excellent one for wartime Chungking; for, literally translated, Yu Kang-ming means:

"I fight Fate."

PISHAN: PORTRAIT OF A SMALL TOWN

By Chu Fu-sung

IN THE days of the war lords the magistrate governing a county in China was a man to be feared. When he left his office he was carried in a sedan chair or rode a horse, and ten to twenty bodyguards protected him from assassination by any man he might have wronged.

Times have changed in China, and Tseng Chin-po, the magistrate of the county of Pishan, walks the streets of Pishan, the county seat, just as an American mayor strolls through the streets of an American town.

Magistrate Tseng exchanges greetings with friends and acquaintances, stops to chat with shopkeepers about prices, acknowledges the salutes of policemen, notes loose paving stones which should be fixed, and cautions businessmen to clean the sidewalks in front of their stores.

No bodyguards walk with him, for he is respected as "the parent of the people" who regards all the citizens of Pishan as his children—the standard of conduct expected of a good magistrate by the Chinese. Mr. Tseng's face is stern except when he smiles, and he holds himself erect like a soldier and walks with a military stride. He is a man respected rather than feared.

Like most public officials in the better governed counties, of which Pishan is one, the magistrate is poorly paid and works hard. His monthly pay is the equivalent of $150 American at the official rate of exchange, and with that sum he supports a family of ten. He gets up before dawn, attends

morning exercises of the employees in his office, including a flag-raising ceremony at six o'clock, and starts work at seven. He works until nightfall or later, and takes time off only on Sunday afternoons. He leads a simple, almost ascetic life, but when he is entertaining visitors such as the writer and George Alexanderson,* the photographer who took the pictures of the town, he can be gay and call "Bottoms up" after pouring the yellow rice wine which accompanies feasts in Pishan.

He governs an area which has been a county for two thousand years. His county seat is surrounded by an ancient wall of brick, pierced with loopholes for archers, a relic of the days when bands of robbers roamed the province of Szechwan.

The county seat is a typical town of China, for it is a market town in an agricultural area. More than three-quarters of all Chinese are farmers, and the market towns, subsisting on the work of the farmers, are scattered everywhere from the Great Wall to Indo-China.

Nine times a month by the lunar calendar, which the Chinese farmers continue to use even though the National Government has adopted the western calendar, the town of Pishan has a market day. On one such day not long ago nineteen-year-old Chen Li-teh carried a hundred eggs to Pishan from his home village (Chinese farmers live in little villages instead of on their tiny farms) and sold them for the equivalent of $20 American, prices of farm products being high as a result of the war. He had two bowls of noodles for lunch in a teahouse just outside the South Gate, bought two towels, some soap and several catties of salt, and had five dollars left. This was much more money than his

* Formerly with the *New York Times*, Mr. Alexanderson was loaned to the Chinese Government under the auspices of the Washington State Department.

father and grandfather normally took home after a market day.

While sitting in the teahouse, Chen watched his fellow villagers on the crowded street selling hogs, goats, chickens, ducks, cabbage, beans, and other farm products and buying articles of daily use they could not produce themselves. The farmers came into town carrying their crops in bags and bundles and in baskets suspended from bamboo poles slung across their shoulders. There are few roads in the county, and they made their way to town over ancient trails of flagstones running through the rice paddies and the fields.

Chen saw one old farmer with a long beard who had turnips and carrots in one basket balanced by his five-year-old grandson in the other, the boy being wide-eyed with wonder at his first sight of a market town.

When Chen left the teashop and walked past the black-uniformed policeman on duty at the city gate he could hardly push his way through the crowd, but under his heels he saw half a dozen boys playing marbles beside the city wall. On Noisy Rice Market Street, lined on both sides with farmers selling rice and crowded with housewives and their servants searching for the best quality grains called "mountain rice," Chen met two farmers from his own village. They stood together and watched policemen trying to clear the center of the street for an occasional cart drawn by one of the tiny Szechwan horses.

Chen saw old Mother Huang come along the street dragging a fat pig. In the spring of last year a family she had once served as a maidservant gave her two small pigs on the understanding she would raise them in her village and, when they were fat, would keep one and return the other. Old Mother Huang did well with her pigs. She sold the one she kept for the equivalent of $250 American.

The name Pishan ("Jade Mountain") was given to the town because it is between two high chains of mountains, which have the green quality of fine jade on sunny days. The town is shaped like a leaf, and the county, which includes all the land between the mountain chains, like a long and narrow leaf—a willow leaf. In the town and its suburbs live about 40,000 people, which is about an eighth of the county's population.

Nine-tenths of the people in the county are farmers. Most of the rest are shopkeepers like fifty-year-old Liao Chun-min, who sells towels, shoes, hats, mirrors, combs, wallets, leather belts, and toys in his little open-fronted shop in the town of Pishan. At night the front of the shop in which Liao both lives and does his business is closed with loosely fitting boards. Early in the morning Liao takes them down and is ready for customers. These open-fronted shops are typical not only of Pishan but of most market towns in China.

Liao prospers. Like the farmers, the shopkeepers are doing well under war conditions; and the fixed-income middle class, such as the schoolteachers and the government officials, are suffering most in the rapid rise of prices, which has been brought about by the Japanese invasion.

The family meals for Liao and his wife and three children may be served in the shop; but as he is a successful shopkeeper he also has living quarters upstairs. The family has three meals a day with rice as the staple food. Usually there are three or four dishes on the table. One may be pork, even though pork (recall old Mother Huang's pig) is expensive. Others are likely to be beans, cabbage, and spinach, which grow well in the county. Fish is sometimes served, though costly.

Mrs. Liao neither reads nor writes, and Liao had only three years of schooling himself, all under private tutors.

But the children are in government schools under China's rapidly expanding educational program and will be far better educated than their parents.

Liao's life is rather dull. He enjoys a few glasses of wine made from oranges before supper each night, now and then goes to the Chinese opera house (the only one in Pishan), and occasionally whiles away time in a teahouse.

Teahouses are the meeting and entertainment places of all China, including Pishan. In Pishan teahouses, homes, and land are bought and sold, matchmakers arrange marriages, quarrels are arbitrated by the elders of the town, gossip is spread and the well informed, who are readers of the papers brought from Chungking, forty-three miles away, tell the news of the world.

At night a story-teller sits on the platform in the teahouse and narrates yarns both old and new. He may tell of the Chinese victory at Taierhchwang in the current war or relate the ancient romance of the Three Kingdoms or the story known as "All Men Are Brothers." One of his most welcome recitals is called "Scolding China's Number One Traitor: Wang Ching-wei." Wang is the principal puppet of the Japs at Nanking.

The romance of the Three Kingdoms tells of events which occurred about seventeen hundred years ago. One of the Three Kingdoms, Shu, had its base in Szechwan, the province in which Pishan is situated, and one of its premiers, Chu-kuo Liang, was a shrewd strategist whose victories in war were impressive. The white headcloth, resembling a turban which is worn by many natives of Pishan and other Szechwanese, is supposed to be in mourning for him, white being the color of mourning in China.

Not only teahouses but candy shops are centers of attraction for the farmers who visit Pishan. They sell wine, liquor,

sweets, biscuits, salted melon seeds, salted and smoked meat as well as candy.

Between market days these shops have little trade, and the streets are almost empty; but the town is always noisy, for everywhere one hears the noise of wooden looms weaving cotton grown in the valley. Pishan produces about 1,000,000 bolts of county cloth a year and supplies the Army with 400,000 bolts. Some of the weaving is done in small factories, but the greater part is done in homes—there are few homes without a loom.

The weaving industry, which became essential in interior China when the Japs captured the downriver factories, has made prosperous such men as fifty-year-old Chang Yu-shu. Seven years ago Chang was a farm hand out of work. He managed to erect two looms in his mud-and-bamboo house, and his profits have been such that he now owns ten looms as well as a hundred acres of farm land.

More than 50,000 farmers have looms in their homes, and other handicraft industries also flourish, including the making of bamboo furniture and straw slippers. The income from these occupations is welcome to the farmers, who have only tiny plots to cultivate, in which virtually all the work is done by hand, and accordingly have plenty of spare time for side jobs.

In wartime government, the principal problems of Pishan are conscription and the collection of food for payment of taxes and for the Army. In the hall of the magistrate's office it is common to see dozens of farmers registering for conscription, which is much better managed in Pishan than in some parts of China.

Quite a few of the soldiers from Pishan are volunteers, like Feng Hsueh-yuan, of the Lion's Village, who insisted on going to war despite his wife's bitter protests. Feng re-

ceived the pink arm band of a volunteer from his fellow villagers and was sent off to the sound of firecrackers. He ordered his fourteen-year-old son to assist his wife's father in running the farm.

Since the Sino-Japanese War started seven years ago, Pishan has sent 17,000 men to the army. It is believed that about 10 per cent of them have been killed in action, while many have died of disease, exposure, and other causes related to war. In addition to the men now in service, more than 20,000 men in Pishan have received military training.

Pishan also helps the war effort with food. It contributes 3,630 tons of rice and wheat to the National Government every year. Part of this is land tax in kind, and the rest is bought by the government for Army rations, payment being made in treasury notes.

The war taxes and purchases with notes have not made the farmers poor. The general results of the war have been quite the contrary in agricultural areas remote from the fighting. This is in extreme contrast to what the war has done to the middle class, to the people in the fighting areas—of whom many have been slaughtered—and to the half-starved people in the sections of the country overrun by the Japs.

A symbol of the prosperity of the county of Pishan is that it now has 271 primary schools with an enrollment of 35,000 children, which is 60 per cent of the children of school age, a high percentage for China.

Miss Chang Ying-hsueh, a charming young lady who teaches in one of the primary schools in the eastern suburb of the town of Pishan, says that more and more farmers, most of whom are illiterate, are sending their children to school. She tells of Ho Cheng-chu, an elderly farmer, coming to her with his ten-year-old grandson and a gift of two bushels of rice, begging for the admission of the boy to the crowded

classes. Miss Chang, already overburdened with too many pupils, could not turn down the appeal.

The young schoolteacher is paid only the equivalent of $7 American money a month plus 88 pounds of rice and a place to sleep in the school. However, she receives gifts from the families of the children which help out, one common gift being rice from the plots of "Respecting the Teachers Rice" which farmers interested in education have planted.

She has so many pupils that she divides them into groups and teaches one group while two or three others play games or engage in other activities outdoors. Older and brighter children are placed in charge of the outdoor groups.

The hard-working schoolteachers train classes of adults in the hours they do not devote to the children. The officials of Pishan want to have as many adults as possible taught to read and write, for China is trying to develop local democracy in preparation for national democracy, which is promised for the period immediately after the war.

The magistrate at Pishan is now appointed by the National Government on recommendation of the provincial government of Szechwan. After the war he will be chosen by a county council elected by the people.

There is more interest in adult education than in most towns, for it is the home of the National College of Social Education, which trains teachers of reading and writing for adults.

The Pishan *Daily News*, a small newspaper, is helpful in preparing the people for local democracy. Most of its contents is local news, concerning the organization of local councils, what is going on in the market, what is happening in rural districts, and the like. The paper stresses news of public-health movements and other projects for the benefit of the people. It has helped to make a success of the Pishan public-

health institute, which operates a small hospital, a maternity clinic, and a social service center.

Because Pishan is well run and crime is intelligently handled, there are only forty prisoners in its jail, which has a number of dormitory rooms and two large workrooms in which prisoners make straw sandals, clothing, and stationery.

Pishan has an experimental district court, which may become a model for all China, in which red tape has been cut to a minimum and justice is dispensed so quickly that even the most complicated cases rarely take more than a month's time. Two of the judges are women, and one of these is Miss Li Hsia-ping, who says that Pishan people are easy to get along with, and that she finds her job an agreeable one. She is a graduate of the law school of the National Szechwan University, and became a judge by passing the state examination for judges.

Women judges are new in China—the sight of them still makes old farmers gasp in amazement; and adult education is new, and good rural newspapers are new, and schools for farmers' children are new, and health centers are new, and democracy is new. But Pishan has had a taste of all the new things and seems to be handling them well.

NEW HORIZONS FOR THE CHINESE WOMAN

By Jean Lyon

DURING Wen Ying-feng's first year in a cotton-spinning factory, the Japanese came from the east, and their advance threatened the city of Shasi in Hupeh, where she worked.

The factory owners in Shasi decided to move upriver. They dismantled their machines, loaded them on river boats, and encouraged the workers to go along. Ying-feng decided to go. Her family, reluctant to move away from its little plot of land, stayed behind.

Ying-feng arrived in Chungking with the machines and started working the minute they were set up. She watched the factory grow into a fairly large establishment, with gardens and well groomed hedges and neat gravel paths, with solidly built brick buildings and with dugouts along the steep road leading up from the Chialing River roomy enough for all the workers during air raids. She saw the factory through three summers of heavy bombings by the Japanese, watched its destruction and its rebuilding.

There are no women riveters and welders in China, but there are women like Ying-feng, who work in spinning and weaving mills which make clothing for the army, women in at least one hand-grenade factory, women doing light work in the arsenals, and women in factories which make machines, metals, electrical equipment, and chemicals. The total number is not large, as man power for industry still is available; but the fact that women are in the factories at all is an indi-

cation that they are to play a part in China's industrial development.

The woman in China enters industrial work under protest from her family. They consider it as degrading. It is a new idea to the Chinese family for a daughter to leave her home to work in a factory instead of leaving home to go to a husband and mother-in-law. A girl must have a strong reason to leave, or be very much in need of self-support, before she will enter factory work. Because of economic difficulties and lack of modern equipment, the Chinese industrial program is comparatively small; therefore the need for factory workers has not been great, and the government has made no general appeal to women to enter industry.

Considerable numbers of women are working now in the secondary war industries, particularly in the production of textiles, such as wool blankets for the army, cotton cloth for army and civilian clothes, gauze for field hospitals, and canvas for army use.

Approximately 4 per cent of China's factory workers are women—which means that about 40,000 women are helping to turn the wheels of China's wartime industries. Other women help production by work at the time-honored handicrafts while they watch the family rice pot and mind the babies.

The war has increased the number of women in industry in China, according to Ku Cheng-kang, China's Minister of Social Affairs. Although there were women in the factories of the coastal cities before the Japanese onslaught of 1937, new groups of women have entered industry since their country went to war. Among these are women who have been uprooted from their homes and have had to move west, women whose family units have been broken by enemy invasion, women whose menfolk have gone to the front, and

women whose husbands receive wages too small to support the family.

Women in industry in China cannot be compared to the women defense workers in America, because industrial production in China is comparatively small, and because the industrial development of Free China had hardly begun in 1937 and is still in its very early stages. In picturing the women in China's wartime factories, an American must cast aside all preconceived ideas of women in factories and start with a blank page.

In the hand-grenade factory in Kwangsi Province most of the women workers come from areas occupied by the Japanese. They are housewives ousted from their homes who know at first hand the cruelty of the Japanese. They expect to return when the war is over to their native villages and their household tasks in Kwangtung, Hupeh, Hunan, Kiangsu, and Chekiang. Meanwhile, they work, partly from patriotic motives, partly from economic necessity or from the need to escape an unbearable home life. Once in the factory, they very often learn more of the war, and of the importance of their work to China, through the education program which is carried on there by government representatives and various welfare agencies.

In order to keep her self-respect in entering factory work, a girl will not stand in line at the employment office or answer a "want ad." She will apply through a friend who has a friend who knows someone who works in the factory. This someone in the factory will recommend her to the foreman or the manager. Then the girl will go in almost as though invited to join a sorority. This makes the girl, her family, and her future working companions all feel better about it.

Once a girl goes into factory work, the plant usually becomes her home. A factory must provide living quarters be-

cause there are few industrial communities in China where housing facilities are sufficient for the workers, and because many of the factories in Free China are refugee industries from the coast manned with refugee workers. The girls have dormitory rooms and a common mess hall, provided by the factory management. Meals also are provided, and the cost deducted from the wages; or wages are adjusted accordingly. In most of the larger, more modern factories, particularly the textile mills near Chungking, recreational and educational facilities are provided, and the girls live a kind of boarding-school life.

An informal survey of the vicinity of Chungking by the women's department of the Chinese Association of Labor shows that most of its women members work an eight-hour day, with one day off in every ten. The wartime maximum working day, by government regulation, is twelve hours, with a day off every two weeks. The twelve-hour day is the lot of the women in some factories, and is usual for men workers. This, according to the Ministry of Social Affairs, is a wartime measure. The basic policy, laid down at the first National Social Administration Conference in October, 1942, accepts the principle of an eight-hour day and a six-day week for all workers.

Attempts have been made to regulate wages; but the rapid rise in prices has made regulation difficult, and ineffective. At present, according to the informal survey of the Chinese Association of Labor, women's wages in the vicinity of Chungking are equivalent in purchasing power to about forty cents a day in America, over and above food and lodging provided by the factory. With the food and lodging, this is equal to, or slightly higher than, the pay received by white-collar civil servants.

Some protective regulations for women workers have been

adopted by the government, one of which is a two months' pregnancy leave with pay plus a subsidy. According to the Chinese Association of Labor, the subsidy was increased in 1944 by a third because of increase in costs.

In most of the industries in which the women work, unions are allowed. They are not allowed in the munitions industries. The unions are controlled and supervised by government officials under the wartime emergency program. This allows no strikes. Many girl workers are active in the trade-union councils and in the trade-union meetings. Their activity consists largely of attending literacy classes, organizing patriotic plays, and listening to talks on the government program and its underlying principles.

One of the union leaders in a large cotton-spinning factory in the suburbs of Chungking is twenty-three-year-old Wen Ying-feng, the girl from Shasi, who does her hair in two schoolgirl braids, wears a plain blue cotton gown under her factory apron, and has a gentle voice and a shy manner. In many ways her story is typical of the thirteen hundred girls she works with and many of the other girls in Chinese factories. She is chairman of the factory's trade union. During her eight-hour working day she is the foreman over forty girls working on the spindles in the factory.

When she first arrived in Chungking, she lived in a dormitory room with three other girls, with one bureau among them and no closet for the extra dress which was all each girl usually had. Her family finally slipped through Japanese lines and joined her in Chungking a year ago. Now they all live together in a house on the factory grounds. Her father works in another factory; two younger sisters work in her factory; two other sisters and a brother attend the factory primary school; and her grandmother and mother keep house.

As head of the union she presides over a small meeting

every two weeks and over a meeting of all the factory workers once a month. Their main wartime effort, she says, is education—trying to teach the girls enough to read simple novels and the newspapers. Her job as head of the union is a regular one at which she works four hours a day.

Ying-feng is typical of girls in the larger factories. There are many small factories and many small industrial cooperative units where women work in groups of ten to twenty or thirty, making cloth shoes, tailoring, making soap, and so on.

These smaller industries still employ few women, but efforts are being made by such organizations as the Women's Advisory Council, of which Madame Chiang Kai-shek is the head, and the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives to work out experimental production projects for women. The largest such project which has been started is blanket making for the army, under the auspices of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, which employs some 20,000 women. They spin the yarn for the blankets in their own homes and are supervised by traveling supervisors from the Cooperative headquarters. This type of home industry is considered by its promoters to be excellent for China, because many of the women must continue to care for their children and their households even though they work. Some of the projects started by the Women's Advisory Council are similar experiments, or training plants where women can learn factory skills. As these experimental production units for women develop, they may be enlarged with government assistance; and they may eventually offer opportunities for many more women workers as well as for increased production.

China's industry is only beginning to open its doors to women. After the war, observers think, there will be an increase in the number of women in industrial production.

The war has performed miracles for Chinese women, who

a short thirty years ago were strictly confined to the duties of wife and mother. Another most unlikely field for feminine activity, in which young Chinese women have felt called upon to play a part, is the military front. Here, again, it is not their number but their very presence that is a sign of the times.

Six Chinese girl soldiers, with the rank of first-class privates, recently pleaded the cause of feminism in Chungking with an eloquence that would put the average American WAC into the shade. They wanted equal treatment with men in the army, and decided to appeal to public opinion through the Chinese press. They saved money from their mess allowance of six dollars a day (which is a few cents a day in American money) to travel the ten miles from the training camp into the city and to buy tea and cakes, watermelon seeds, and peanuts for fifteen local reporters. While the reporters sat around a long table in a tearoom, the girls took turns rising to their feet and making speeches. Each one of the six delivered an oration, which sounded fiery to western ears and was pronounced eloquent by the Chinese reporters.

These six girl soldiers said they represented a company of sixty-four girls who have been in training for four months at Kiangpei, across the Chialing River from Chungking proper. The sixty-four girl volunteers had come from the colleges and middle schools all over China to take the military training course offered, and expected to be graduated during the coming week. They were asking now to be allowed to work at the front. Men students taking the same course, they pointed out, were being sent to India for further training. The girls wished to have the same chance; but, they said, if that could not be granted to them, at least they wanted to be sent to an active front.

The main point was equality. "They tell us that some of

the places at the front are uncomfortable, and they think we could not stand the hardships," one of the girls said, "but we are willing to share all the hardships if we can be given an equal chance to do useful work."

All the girls had been students either in colleges or middle schools. The six representatives who held the press conference were intelligent, articulate, well trained. Yang Shu-ying, the chairman of the meeting, had been a student of banking in National Fuhtan University in Chungking when she volunteered for the army. She came from Nanking, but was away at school when the Japanese took that city in 1937. Her family had moved to Chengchow in Honan which is now in Japanese hands. What has happened to her family now, she does not know. She has been fending for herself ever since the beginning of the war, going to school on scholarships, earning part of her expenses as a copyist in the school office. For one year she held a job as an accountant to earn money for her schooling. She had joined the army, she said, for two reasons: she wanted to do something for her country; and she wanted to learn more about life. Life in school, she thought, was too sheltered.

Private first class Cheng Yen-chu had been a law student before she joined up. She told of another of their group of sixty-four who had escaped from Shanghai to join the training corps. This girl reached Chungking in the afternoon just in time to go through her physical examination for entrance to the army camp; then she walked out after dark with her credentials in her pocket, and roused the army camp at midnight to join up.

None of the girls had officer's rank, the girls said; but rank was not bothering them yet. If they could be sent to India or assigned to active duty at the front, doing first aid work or army morale work, they would be satisfied.

At the "press conference" given by the six girl soldiers several women reporters were present; and there was no mistaking where their sympathies lay. In Chungking five or six or seven young women are always present at any important women's event, busily taking notes in a swift Chinese scribble which to the uninitiated looks more illegible than Gregg would look to a Pitman addict. Usually these girls are dressed in long bright blue cotton gowns, cut on typical Chinese lines. During the "big heat" of the summer they carry fans, and in the winter they huddle under thin, well worn overcoats.

These are Chungking's girl reporters—as hard-working and as quick-on-the-trigger a group of young news hawks as you could find anywhere. They are somehow typical of newspaper women the world around. Usually their straight bobbed hair is carelessly pushed behind their ears or hangs in a harassed fashion over one eye. They have ink and pencil marks on their fingers. Their hands are smudged with the tell-tale gray of newsprint, which rubs more easily from Chungking's news sheets than from any other papers in the world.

There are, in all, about ten women working on Chungking's thirteen dailies and one big news agency. Most of them think their jobs as reporters aren't nearly so exciting as American girls' reporting jobs. But maybe they are thinking of Jean Arthur.

Actually, they like the job, love to talk about the stories they have been covering, get mad at the strict wartime censorship rules, like to discuss politics and literature, and, in typical newspaper fashion, are always planning to write a book and are always hoping to take a trip.

They think that they get a pretty even break with the men on their own paper; but not with the public; and they

are sure they don't get anything like an even break with the military authorities.

The public considers them as women of easy virtue, and the military authorities think they are nuisances and won't let them cover the fighting fronts.

The first difficulty they laugh off. Hsu Chung-pei, reporter on the *Central Daily News,* tells about her experience in covering so staid an event as an industrial and mining exhibition which was held in Chungking. "In getting my story," she said, "I frequently had to visit an official of the National Resources Commission. I thought I was being treated rather strangely at the gate and when I was ushered into the house. And then I discovered that the gateman and the servants were all referring to me as the official's 'best girl.' "

Another time, Miss Hsu had to interview an important government official, and went to his home to see him. The servant told her that the man had gone to Kunming. Then he looked about cautiously and whispered to her, "You know his Kunming address, don't you?"

Fortunately Miss Hsu has a husband who is in the journalistic game too, and he can laugh with her over these episodes.

Of the six girl reporters in Chungking who were interviewed, all but one are married. They all keep their maiden names on the job. It's becoming a regular practice with the modern career girl in China.

Their difficulties in getting to the front and covering what they naturally feel are the most important of the war stories are not so easy to laugh off. Pong Tze-kang, who has worked for six years on the *Ta Kung Pao* and ranks in reputation among the men on her paper, feels bitterly about the ban on women at the front. Three years ago, before the ban became

so strict, she journeyed with a group of newspapermen to the Yellow River front, part way on foot, part way on horseback. She was close enough to the enemy to see his fortifications on the opposite bank of the river, and she was able to describe the Chinese soldier, his reactions, and the actual battle scene. "That was perhaps the most important story I have ever covered," she said.

Another woman who, after a hard struggle, got to the southeastern war front in the Kiangsi-Hunan area two years ago, was Miss Yang Kang, also of the *Ta Kung Pao*. Her reports of her trip were reprinted in a book that has been widely read. Miss Yang, the literary editor of her paper, is now on her way to the United States where she plans to study in Harvard.

Since Miss Yang's journey to the battlefield, Chinese newspaper women have not been allowed to do front-line reporting, although there are men correspondents in every war area. The excuse given—that the Army doesn't like to have women around—has a familiar ring to the Western ear. China's girl reporters, who call a spade a spade, say that it is discrimination against women.

The stories these girls cover extend from women's-club meetings to bombings. Thinking back over the stories she had done, Pu Shi-shiou of the *Sin Ming Pao* said: "I like to write of the life of the poor. Once I wrote about a baby who was deserted on the street. Another time I wrote about a poor boy who was arrested unreasonably. I think these were among my best stories."

Hsu Chung-pei is proud of the scoop she got when Vice President Henry Wallace visited Chungking last June. His schedule was not announced to the press, but she got wind of a visit he was to make to a university in the suburbs of Chungking. "I remember it was a rainy day," she said. "I

arrived at Shapingpa at nine o'clock in the morning and had to wait until five. I had no raincoat and no rubbers, so I was pretty much of a wet dog when Wallace got there. But when I saw the line in the paper the next morning, 'By our own reporter,' I decided it had been worth it. Ours was the only paper in the town with a special story on that event."

Most of these girl reporters have their chances at interviewing refugees from occupied areas, of talking with cabinet ministers, of seeing the state events in the wartime capital. They hunt up a good many of their own assignments. They are college graduates, and have developed wide circles of friends during the last seven years on their migration westward from the city where they were educated or brought up.

These young women have arrived at newspaper work by devious means. Hu Pin-chiu of the *Central News Agency* jumped from schoolteaching into the English-language department of the news agency, where she translates and expands wires. She also does some reporting every day. Miss Hu's father was an officer in the Revolutionary Army and was killed in the early days of China's struggle for a republic.

Miu Chi-yun, a *Central Daily News* reporter, started out in newspaper work to help herself through school, and has stayed in it ever since. Hsu Chung-pei's first job was as a government censor, which gives her an advantage over the others, for she knows just exactly how much and how little she can say before she ever puts it down on paper. Pong Tze-kang drifted into newspaper work from magazine editing. She may also have been influenced by the man she married, who is one of China's top newspaper reporters. Pu Shi-shiou entered newspaper work directly from college, liked it, and has stayed with the same paper for six years.

When you talk to these very self-contained young women out on the job it is hard to realize that they may be worrying

about the baby's croup or the impossibility of getting cod-liver oil for the children in this wartime city; however, a number of them have babies to worry about. Miss Pong remarked, "To be a newspaper woman, wife, mother, and housekeeper all at the same time—you can imagine. We only have one son of twenty-one months, but he gives me so much trouble. It is not easy to keep a family in wartime."

MAN OF THE PLOW AND THE SWORD

By Charles C. H. Wan

AFTER much effort, Yang Shih-miao, a village chief who spoke no English, found that the three strangers were American pilots.

The flyers, who had been over Tokyo a few hours before, managed to identify themselves as Americans by drawing an American flag in the sand with their fingers. They were found by Yang as they reached the beach after their plane had crashed into the sea near the village of Chuehchi, of the county of Hsiangshan, in eastern Chekiang.

Two other members of the plane crew were drowned when they failed to swim two-thirds of a mile to shore from the scene of the crash. Their bodies were recovered by inhabitants of Yang's village and stones were erected in their memory.

On the morning following the historic Tokyo raid of April 18, 1942, the three American pilots, after a good night's rest in the village chief's home, set out for the county seat of Hsiangshan en route to Chungking. They were escorted by ten young peasants carefully picked by Yang. A devious guerrilla route was chosen.

Not long after the party had taken to the road, however, it was captured by a Japanese force of forty to fifty men, who had been waiting in ambush. The American flyers were sent to the Japanese headquarters at Maoyang on the coast. The Chinese villagers, who were all married and had families, were ordered to line up and then were slaughtered by

machine-gun fire. The Japanese soldiers were sent to waylay the party when word was received from puppet troops at Chuehchi that three American airmen were in the group. The puppets, a company strong, had been stationed in the village since Japanese occupation of the place on March 15.

Not satisfied with slaughter of the ten Chinese escorts the Japanese stormed into the village. The village chief died as they entered, his heart failing as he contemplated the horror that was to come. As he had foreseen, the Japs looted the place, raped the women, killed the men, and burned the houses.

The wreckage of the American plane, adrift on the sea for days, was found by a Japanese plane and salvaged by a Japanese warship on May 1.

According to Major-General Tseng Chin-chi, military spokesman for the National Military Council, 11,587 Chinese in towns and villages of Chekiang and Kiangsi were killed by the Japanese because of their assistance to crews of the American planes which bombed Tokyo. In addition, 38 sustained injuries and 51 disappeared. Chaohuangchow in Kiangsi, was the scene of the worst carnage. More than 4,000 men, women, and children of the town were either tortured to death by the Japanese or killed by gunfire.

All together fifteen American aircraft made forced landings in Chekiang and Kiangsi. Most of the flyers were rescued by Chinese guerrillas or village people virtually under the nose of the enemy. Ten crew members of two American planes bailed out over the Nantien-Sanmen border on the Chekiang coast. Their escape from Japanese captivity resulted from the efforts of Chinese mobile columns. The same was true of the five Americans who crash-landed near Fenghwa, home town of President Chiang Kai-shek.

The property loss suffered by the Chinese civilians in

Chekiang and Kiangsi during the Japanese campaign of vengeance in the two provinces is not known, General Tseng says; but civilian houses destroyed number 7,302.

Farmers, who make up nearly 80 per cent of China's population of 450,000,000, have done magnificent work in China's seven years of war against Japan, as they did in the rescue of the American flyers. As food growers, regular soldiers, and guerrilla fighters they have furnished the man power that has kept the Japanese from conquering China. Though most of them are unable to read or write, they all love their fatherland.

Just how much the little people of China have done was told by Ho Sze-yuan, Shantung's civil affairs commissioner, on his visit to Chungking in the winter of 1943. What is true of Shantung, which the Japs claim to have conquered, can be said of many other Chinese provinces supposedly under Jap rule.

In Shantung, the Chinese hit-and-run county governments communicate with one another by radio and military telephone when they can; but much information has to be passed from ear to ear. The man on the farm, Commissioner Ho says, is the key man in this spy-proof relay system.

To the Japanese, farmers carrying produce to the cities to peddle may seem quite harmless. But when they sell their goods, many of them leave with something more than cash—knowledge of Japanese troop dispositions. In their wake Chinese guerrillas often come by night, bringing pandemonium and destruction to the enemy.

According to Commissioner Ho, who played hide-and-seek with the Japanese throughout his four years in Shantung, guerrilla raids on the Japanese are daily affairs and 70 per cent of them have been carried to success on information supplied by the farmers. The organized guerrillas in Shantung,

which has a population of 38,099,741, number somewhere around 170,000, and the peace preservation forces 150,000. But the "farmer-guerrillas," who are everywhere, are countless. Their service is available at all hours and in all localities.

Once a magistrate, directing his mobile units in battle with the Japs, was wounded severely. Four farmers carried him on a stretcher to a near-by village. There he stayed in a farmer's home, hidden underneath sorghum stalks, fed and cared for by his host. After a couple of days the Japs approached the village, and he was moved to another village, farther away, where he lay concealed until he recovered.

On another occasion an able-bodied farmer in Shantung who wanted to join the fighting ranks found it impossible because his young wife soon was to have a baby. Upon being informed of this, his magistrate called the villagers to a meeting at which he asked each of them to supply him with an egg and a dipperful of corn flour. They did, though many had to borrow from neighbors. The eggs and flour were sent to the would-be soldier's home as provisions for his wife while he was away.

Commissioner Ho, who moved his headquarters, on an average, once every seven and a half days for four years, says that every one of Shantung's special commissioners and magistrates is a guerrilla leader or commander of units of the peace preservation corps.

Most of the commissioners have their own arsenals to make small arms, including hand grenades, rifles, and light machine guns. Some are capable of manufacturing heavy machine guns. Chinese soldiers and guerrillas in Shantung know the value of their scanty supply of ammunition. No man is supplied with more than fifteen rounds of rifle bullets at one time. He is expected to use them sparingly and with good

marksmanship. He opens fire only when the enemy is within 50 yards.

Commissioner Chang Li-yuan, of the Third and Sixteenth administrative areas, commands the best equipped Chinese forces in Shantung as a result of the capture of 2,000 rifles by his troops in one engagement. Commissioner Chang recently received a National Guardian Medal from President Chiang Kai-shek.

Perhaps no more harrowing experience has befallen any one fighting in the war than that of Commissioner Ho himself when he was compelled to order Chinese troops to fire on his own wife and children, who were in plain sight in the hands of the Japanese. This terrible experience came shortly after Pearl Harbor.

Mrs. Ho, who is a Frenchwoman, was staying in the Italian Concession in Tientsin, but she and her four children were kidnaped by the Japanese. On January 14, 1942, a Japanese force in three hundred motor trucks, supported by 1,000 cavalrymen, approached the provisional headquarters of the Shantung Provincial Government. Mrs. Ho and the children, roped together, could be seen in the first of the long train of motor trucks.

His heart in his throat, Commissioner Ho gave orders to open fire. The fighting lasted for twenty-four hours and 120 Chinese defenders were killed before the Japs retreated. It was long after the battle that Mr. Ho learned the fate of his wife and children.

During December, 1941, a Japanese girl entertainer had been captured by the Shantung guerrillas in a raid on Tsingcheng but had been set free by order of Commissioner Ho. This act of kindness, plus Chinese representations to the Italian diplomatic authorities in Tientsin, influenced the Japanese to release Mrs. Ho and the Ho children. Mrs. Ho said that

she and the children lay crouched in the truck during the fighting and went through the ordeal without a scratch.

Equally intense guerrilla activity is found in Kiangsu, a province adjoining Shantung, where hardly a day has passed during the last seven years without fighting between Chinese and Japanese. Despite the Japanese occupation and control of all of its principal cities, railways, highways, waterways, and harbors, most of Kiangsu has remained free territory, with the Chinese national flag waving in the villages.

Chinese officials in the province constantly play hide-and-seek with the Japanese and their puppets. Often enemy patrols approach, and off go the officials with their simple baggage, which is always packed. There have been occasions when officials have been compelled to move several times in one night.

Kiangsu, in which Shanghai is situated, is the most densely populated large political unit in the world, having about 36,469,321 people in 41,819 square miles.

Another man comparable in courage and patriotism to Commissioner Ho is Mao Pak-hou, a farmer of Hotsin, in the southwestern tip of Shansi. He gave the lives of his family of eight for his country in exchange for the lives of several times as many Japanese soldiers.

Volunteering as a spy for the Japanese, Farmer Mao entered the Chinese lines disguised as a war refugee. Instead of carrying out his mission for the Japanese, he returned the same night with a party of Chinese raiders, armed with hand grenades, rifles, and swords. The Japanese were caught napping, and many of them died without resistance.

Mao well knew what the consequences might be. The infuriated Japanese survivors took vengeance on his family. His aged parents, his wife, and his children, eight persons in all, were shot.

Mao's story was reported to the Executive Yuan by General Yen Hsi-shan, governor and commander-in-chief in Shansi.

The Chinese guerrillas may play even a bigger part in the defeating of Japan than many have anticipated. The Japanese in Peiping, fearful of a Chinese counteroffense, are taking a serious interest in the guerrillas who have been firmly established for years in the mountains west of the ancient capital. In that area, as in others, what the Japanese have achieved is penetration and not occupation. When the day comes it may turn out that the deeper the penetration, the greater the calamity.

Behind the Japanese lines Chinese armed forces, including both guerrilla units and regular troops, have actively attacked the enemy and disrupted his lines of communication throughout the war. In carrying out sabotage the guerrillas have in many cases proved even more efficient than the regular armies. On the whole, however, the credit for preventing the Japanese from exploiting the occupied areas must be equally shared by the guerrilla columns and the regular forces who have been ordered by the Chinese high command to stay behind the Japanese lines, and in the case of one battalion of the Tsingtao Naval Landing Force, which fought under Commissioner Ho.

The Chinese guerrillas outside Peiping, living under the very noses of the invaders, have been carrying on their activities during all the long years since the outbreak of the war. The guerrillas in the mountainous region west of Peiping are truly a motley group of patriots. They include farmers, soldiers, college professors, convicts, and students. The guerrilla movement may be said to have started with these men and women.

Early in September, 1937, two months after the fall of

Peiping, scores of Chinese college students sneaked out of the city into the picturesque Western Hills to fight the Japanese. They had as weapons only a few rifles and pistols. It was at once decided to stage a raid to get guns, and the Model Prison in the southwestern suburbs of Peiping, where the guards had more than sixty rifles and hundreds of rounds of ammunition, was chosen for attack.

It was pitch-dark on the night of the raid. The students deliberately walked with heavy steps as the Japs always do. They had a student who knew something of the Japanese language in the lead, carrying a Japanese flag.

Shouting in Japanese, the student demanded admission at the main prison entrance. The guards thought he led a Japanese patrol and hastily unlatched the heavy doors. They were overpowered by the young guerrillas, and the warden was forced to turn over all the prison's rifles and bullets. The students took to the hills with three hundred new recruits from among the prison's four hundred convicts.

The daring of these college boys inspired others. Hundreds of miles inland two hundred students of the West China Union University in Chengtu, capital of Szechwan Province, signed up for a course in shooting from horseback, given at the Central Military Academy under the direction of General Huang Chieh. Many of these students, among whom fifty were girls, became leaders of mounted guerrillas.

Along with their pupils many of China's university professors have forsaken peaceful classrooms for a deadly hide-and-seek game with the Japs. Yang Siu-ling, of Peiping, one of the nation's best known professors, is now leading an army of 8,000 guerrillas in the Taihang Mountains in the Hopei-Shansi border region.

For a long period, Mrs. Chang Sun-fu of Peiping went to market every day with a bamboo basket on her arm to get

the day's vegetables and other provisions. In the afternoons she took her two little daughters to the park. She seemed by day to have plenty of time for everything; but after dusk she assumed a different personality.

It was Mrs. Chang's duty to send food and military supplies to the guerrillas in the Western Hills. She devised numerous tricks for reaching these fighters. She did the planning and organizing in consultation with her philosopher husband, who was a professor at the National Tsing Hua University.

Later the Chang family moved to Tientsin, which was nearer to East Hopei, an area assigned to Mrs. Chang as an organizer of peasants into guerrilla bands. Her work resulted in an army of some 20,000 within five months.

With explosives prepared by college chemistry professors Chinese guerrilla fighters in North China have become arms manufacturers. Their small and mobile arsenals are turning out hand grenades, rifles, and land mines. They can undersell any munition makers in the world. Steel for their arsenals comes from railroad tracks. This not only provides needed raw material but disrupts Japanese military transport.

Among the most famous of China's guerrillas have been Mother Chao and members of her family. She is the mother of four sons and five daughters. Her second and third sons and her third daughter were killed in guerrilla fighting in North China.

Mother Chao, who is sixty-four years old and is respectfully called "The Mother of Guerrillas," learned of the death of her son Chao Tung and her daughter Chao Li-ying when she met Wang Cho-jan on a Chungking street in 1940. Wang, former chancellor of the National Northeastern University, told her that Chao Tung and Chao Li-ying had been killed

crossing a river with troops on the Honan-Hopei border.

Mother Chao is now living with her eighty-two-year-old farmer husband in Peipei, a suburb of Chungking, after twelve years of organizing and directing guerrilla units in North and Northeast China. Her intense hatred of the Japanese goes back to her childhood when she witnessed Japanese atrocities during the first Sino-Japanese War.

Chao Li-ying was the leader of a band of 200 guerrillas in a hard engagement with the Japanese near Hweihsien in northern Honan in 1938. The Japanese had far more men than Miss Chao's 200 soldiers and the Chinese, unable to reach the hills, took shelter in an old trench. Enemy shells hammered their position, and most of them were killed. Miss Chao made her way into Hweihsien, where she found traitors making preparations to welcome the victorious Japanese. An old woman told her a safe route of escape and the girl, joined by eight other survivors of the fight, finally reached Chikungshan, a summer resort on the Honan-Hupeh border, where she found her mother.

For several years before the formal beginning of the Sino-Japanese War in 1937, Chao Tung, a former student in the National Northeastern University, was fighting the Japanese in southern Liaoning. Wang Yung-heng, a niece by marriage of Mother Chao, wanted to join Chao Tung's guerrillas; but he refused to accept her because she knew so little about weapons. Miss Wang, who was nineteen and pretty, learned within three months to be an excellent marksman and finally entered a guerrilla unit under her husband, a subordinate of Chao Tung.

One day she received word that a large force of Japanese was encamped in a vulnerable position in near-by mountains. She and her husband led thirty men in a raid on the camp

but found the Japanese well prepared. Her husband was wounded in one leg, and she ordered a retreat but was wounded herself while fighting as a rear guard. She knelt behind a rock and fired until she had used all her carbine bullets. Then she threw up her hands and cried:

"Get me alive. Please quit firing at me."

As the Japs approached she picked up a Mauser which she had carried in addition to the carbine and started fighting again. When the Mauser ammunition was gone she used a revolver. The Japs never got her for she saved one bullet for herself and took her own life rather than be captured.

Mother Chao still has one son farming in the Northeast (Manchuria), where many of the farmers are guerrillas and the Japanese have been complaining about the presence of "bandits." When the Japanese went into the Northeastern Provinces thirteen years ago they declared that their sole purpose was the extermination of bandits; but it is clear that, if farmers who hate and fight them can be called bandits, then the work of extermination has not been successful.

Many of the so-called bandits of today are farmers who have abandoned their plows after long oppression by the Imperial Army and have taken to the hills to fight the Japanese as guerrillas. When the Japs launch mopping-up operations against these guerrillas they draft large numbers of farmers as pack animals. The farmers must turn in their "good citizen" cards when drafted. This makes it difficult for them to desert, as all people living in areas infested by guerrillas must have such cards, issued by the local puppet police.

Not only Mother Chao and Yang Yung-heng but many loyal daughters of China have fought with the guerrillas. Two Gun Sister Wang, forty years old, short and stout, is the heroine of a hundred battles, large and small. In her most

daring feat as a guerrilla leader in the mountains of western Chekiang Province she killed the puppet police commissioner of Shaohing one night in his bedroom. She made off with his head. Next morning the police found the head, with those of six other puppet officials, which had been taken by other members of the band, tied to the branches of a tree outside the city gates.

Because of her appearance, especially her bound feet, it is easy for Two Gun Sister Wang to collect information in Japanese strongholds. She merely picks up a basket of vegetables to peddle and walks into town with no other disguise, for she looks precisely like any one of hundreds of peasant women who sell vegetables on market days.

The ease with which she can enter towns helps her in setting a fire which cost the Japs a loss of 10,000,000 yen in Kungchenchiao, suburb of Hangchow.

Miss "Golden Flower" Tsai is another woman leader of guerrillas. She and her men made a surprise attack on a Japanese detachment stationed in northern Chekiang, wiped out its eighty-seven members, and captured its ammunition and foodstuffs to supply their new unit. "Golden Flower" is today a full colonel of the Chinese guerrillas operating in the Taihu Lake region. She is an excellent marksman. Her unit of guerrillas, which once numbered only 300, has grown until it is several thousand strong. Many of its members formerly were college students or government employees. Some used to be policemen.

One of the graduates of the Whampoa Military Academy, Chen Chung-chu, became an able guerrilla leader. As a regular army officer he distinguished himself in the Battle of Hsuchow, at the junction of the Tientsin-Pukow and Lunghai railways and after the retreat of the regular forces from this area he became commander of the Fourth Guerrilla Col-

umn in the Shantung-Kiangsu-Anhwei border region. After he had defeated the Japanese in a number of engagements his column was surrounded at a point between Taihsien and Hinghwa on June 6, 1941, and he was killed by machine-gun fire.

The Japanese chopped off his head and took it to their headquarters at Taihsien, but left his body on the field, where it was found and placed in a coffin by peasants. When his wife and mother saw the headless body, both fainted. His wife, although pregnant, walked into the Japanese headquarters and demanded the head with such vehemence that the Japanese commander finally gave it to her, although her friends had expected that her invasion of the headquarters would result in her death.

Among the Chinese women in the war is Chen Po-erh, a former movie star, who had many adventures as a political worker among the guerrillas in North China. She tells the story of a Chinese woman with bound feet who was captured and raped by a Japanese. The woman waited for an opportunity and, when she found it, strangled him with bandages she removed from her feet.

Even children have fought with the Chinese guerrillas and, like the children in the Chungtiaoshan Mountains in Shansi Province, have eaten thin gruel and have worn ragged clothes cast off by adults.

The sixteen-year-old boy Chen Shun, after witnessing Japanese atrocities in the village of Tangkochung, ten miles north of Canton, was ordered by the Japanese to serve them as waiter. When the dinner was over he slipped out to the street, gathered five boys, all younger than himself, and gave them instructions. With three hoes, a bludgeon, an ax, and a kitchen cleaver, they made their way to the house to attack men armed with machine guns, hand grenades, and Mausers.

Fortunately, the two guards at the door were snoring beside their light machine gun. Swiftly fell Chen Chun's kitchen cleaver and another boy's ax. The two guards were dead, and the boys took their Mausers.

In about five minutes a Japanese sergeant and his men were all dead—some of them with bullets made in Japan in their bodies. Chen Shun, who received a slight flesh wound in his left arm, was the only casualty among the boys. By dawn they had decamped, well armed to join a Chinese mobile unit.

In the spring of 1940 the Japanese in Hsiehhsien in Shansi arrested a Chinese in the village of Weikuochen and marched him toward the execution ground. A boy ran up to the man.

"Daddy," said the lad, who was about twelve, "Mother's got supper ready."

The Japs thought that the arrested man must be a resident of the village and set him free. In reality, he was a spy sent by the Chinese guerrillas, and the boy who pretended to be his son belonged to the Children's National Salvation Corps.

During a battle at Chuwo in Shansi the Chinese guerrillas were retreating when a boy trumpeter made his way to a hilltop and blew a stirring call. This instilled courage into the hearts of his retreating comrades and fear into those of the Japanese. The mobile fighters staged a comeback and put the enemy to flight.

From humble beginnings, the guerrillas have spread all over China so that they now dog each step that the Japanese take. In the heart of every Japanese soldier, there exists the haunting fear that some morning he may wake up to find a guarrilla's knife slashing at his heart.

The guerrillas are everywhere and nowhere. Japanese cannot tell who is a guerrilla and who is not. They often suspect the wrong persons and have no fear of actual guerrillas. Eight Japanese soldiers once gave chase to four Chinese

chicken dealers near Hsuchow, with the intention of stealing their chickens, and had almost caught up when the four stopped, drew guns, and began firing. Six of the Japanese were killed, and the others escaped.

Three guerrillas tossed hand grenades into a car carrying Japanese along the Wuhing-Kashing highway. The car swerved down the side of an embankment and one Japanese was catapulted out before the grenades killed his companions. Chow Teh-sun, leader of the three guerrillas, subdued the Japanese and started to march him away to captivity.

When they reached the nearest village all the villagers turned out to see the captive and demand his death. Chow, however, told them that his duty was to turn the man over to his superiors. All Chinese fighters, guerrillas as well as regulars, have strict orders from the Chinese High Command against maltreating prisoners of war.

"We know you want to keep the prisoner just because of the $100 prize money you are entitled to from headquarters," one of the villagers remarked, "but we will pay you twice that much. We'll raise the money right here!"

Chow, raising his voice, asked if it would be wise to kill the Jap captive, who, being an officer, might hold some military secret. This brought the people back to reason, and the prisoner was led away.

Here is another typical incident from guerrilla land. Two brothers named Li, fatigued from walking, took the shovels from their shoulders, stretched out beside a big rock, and went to sleep. They were found by four Japanese soldiers.

The brothers, Li Shing-yun and Li Chin-ho, were on their way to Panlung, of the county of Wuhsiang, in eastern Shansi, to pass the mid-autumn festival with their families. This was to be their first home-coming since the Japanese invasion of that part of Shansi six years before.

The soldiers asked them if they were guerrillas, and if they could tell where other guerrillas were hiding. The Lis made no answer, pretending they did not understand the questions. The Japs looked them over carefully, and then one soldier said:

"Be good, you coolies." This was followed by an order to the Lis to accompany the soldiers.

As the four soldiers proceeded with the Lis they saw a row of fruit-laden trees by the side of a temple. Three of them went to pick fruit, leaving the two brothers in the custody of the fourth soldier.

Li Shing-yun, the older guerrilla, picked up his shovel and suddenly thrust it into the soldier's face, breaking his head open. When the other Japanese returned they found only the dead body of the man they had left on guard.

Several Japanese soldiers once chased a group of Chinese girls, dressed in bright pink and red costumes, into the hills near the village of Shihchiachwang on the Peiping-Hankow Railway. When they were out of sight of comrades who might help them Chinese soldiers fired from the underbrush and killed them all. They died without knowing that the "girls" were men from the village, where Japanese had been stationed who were so lustful that no woman between fifteen and fifty-five was safe.

In northern Shansi, near the Wutai Mountains, Chinese peasants make their steamed biscuits in the shape of Japanese soldiers. When they eat these biscuits they sing:

"You eat rice and I eat noodles,
But let everybody cook the Japs.
You can have the elbows,
While I enjoy the legs.
As to the heads,
Leave them for the dogs."

Wang, the Limper, ran a store in Wuhu, Anhwei province, until the Japanese occupation of the city in December, 1937. On the day he was to die he went to the city from Chachiawan, a little village near by, where he was living as a refugee with his family. He made the trip to consider the possibility of reopening his shop in the city, where the situation seemed to be improving.

He had scarcely entered the east gate when a Japanese soldier dragged him to headquarters. There he was assigned to a group of Chinese drafted to carry munitions to Anking, up the Yangtze. He managed to get away that night and hurried back to his home at Chachiawan, only to find his wife and mother being raped by the six Japs. On the dirt floor were his father and his son, dead of bayonet wounds in their chests. Wang, unnoticed by the Japs, went to get his lime and his ax.

With a wash basin filled with lime in one hand and an ax in the other, Wang, the Limper, walked into his room with catlike steps. He splashed the lime over the six Japanese soldiers who were attacking his wife and his mother. The steel of his ax bit into the skulls of five of the half-blinded Japs. The sixth seized his gun and pulled the trigger. Wang was killed.

The infamous conduct of the Japanese invaders has aroused bitter indignation even among the adherents of Buddhism, a religion opposed to killing even an ant or a bedbug.

The Buddhist Abbot Hung-fah has been hunting Japanese in the hills surrounding Chuhsien in eastern Anhwei, where guerrilla warfare is being carried on with increasing intensity, according to Wei Yung-chen, commissioner of civil affairs for the province.

Abbot Hung-fah, now in command of a guerrilla band of more than a hundred monks, burned the Lang Ya Temple in

Chuhsien about six years ago when the Japanese invaded the hilly region in a search for guerrillas.

The well known Buddhist temple in the picturesque city on the Tientsin-Pukow Railway was forcibly occupied by a Japanese detachment, more than thirty strong, led by Major Jiro Murata. Indignant at the ruthlessness of his unwelcome guests, the abbot, backed by all the monks of the monastery, set fire to the Japanese living quarters under cover of night. So well executed was his plan that all but three of the Japs were burned to death.

Knowing that the matter would not end there, Abbot Hung-fah abandoned his ecclesiastic estate and took to the hills with his followers to harass the Japanese.

A guerrilla leader in eastern Anhwei whose name brings chills to the hearts of the Japanese, is Old Man Fan, who is fighting with 4,000 armed peasants in the hills surrounding Fengyang, his home town. His agility belies his age, which is seventy-two. He wears a long white beard. Few Japanese soldiers who have seen his beard have lived to describe it.

"The Japs can never lick us," Old Man Fan tells his followers. "You have never seen a buffalo swallowed up by a mouse, have you?"

Old Man Fan was in Japan when Dr. Sun Yat-sen was a voluntary exile in that country planning his revolution, which in 1911 gave birth to the Chinese Republic. He joined Dr. Sun's Tungmenghui, the forerunner of the present-day Kuomintang party. During the revolutionary uprisings he led a band of shock troops which chased the Manchu officials out of his home county, Fengyang, and the adjoining districts.

One of the four "guerrilla kings" of the semitropical southern province of Kungtung is General Wu Kwan-chi, silver-haired and white-whiskered, who is sixty-one years old. He

often wears an overcoat which belonged to a Japanese who was killed by his men. He has fought more than two hundred battles and has captured hundreds of rifles, eight machine guns, and tens of thousands of rounds of ammunition.

Many foreigners have fought for China in addition to the famous American volunteer "Flying Tigers." But sixty-two-year-old Father Vience Lebbe, a Belgian priest, certainly is the only foreigner who has fought with the Chinese guerrillas as a battalion commander. Father Lebbe died in Chungking after a protracted illness, but it is surprising that he did not lose his life in the mountainous southwest of Shansi, where he and his men fought for twenty-four hours and finally were dispersed by the Japanese. Father Lebbe and five of his men made their way to a railway station, where they fell asleep on the platform. They were awakened by gunfire as the Japanese took the town, but succeeded in escaping and rejoining their comrades.

With his sharp blue eyes, hooked nose, and high forehead Father Lebbe could never be mistaken for a Chinese, despite his command of the Chinese language and his Chinese citizenship, which he received in 1927. He was educated in Ypres, Paris, and Rome and became a missionary in China, 1902.

Not only the guerrillas but ordinary civilians have fought valiantly for China, at high cost of life, for most of them fought with bare hands. Civilians rarely fought unless they were thoroughly justified in fighting, by all the laws of war and the rules of ethics. When they fought they were fighting because they had been forced into slavery to the Japanese or otherwise illegally maltreated.

During the battle of Changteh in November, 1943, two Chinese servants were seized by the Japanese, placed under guard, and forced to act as cooks. On the night of November 28 their guard fell asleep beside his rifle. One of the servants,

Liu Kwei-sheng, forty years old, seized the soldier and struggled with him as the Jap awakened.

Liu did not use the rifle because he was afraid of firearms, and because he feared the sound of a shot would bring other Japs. He was getting the worst of it when the second servant, Wen Lao-yao, twenty-two years old, entered the fray—also ignoring the gun—and bit the Jap's throat until the Jap bled to death.

Earlier in the war 500 Japanese soldiers lost their way between Kwangteh, in southwestern Anhwei, and the Kan Chi valley. At pistol point they ordered an old man to lead them to Kwangteh, where there was a Japanese headquarters. Instead of obeying, the old man led them through a narrow pass into the Kan Chi valley, where they were killed to a man by Chinese soldiers. The old man was among those slain in the battle.

Wang Yi-hwa, a deputy *pao** chief in the village of Fushih in the Changteh area, killed a Japanese officer with his bare hands during the battle of Changteh. The officer, protected by a bodyguard of two, was directing Japanese operations from Height 19 in the hills in the south of Shihmen County when he and his bodyguard were attacked by a band of farmers led by Wang. The farmers had nothing to fight with, but they succeeded in killing the three Japanese. Wang received a cash award from the magistrate of his county and high commendation from General Hsueh Yueh, provincial governor and hero of the Changteh battle.

Chinese "naval guerrillas" lay mines in the Yangtze River which have sunk or damaged many Jap warships. The Japs have a standing offer of $500 for every mine discovered and removed and $100 for the capture of every Chinese "naval guerrilla." Notices to this effect are posted in all towns and

* *Pao,* a unit in local administration consisting of a hundred households.

villages on both banks in the Japanese-held sections of the river.

There are too few Japanese troops to guard every part of the six-hundred-mile stretch of the Yangtze between Shanghai and Hankow. "Naval guerrillas" are assigned to specific areas. With the aid of the inhabitants, they usually have little difficulty in sneaking past Japanese outposts to the river at night.

The strategy of the Chinese guerrillas on all fronts is expressed in these words:

"Withdraw when the enemy forces advance. Harass them when they settle down. Attack them when they are exhausted. Pursue them when they flee."

Guerrillas frequently attack Japanese troop trains and waylay supply caravans. Trucks loaded with barbed wire, ammunition, gasoline, and food for Japanese outposts make fine prizes for the hit-and-run fighters.

Four Japanese soldiers driving a truck loaded with flour and other food stopped in a village in eastern Hopei for a rest. They sat under a tree, and three Chinese, whom they took to be peasants, sold them cakes and tea.

Suddenly the "peasants" grabbed the rifles of the soldiers and killed all four. Then one of the attackers ran into the village to announce that flour could be had free.

A Japanese military train filled with war supplies from Taiyuan slowly climbed a steep incline near Linfen Station in southern Shansi. It was a chilly autumn night, and the guards drowsed or gossiped inside the coaches. When the train came to a stop at Linfen there was a roar of sound and a burst of flame. Gasoline stored in drums on a car platform had exploded. Machine-gun fire was heard. The train guards rushed out of the train but could see no one to shoot at. While they stood in bewilderment, the train started out of

the station on its way south, without the guards and without a signal to proceed.

This was the work of fifty guerrillas who had boarded the train and climbed to the tops of the carriages while it was on the steep grade. When they reached Linfen their hand grenades set the gasoline ablaze.

After the tumult broke out the locomotive engineer and the fireman were crouching in terror when they felt the muzzles of pistols against their necks. They were ordered by the guerrillas to start the train immediately and they obeyed.

The train was halted a few miles from the scene of the attack at a place where the rest of the guerrillas were waiting with trucks captured earlier. Thus the guerrillas obtained all they required for a winter campaign.

A favorite trick of the Chinese guerrillas is to plant scythes, long nails, and other sharp objects under the dust or mud of roads. The rubber tires of Japanese motorized units are punctured, and the hoofs of Japanese horses are torn.

Many of the tricks of the guerrillas are simple and require no arms and few men for execution. A piece of cube sugar may seem harmless enough, but when it is put into a gasoline tank, the sugar dissolves in the gasoline and deposits carbon in the motor cylinders, sooner or later stopping the engine. The sugar in the gasoline is not detected by the enemy until an airplane or armored car is in use, and then it is too late.

Bands of guerrillas keep in touch with other bands through a guerrilla mail service but, to the disappointment of philatelists, do not put stamps on their letters. They use feathers instead. Ordinary letters have one feather pasted on them while letters of more importance carry two. Letters of extreme urgency bear three feathers, which means "Special Delivery."

As this chapter is written fighting has flared up again on the

Chinese fronts, and the Japanese once more are trying to devise means of driving China out of the war. They may occupy more cities and towns before the fighting is over, but these, in the words of Father Lebbe, "will become their graveyards, for they never will be able to survive the attacks of China's teeming millions of regulars, guerrillas, and civilians."

STUDENT LIFE IN CHINA

By Frank Tao

Four years of hard work
Under a flickering lamp.
With half an ounce of oil
He studies until roosters crow.

THIS verse gained popularity during the final examination period at the National Fuhtan University at Peipei, fifty miles from Chungking. One of the students wrote it to describe how he and his classmates prepared for the examinations after notice came that the university, in order to save money, would provide only half an ounce of oil per night for each large dormitory room. This was hardly enough for one lamp and it was customary for each student to use an individual lamp, as there were no electric lights in the dormitories and a lamp apiece gave barely enough light for study.

Many of the "refugee universities" in China are without electric light, so that midnight oil is burned not only figuratively but literally. The oil lamps are part of the primitive equipment of these schools, which are housed in makeshift quarters in western China, where they fled to escape the advancing Japanese armies in the early years of the war.

Studying at night has long been known among Chinese students as "running the night express." Students who literally burn midnight oil agree that the "express does not run as efficiently on oil as it does on electricity."

Poor lighting is only one of the inconveniences which students have to bear. Boarding students—who are in the major-

ity—sleep in double-decker bunks in congested dormitories. The windows are either paper-covered or not covered at all. There is no heat in any dormitory in the winter. Rarely is there warm water for washing or bathing.

Here is a student's description of the dormitories of one college:

> Our dormitories are all mat sheds, except the girls' dormitories, which are in the South Hall. Our mat sheds would certainly be swept off the ground if we were to have anything that is the least bit similar to the typhoons in the South China Seas. We are housed like an army. Our beds are like bunks in a ship, one above the other. The floors of our dormitories are neither cemented nor covered with timber planks, just bare ground! They would not be considered sanitary for cowsheds in America! But, perhaps, the worst point about our dormitories is the diabolical congestion. In a single big room are housed forty students, really packed like sardines!

This description appeared in one of the three prize-winning essays in a contest in English composition conducted in 1940 by the Committee for the Administration of International Student Relief Funds in China. Chang Kuosin, then a junior student of the National Southwest Associated University in Kunming, based it on his own experience, but he was also relating the experience of thousands of students in wartime China. Many of them once studied in fine school buildings, with modern equipment, and led easy lives; but now they sleep on hard bunks and study in ramshackle, temporary buildings.

Despite their hardships most of the students realize that they are fortunate to have an opportunity for higher education in a country in which there is only one university student in every 10,000 of the population.

The schools lack equipment which was taken for granted in peacetime. There are students who have no books and have to copy everything there is to study: either the textbooks are too expensive for them, or there are no copies to be bought.

Many students are entirely cut off from their families, who are in enemy-occupied areas, and have to provide themselves with everything. That is difficult even when they receive government scholarships or other aid.

The professors fare no better. A faculty member of the National Southwest Associated University was congratulated by his friends and relations when his wife gave birth to a baby. Both he and his wife were happy—but not for long. With the baby to care for, the wife was no longer able to do all the housework. A maid was employed. The professor found that with an extra mouth to feed the rice he received as a part of his pay was not sufficient. For the sake of his wife and baby he decided to keep the servant but put himself on a rice gruel diet.

After a time the maid asked him why he never ate solid rice. He was embarrassed and replied, "Stomach trouble—I can't eat rice." The insufficient diet finally undermined his health, and he became seriously ill.

"To engage in research and study is a great pleasure, but to do without money is miserable," said Professor Pai Chih-mei of the National Fuhtan University, speaking for thousands of Chinese professors and teachers who continue to carry the torch of education in wartime.

When one of Professor Pai's daughters returned home last summer for her vacation, she was told to go back to school immediately, though her father wept as he told her. The professor would have preferred to have her at home, but that

would have meant an extra mouth to feed, and the family was living on a poor and meatless diet.

Like most professors in national institutions, Professor Pai gets a small monthly salary plus 110 pounds of rice. With this he supports the eleven persons in his family. Soon after the war began he had to tell his servant to look for another job. For the last few years he has been doing the morning shopping for vegetables while his wife and children do the housework. One of his children is now in college, two in high school, and three in primary school. All have government scholarships with free food and lodging, but the problem of clothing them is difficult.

Despite poverty and hardship Professor Pai is not downhearted. He keeps his belief in education and service. His spirit, his colleagues say, is even better today than during his twenty teaching years before the war. He says his privations are nothing compared to those of the nation in its seven years of war. He realizes that he must work for the good of the students in his classes and of those who read his books. In the bamboo and mud structures now used as schoolrooms he has a job even more important than he had when he was working in comfort in good concrete buildings before the war.

Where there is no electricity professors use oil lamps in their homes, just as the students do in their dormitories. Under the dim light of vegetable oil lamps, Professor Pai has been working on ten writing projects besides preparing his lectures. The projects include five treatises on surveying and others on map-making, navigation, applied astronomy, and mathematical geography. There are few Chinese publications on these subjects, and his efforts should satisfy a real need.

The students of Fuhtan recently started a campaign to collect a cash gift for the professor to buy reference books and material for his work and to alleviate his financial worries.

Students of Cheeloo University in Chengtu—a missionary university formerly at Tsinan, in Shantung Province, which has taken refuge on the West China Union University campus—originated the "Respecting-the-Teacher Fund." Several faculty members were unable to carry on with their meager incomes and resigned in order to take more lucrative jobs. The students organized a committee and collected among themselves and from alumni a fund which is to be used to help faculty members.

Other schools followed suit. Each student of the Szechwan-Sikang Agricultural and Industrial College in Chengtu now pays $1,200 in Chinese currency in addition to regular tuition and other fees each semester. This money is paid to the faculty as a subsidy.

Professors show ingenuity in earning extra income. Early this year twelve professors of the National Southwest Associated University announced that they had fixed "union" rates for art work, such as painting, calligraphy, carving, and engraving. These professors, including the poet Wen Yi-to and the philosopher Feng Yu-lan, had been amateur artists who gave their works to friends and admirers but now have turned commercial.

In their efforts to make ends meet schoolteachers often sell personal belongings that are not essential. Secondhand stores handle such goods on a commission basis, but some professors sell direct to students. There are often notices of "Cheap Sales" posted by faculty members on the student bulletin boards.

The Chinese government is aware of the admirable spirit of the professors, and despite the government's own budget problems faculty members are given some financial aid. They also are encouraged through public commendations. Such commendations usually are given on Teacher's Day, August

27, which is the birthday of Confucius, China's greatest teacher.

The first government-granted sabbatical leaves (one year of furlough with full salary given by the Ministry of Education) were announced on Teachers' Day, 1941. The twenty professors who received the leaves had done meritorious work for at least seven years.

One year later the Ministry of Education named thirty "Ministry-Appointed Professors" to teach in various government universities and colleges. These professors were selected from among those recommended by government universities and colleges and several academic organizations. All had taught for more than ten years in national institutions of higher learning.

"Ministry-Appointed Professors" are required to make further studies in their respective fields and are authorized to assist in directing the teaching in colleges and universities throughout the country. They participate in the work of the Academic Council and conduct lectures and inspections at institutions other than the schools to which they are assigned.

Fifteen professors received this special appointment from the Ministry of Education on Teachers' Day, 1943. Two more professors were honored by the Ministry of Education on the last Teachers' Day. Professor Lo Chung-cheng of the National Chiaotung University and Professor Chang Ting, of the National Wuhan University, who have taught in universities for more than thirty years, were awarded commendatory certificates and $20,000 each.

Professors and teachers who have devoted their lives to teaching received encouraging news in April, 1944, when a plan for the government to provide retirement pensions was proposed. The proposed law was passed at the 655th meeting

of the Executive Yuan and was sent to the Legislative Yuan on April 6 for the completion of legislative procedures.

One of the indomitable professors of China is Sun Hsi-hung, formerly on the faculty of the National Northeastern University. He lost his sight four years ago in an explosion in the university laboratory. He was no longer able to teach; but with the aid of his wife he completed a 100,000-word textbook, "Elementary Chemistry of Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis." When his work was submitted to the Ministry of Education for review in the spring of 1944, he was awarded $5,000 Chinese currency and commended for his "diligent and good writing."

There are a few blind students in China's universities. Lo Fu-hsing is the first blind student in the National Central University, formerly of Nanking and now located at Shapingpa in the suburbs of Chungking. A native of Kiangsu Province, Lo became blind at the age of six. He attended the municipal School for the Blind and Mute at Nanking, remaining there after graduation to teach. After the war began he went to Changsha and was connected with an institution for the blind there until 1940, when he was sent to the Central University's normal college by Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

When he first entered the university four years ago his major subject was English literature. A semester's work proved that the lack of special facilities for the blind in wartime was too much of a handicap in this course. He transferred to the Department of Education. Using a writing frame to take notes in the Braille system, Lo is attentive in the classroom and good in his school work. He registers for and takes practically all the courses required of education students. He substitutes other study for laboratory work. He takes the monthly tests and final examinations by answering oral questions in the rooms of his teachers. Schoolmates read

newspapers, periodicals, and reference books to him so that he can get along without reading matter specially prepared for the blind.

College students of today are much closer to real life than prewar students. They have seen much more of their country, especially those who are refugees, and are in much closer contact with the common people.

While they remain a privileged class Chinese college students in wartime are experiencing hardships and privations like the people in other walks of life. In their efforts to endure these hardships many of them keep in mind and often quote this famous saying of Mencius:

> Therefore, when Heaven intends to call a man to a great mission, it always first hardens his ambition, belabors his muscles and bones, starves his body, denies him the necessities of life, and frustrates what he sets out to do, so that his ambition may be kindled and his character be strengthened and he may learn to do what he could not do before.

University students in China under war conditions are denied not only necessities of life but also necessities of study. Many of them do not own a single book. It is impossible to import books in quantity. Textbooks published in China are few and expensive. In one university students purchased books on a collective basis, with five or six students owning one set of textbooks. Some students make their own books by laboriously copying books borrowed from libraries or from other students. Most universities and colleges issue mimeographed syllabi in Chinese and English, and occasionally in other languages. The cutting of stencils provides a source of income for poor students.

Last spring the Chungking newspaper *Sao Tang Pao* carried an advertisement of a locally printed edition of Hodgman's "Handbook of Chemistry and Physics." The subscrip-

tion rate was $1,200 per volume, a price far beyond the pocketbook of the average student.

Because of the high cost of books the taking of notes has become all the more essential to college students. They no longer use leather-covered, loose-leaf notebooks. The shabby notebooks in which they record lectures and keep notes on their reference reading are usually made of coarse paper, often so poor in quality that neither fountain pens nor pencils can be used. Many students take notes with Chinese ink brushes and stone ink slabs—a tedious, inconvenient, and slow process for students once accustomed to the use of pens and pencils.

Students frequently make their own ink in order to save money. Students of chemistry often make ink for sale. A newspaper editor recently received an article from a university student, with a letter asking immediate attention for the manuscript:

"The ink I used to write this article," the student wrote, "was made by myself, and I am by no means an expert. My schoolmates have suggested that I call the ink 'permanent blue-white' in contrast to the commercial blue-black ink. My ink writes blue but will fade after a certain length of time. So unless you read and consider my manuscript soon I won't guarantee that you will be able to read it later."

Typewriters were luxuries for students in China even before the war. The only students who regularly use typewriters today are the thirty students of the Postgraduate School of Journalism of the Central Political Institute, established in Chungking in 1943 under the directorship of Dr. Hollington K. Tong, Vice Minister of Information.

Students of natural science constantly use ersatz equipment and apparatus. In their laboratories hollowed bamboo is used for plumbing. Metal pipe is too expensive and hard

to get. Bunsen burners are not used, because none of the Free China cities has a gas plant. Charcoal fires are used for heating in laboratory experiments.

Equipment and chemicals are so scarce that only students majoring in science have a chance to do laboratory experiments. Demonstrations are given for the others in lecture halls or, in some cases, arts students who elect science courses study laboratory manuals without ever doing or watching experiments.

Most of the students of the National Chiaotung University, which has been one of China's few leading engineering institutions, do little or no laboratory work during the school term, as the university has no equipment. The students do the required laboratory experiments during the summer vacation in other universities.

Medical students of the National Tungchi University, now at Lichuang in Szechwan, recently received presents from the school. In breaking ground for the construction of more school buildings, many old skeletons were unearthed. Each medical student was given a complete skeleton to aid him in his study of anatomy.

Of the 137 institutions of higher learning in China less than 10 per cent require students to wear uniforms. Both men and women students of the Central Political Institute wear uniforms the year round. Their cotton uniforms, which are padded in the winter, are much like those worn by Chinese soldiers. They are issued without charge, but the students have to return them when they graduate.

Although few Chinese students wear coarse cloth uniforms such as those of the Central Political Institute they are by no means well dressed. Threadbare and patched clothes are common. Some students are fortunate enough to have what they call "Roosevelt suits." These are made out of blue drill

donated to Chinese students through the American Red Cross.

Well dressed students, as a rule, are not admired by their fellows. They are far too conspicuous to be accepted as normal individuals. The same is true of well dressed professors.

Friends of a university professor asked him on a warm day why he was wearing his threadbare overcoat. "I keep it on to avoid distracting my students' attention," he replied. "What's that old coat got to do with your students?" his friends inquired. The professor explained that there were two large holes in his pants and that the overcoat served to cover them.

Shoes are so expensive in China that the poorer students wear straw sandals or go barefoot.

Half a pound of meat a month is the average amount fed to students in a school mess. The students and faculty members are aware of the fact that their diet is unbalanced and insufficient. Professor Lo Teng-yi of the National Chekiang University, a nutrition specialist, reported after a study of the diet of various groups of students that they ate insufficient protein, that there was a marked lack of fat-soluble vitamins in their food, and insufficient calcium, phosphorus, and iron. Even the total heat value was short of the standard.

The average weight of one group of students in his study was 116.6 pounds, and Professor Lo said that the students needed 2,268 calories of heat energy a day. They actually received only 2,000 calories. This was in the winter of 1941–1942 when the diet of students was considerably better than it is now.

In some university mess halls students have no benches or chairs to sit on. There are usually four dishes for each table of eight, and rice in addition; but the quantity is insufficient for hard-working, growing youngsters.

Restaurants and snack houses flourish near university grounds. The few students who have money patronize them regularly. On the rare occasions when they have a few dollars the poorer students eat cheap dishes, such as bean curd, noodles, and steamed bread.

Lee Ching-yang, student of the National Associated Southwest University, wrote an article on student life in Kunming in which he told about a hungry student who

dropped into a restaurant and attended a sumptuous wedding feast given there by a merry couple whom he did not know at all. The bride thought he was one of the honorable guests of the bridegroom's family, and the bridegroom took him for a guest of the bride's family. So the hungry gentleman had a grand meal that day. Had he not eaten too much at the wedding feast the secret would have remained a secret. But the unlucky man got a terrible stomach-ache after his gluttony and thought it was God's will that he should confess his "crime" to his roommates.

Victory gardens have become common on campuses in the last two or three years. Teachers and students plant and care for vegtables to supplement the food served in the mess hall.

Five hundred male students of the National Szechwan University, most of them from war areas, petitioned the school authorities last spring to let them work as road builders on their campus in Chengtu. The petition was made after they heard that certain roads on the campus were to be rebuilt. "We will repair and build the roads outside class hours and consider the labor more or less as a part of our extracurricular program," they said. They requested that they be paid a wage on a collective basis, and that the money be used as a supplementary food fund for the student body.

As a result of poor diet and other hardships there has been a noticeable decline in the health level of the students. With

weakened resistance, they are more susceptible to illness. The number of tuberculosis cases has increased. Malaria is common. Last year the dispensaries at Shapingpa, Chungking's suburban university district, treated 3,000 cases of malaria.

Even with all their difficulties, however, the life led by the students is by no means gloomy or dull. There are no expensive and brightly colored sports uniforms for members of the varsity teams, but they play their games with enthusiasm and skill. Cloth sandals have replaced spiked running shoes, but the games go on.

A new game, known as "paddle badminton," is popular because it is lively and does not require expensive equipment. Played on every campus, it is a combination of badminton, paddle tennis, and shuttlecock and was invented during the war. The game is played like badminton but with paddle tennis paddles and cheap shuttlecocks. The shuttlecocks are made of a few feathers sewed onto heavy cloth which covers a small piece of solid rubber. "Paddle badminton" is played in intercollegiate and interclass competitions.

Music and dramatics are popular recreations on all the campuses. Concerts and plays are morale boosters for the students. Short plays and songs are used by student groups when they go to the farming areas in vacation time to do propaganda work among the peasants. Students raise funds for charity or relief purposes through concerts and other entertainments. A choral society formed by the five universities of Chengtu recently toured Szechwan to make money for charitable purposes.

Students have become more versatile. They care for their victory gardens, build roads, engage in social welfare work, and assist local authorities. During the 1942 summer vacation university students helped the Chungking municipal government take a census in preparation for the issuance of residents'

identification cards. On the campus of the West China Union University in Chengtu a group of students engage in the barber's trade. The student barbers accept only schoolmates as patrons. A student who has his hair cut by another collegian soon has a chance to practice haircutting on his barber or other friends.

Campus wall papers are sources of college news. The wall papers usually are published by student societies or clubs. Some carry literary work and others report, sometimes in light vein, all the current news and gossip of the campuses. Some of the wall papers have pretentious names. One of the wall papers on the National Central University campus is called the *Tai Kung Pao* (Supreme Public Paper), paraphrasing China's famous *Ta Kung Pao* (Great Public Paper). Others are called South and North Poles, The New Voice, The Torch, Harvest, and New Land.

Student bulletin boards bear notices of all sizes, forms, and colors. Most of them are "Lost and Found" or "For Sale" notices. "Eat Peanuts" was the headline in block letters on a notice posted by a student who had lost his uniform belt and offered half a pound of peanuts as a reward for its return. Under the words "Cheap Sale" appeared an offer of a "99.99 per cent" new slide rule for $2,600. A foreign language student advertised for a copy of Otto Onions' French Grammar, old or new: "Name your price—in cash or in kind." Another student had lost "an important letter from a girl friend" and offered one pound of peanut brittle as a reward.

"For Sale" and "Cheap Sale" notices are numerous at the beginning and end of school years. Students who have finished their courses sell their books, either original or hand-copied editions. One or two university cooperatives have secondhand sections which sell almost anything.

College slang is always colorful, and during the war has

included many aeronautical and military terms. When students say a man is "gliding," they mean he is enthusiastic about a girl. If he is successful in his pursuit, he has "taken off." When he is dropped by his girl friend, he has made a "forced landing." If he drops the girl, he has "bailed out." When lovers are married, the young man is said to be "piloting." When the wife gives birth to a baby she has "released a bomb." "Anti-aircraft guns" (in Chinese, "high-shooting gun") is the term used to describe a lower-class collegian interested in an upper-class coed. When an upper-class boy courts a girl in a lower class he is "dive bombing."

Bedbugs which suck the blood of tired students in their crowded dormitories are "tanks." Rats, which gnaw almost anything they find are "destroyers." Mosquitoes, which carry malaria, are "night raiders." Now and then students hold interdormitory competitions to kill these pests.

Not a few students have part-time jobs. Some teach in high schools or as tutors. Others do office work. In the government institutions the majority of the students are given scholarships or loans. Students admitted before the 1943 academic year were given "board loans" from government allotments. The loans have been replaced by scholarships of two classes: Class "A" scholarships provide free tuition and board and an allowance for other expenses; Class "B" scholarships provide free board.

The scholarships are given to students whose applications are approved by faculty committees. Children of public functionaries and schoolteachers, and students from occupied areas and frontier provinces, enjoy priority.

Class "A" scholarships are given to all students in the government's normal, medical, pharmaceutical, and engineering colleges, in order to encourage more students to take up these courses. Four-fifths of the students in the colleges of natural

science, three-fifths in agricultural colleges, and two-fifths in arts, law, commerce, and other colleges are eligible for Class "B" scholarships. The same arrangements apply to provincial colleges.

In private institutions the government grants Class "B" scholarships to seven-tenths of the student body in medical, pharmaceutical, and engineering colleges and to one-half in agricultural and natural science colleges. All graduate students in national universities and colleges are given Class "A" scholarships.

In addition to the government scholarships there are private scholarships and loans for students who are needy or have special merit. In the Central Political Institute all students receive not only tuition and expenses but small sums of cash as pocket money.

With the exception of frequent lectures and discussions on current world events and problems of the war, courses in the universities remain much as they were before the war. There are a few new courses, however. In the spring of 1941 a Tea Industry Department, the first in China, was opened in the National Fuhtan University. The project was made possible by Minister of Education Chen Li-fu, the directors of the now defunct Tea Department of the Foreign Trade Commission, and Kinnwei Shaw, former general manager of the China National Tea Corporation. The Tea Department offers a four-year course and may be of decided benefit to China, which is one of the great tea producing countries but has lost much of the export trade to progressive competitors.

Other courses added to university curricula during the war include "Geographical Factors in National Defense," offered by Ginling College for Women, wartime finance and currency courses given by various departments of economics,

and radio courses sponsored by the departments of journalism and physics at Yenching University.

Either of their own accord or with government and public encouragement, many students have taken up the study of science, medicine, engineering, and agriculture. An increased interest in these subjects is noticeable in all the universities.

The war has brought an increase in the total number of universities and colleges despite wanton Japanese destruction of cultural institutions and massacre of China's intellectuals. Immediately before the war China had 108 institutions of higher learning, with 41,609 students and 11,850 faculty and staff members. There was an abrupt drop to 91 in the first six months of war when many institutions were suspended or closed. Since then the number has been increasing year by year.

In January, 1944, there were 137 institutions of higher learning: universities (22 national and 18 private), 50 colleges (17 national, 14 provincial, and 19 private), and 47 technical colleges (16 national, 17 provincial, and 14 private).

Before the war most of these institutions were in a few important cities in the coastal provinces while the provinces of Jehol, Chahar, Suiyuan, Chinghai, Sikang, Ningsia, and Kweichow had none. The Ministry of Education has now redistributed them. A few, which were of a similar nature, have been merged for economy's sake. Others have been divided and relocated. Provinces in the interior have obtained, in the flight of the universities and colleges from the Japanese, institutions which they long needed. Newly established institutions and a few of the refugee universities and colleges will remain on their present campuses either in whole or part after the war ends.

The establishment of a college or university in an obscure

rural town usually is welcomed by the local people. To the shopkeepers it means better business; to others it means more opportunity for work and pay. Peasants, too, have come to appreciate the social welfare work carried on by faculties and students among the rural people.

Early in 1941, when a part of the National Southwest Associated University was moved to Suyung, in southern Szechwan, the proprietor of the largest teahouse in the small town gave his shop a new front and installed large and bright lamps. To this brilliantly illuminated house the students flocked every night.

While other shopkeepers looked on with envy, the man himself began to doubt whether the bright lights had been a wise investment. To his dismay, student customers rarely ordered more than one cup of tea, but they all took advantage of the good light to study their textbooks. All seats were occupied, to the exclusion of profitable customers. The sight gave hope for the future of China, but certainly not for the business prospects of the teahouse proprietor.

He decided to restore the weak oil lamps he had discarded and to sell the bright lamps to the school authorities. He was one of the few businessmen in Suyung who did not contribute meat, cakes, sweets, or other gifts to aid the students' celebration of the Lunar New Year, in appreciation of the social welfare work they had done in the community.

In the winter of 1943–1944 the "Join the Army Movement" became popular in many school towns. The movement originated in Santai, a small town in northern Szechwan Province, on November 14, with a speech by Major General Hsu Ssu-ping, chief of staff for the Army Conscription District. Before the students of the National Northeastern University he forcefully discussed the importance of conscription and the significance of China's expeditionary forces, empha-

sizing Generalissimo Chiang's statement that a good citizen makes a good soldier.

Forty students volunteered as a result of the speech, and Chao Hui-chung, an assistant professor, joined the group. Ten of the volunteers were eliminated by a strict physical examination; the others, including Professor Chao and four young women, discarded their civilian clothes and donned the padded gray uniforms and straw sandals of the army.

The movement spread quickly. Eighty-six students of the Eighteenth National High School—about a third of the total enrollment—volunteered to join the college group. The minimum age requirement of eighteen years caused many of these youngsters to lie about their age. Those who were found physically unfit begged for reëxaminations.

It used to be said in China that no millionaire's son ever joined the army. This is no longer true. An example is Chung Ping-heng, who comes from a Szechwan family with an annual income of more than $10,000,000 in Chinese currency from the sale of 4,000 piculs of rice produced by its farms. After volunteering he was assigned to the First Training Corps of Student Volunteers, which was established on Christmas Day, 1943. He was in training there with approximately 1,200 college and high-school students.

Divided into camps, the corps gives the student volunteers three months of preliminary training. The trainees, who have the rank of first-class privates are well treated. For the winter season each received a cotton-quilted uniform, a woolen blanket, a bed roll, two shirts, towels, sandals, and other articles. Like other soldiers, they get twenty-four ounces of rice daily. In addition each receives six dollars' worth of secondary foods per day.

The majority of the volunteers are between twenty and twenty-five years old. There is one girl to every twenty men.

In the First Training Corps of Student Volunteers, located in the suburbs of Chungking, there were more high-school students than collegians last spring. Among the college groups six national universities—Fuhtan, Northeastern, Yunnan, Wuhan, Chungking and Chung Cheng—were represented.

By the spring of 1944 some 2,000 college and high-school students, including fewer than a hundred were young women, had answered the call of the Join the Army Movement. The largest college group, more than a hundred students, came from the National Fuhtan University—formerly a private institution in Shanghai.

The spiritual training of these student volunteers is based on the Three People's Principles and the speeches and statements of President Chiang Kai-shek, and their field training includes infantry drill, rifle practice, wall scaling, and military sanitation. The girls, wearing the same uniforms as the men, with their hair bobbed, undergo nearly the same training as the men.

While in the army the college students are allowed to continue some academic work. They are given assignments by their professors and have to turn in written reports on their study to the school authorities. This work will be accepted toward graduation requirements.

In the case of high-school students who leave school within a year of graduation, the duration of military service will be considered the equivalent of work at school. They may also be assigned lessons and return to their schools to take examinations upon conclusion of their service.

"I feel unusually gratified to know that during the last two months students in various parts of the country have volunteered to join the colors," Generalissimo Chiang told five hundred student volunteers in a speech on January 11, 1944.

"During this great era of our resistance and reconstruction

this act is symbolic not only of the bravery and high spirit of Chinese youth but also of the bright future of our country.

"After seven years of war, we have been able to bring ourselves to the present hopeful stage when we will soon see the dawn of victory, and we have laid the foundation for national rebirth, mainly by the efforts and sacrifices of our soldiers and civilians. But there are still those who do not fully appreciate the importance of military service, and who fail to fulfill their obligations on that score. The precedent set by the student volunteers, including many who are of high scholastic standing and who are sons of gentry and government officials, will surely set aright a misleading trend of thought in the country and serve as an important turning point which will further assure us of success in the struggle for the independence and freedom of our country."

Hundreds of graduates and senior students of governments and private universities and colleges are serving as interpreters in army and air-force stations where American or other English-speaking soldiers work with the Chinese. Hundreds of others are undergoing training as interpreters.

To meet the need for interpreters the Ministry of Education began by encouraging students to leave their colleges for work as interpreters, and later it drafted male students for the work. Up to the end of April, 1944, senior students in eighteen universities have been subjected to the draft.

Many of the student interpreters like their jobs—among these being Hsueh Yi, who wrote to a Chungking newspaper:

Encouraged by all my teachers and schoolmates and prompted by my own patriotism, I laid down my books at the end of last November and left the school to which I have been emotionally attached for the last two years. I left the university to enroll in the Interpreters' Training Class in Kunming and completed the training course in a little more than a month. Those few weeks

of orderly life and special curriculum have laid a good foundation for our present service.

Eight of us were assigned on January 14 to the Chinese Expeditionary Force Headquarters. We started by truck that day to cover a distance of several hundred kilometers. On the way we saw some trucks fully loaded with our soldiers heading in the same direction. To us who had just left school this group of smiling Chinese soldiers moving down to meet the enemy was symbolic of the strength of our motherland and the approaching victory.

As to our life here it is by no means monotonous or dry. So long as you fulfill your duties, nobody will bother you or restrict your activities.

Until 1943, students were not conscripted because it was believed that they were too precious to be sacrificed by a country which has such great need of educated men. The policy was changed in order to raise the quality of the Chinese army. Since January, 1943, students above the age of eighteen have been included in the periodical conscription drawings. Those whose names are drawn are inducted.

Students in senior middle schools, technical colleges, and universities who are to graduate within a year are not taken until they finish their courses of study. All others are taken whenever their names are drawn. The term of service is two years for all the drafted students, except normal-school students, who are required to serve only one year because graduates of normal schools are urgently needed as primary school teachers.

The conscripted students are assigned to duty according to their qualifications and personal inclinations. As a rule, the student recruits are assigned to the officers' corps, schools for military and air cadets, training corps, student army corps, model corps, mechanized units, garrison posts or artillery, engineering or communication corps. Drafted students also

serve in the political departments of the army and in the Army Medical Service.

Between 30,000 and 40,000 students from the occupied areas, it is estimated, have crossed the enemy lines to enter colleges in Free China. Approximately one-fourth of these are girls. Many others have tried to flee from areas held by the enemy but have never reached their destinations. They have been captured and imprisoned, or have died as a result of torture, or have met death as a result of the hardships of travel.

The refugee students have come from North China, from the coast and from as far away as Sarawak—alone, in pairs, in small groups. When passing through the Japanese lines, they had to surrender money, clothing, and valuables to soldier-brigands. Many have slept at night along the way in open fields, in barns, and under haystacks. Some have almost starved on their journey. Others have been bombed and strafed by enemy planes.

Chang Shao-fan, a student of eighteen, was stopped on a river bank by Japanese soldiers who charged him with being a spy when they found on him a Chungking address. He answered that he was only a student.

"We know," said the Japanese. "Every student is connected with guerrillas. Tell us their plan."

"I don't know—"

He was slapped.

When he refused to say anything more, they beat him. Blood dripped from his head, shoulders and legs. When he was told that he would be attacked by military dogs, he jumped into the river and was drowned.

Many students resorted to disguises to make it easier to avoid attention. Girls smeared their faces with charcoal and dirt and wore their hair in buns low on the nape of the neck,

like peasant women. Boys disguised themselves as young merchants.

Since Yenching University was reëstablished in Chengtu in the fall of 1942, about 300 of its former students have reached there from Peiping. Many more are still on the way, but there are others who cannot leave the ancient capital. One former student wrote from Peiping to friends in Chengtu:

We heard that Mr. Yen Chin's cloth shop has established a branch in Chengtu with spacious premises as well as a good manager and a full staff. We also heard that the branch was inaugurated early in October.

Those of us who are in North China feel very glad to get this news. An enterprising person will always have good luck. Ever since I've known Yen Chin I have admired his great courage and spirit. . . . I have relayed this news to many other friends of Mr. Yen and they also rejoice to know that he is doing well. If you should have a chance to see him, please give him our very best regards and tell him that we pray for him night and day.

WARTIME CHINESE LITERATURE

By Chu Fu-sung

"THE twenty years were not easy," said Lao Sheh. "They were just like twenty years of sedan-chair carrying or rick-sha pulling."

The distinguished Chinese dramatist, novelist, and poet said these words to a group of four hundred friends and admirers who gathered in Chungking in the summer of 1944 to honor him for his achievements over twenty years, in which he produced twenty-seven volumes of novels, short stories, plays, and verse.

As his own way of celebrating his twentieth anniversary as a literary man Lao Sheh is working on a million-word novel of life in Peiping in the seven years of Japanese occupation of China's ancient capital. By writing fifteen hundred to two thousand words a day he hopes to finish it before the end of 1945.

The four hundred friends and admirers met in Chungking's largest Moslem restaurant, because their number included several Chinese Moslem leaders who were enthusiastic about Lao Sheh's four-act play, "The State Comes First." This play depicts a controversy between two important Moslems on whether Moslems should cooperate with other religious and racial groups in China. The Moslem opposed to cooperation, although conservative and obstinate, finally is convinced of the necessity of unity in the country to fight a foreign foe.

Lao Sheh's writing is filled with satire, often directed against the middle class. Because of his wit, he has been called

China's Mark Twain; but he says, "Oh, I can't be as sharp as Mark Twain." Because of the frank and plain language he uses, he has been likened to Ernest Hemingway. When his novels are read aloud, they sound like tales told by a story-teller in Peiping dialect (which, with certain modifications, is the standard spoken Chinese language).

Lao Sheh is a versatile writer. He writes stories for children, writes new versions of folk tales, and writes songs for "big drum players"—men and women who chant songs which tell stories, to the rhythm of a drum. Though called "big drums," the instruments used are quite modest in size.

Lao Sheh gathers material from all sorts of people and makes good friends in the process. Among his friends are "big drum players," acrobats who peddle herb medicine, ricksha coolies, and actors in the old-fashioned dramas.

Because he suffers from a stomach ailment and anemia, Lao Sheh limits his writing to three or four hours in the morning. In spite of his fame, he earns hardly enough under wartime economic conditions to support his family. He could stretch his income by teaching, but hopes to give all his energy to literature that will aid his nation. He gave up teaching a year before the outbreak of the war in 1937.

Many Chinese writers have devoted their talents to the welfare of their nation. They have been living in most difficult circumstances, earning little and yet creating novels, plays, and poems which have helped China to survive seven years of war.

Chinese writers have been endeavoring to produce a new literature out of the turmoil of tears and blood. They have used literature as a weapon of education and propaganda to mobilize the people for the war. They have composed plays and stories portraying soldiers, farmers, and the rest of the common people. They have come out of their attics and ivory

towers to see the people and to see what is happening. Before the war most writers lived in large cities, such as Peiping and Shanghai, and knew little about the people; for the Chinese are a people of the farms, the villages, and the market towns. In occupying the coastal cities the Japanese compelled the writers to move to the interior, where they have met the people.

One result has been a change in the vocabulary of writers. They now use dialects of the people. Lao Sheh uses the Peiping dialect. Sha Ting uses the Szechwan dialect, and Pi Yeh uses northern dialects.

Writers who fled before the Japanese invasion to the interior saw the farms of China. They saw China's towns and villages bombed, and a few, but very few, saw action at the front. Shelley Wang, poet and novelist, died as a result of overwork and hard travel at Loyang, where he was at the head of a group of writers who were gathering material in the North China war area. Other writers were killed in Japanese air raids.

Quite a few writers have won success with material gathered in war areas. Yao Hsueh-ying wrote several novels based on his observations in the Honan-Hupeh war area while Tsang Keh-chia produced several long poems depicting war heroes as a result of his experiences with the troops.

Most wartime Chinese novels deal directly or indirectly with the war and its results on the life of the people, but there are virtually none of consequence which deal with actual combat, one reason being that so few writers have been in battle or have lived in fox holes, although many have collected material in war areas.

In the early stages of the war a number of stories, both long and short, were written to tell how peaceful and ignorant farmers turned guerrilla after their villages were over-

run by the enemy. Stories were written of village people rising against traitors who cooperated with the enemy. Small farmers usually were the heroes in such stories, which often were of a sensational nature.

One of the best novels of this kind is Chen Shou-chu's "Spring Thunder," which tells how farmers and villagers near the silk-producing center of Wusih, west of Shanghai, organized themselves and fought the invaders. The novel is one of satire and humor in the Wusih dialect.

Wu Chu-hsiang's "Ya Tsui Lao" is another novel of this type. Wu pictures the changes in a rural village in the early period of the war. The hero in this story is a young farmer who, being newly married, for some time worries about his personal happiness but finally becomes a guerrilla fighter.

Yao Hsueh-ying, in " Liu Chuan-teh and the Red Turnip," depicts Sergeant Liu Chuan-teh, an old professional soldier, and the Red Turnip, a timid and ignorant peasant soldier. The rough sergeant, an unruly "camp slicker," eventually becomes a first-class warrior and sacrifices himself to save the Red Turnip, who began by being his personal enemy.

Yao Hsueh-ying later spent several years in the Tapieh mountains of the Honan-Hupeh border region and wrote a number of novels on the life of political workers at the front, among them the recently published "Spring Brings Blossoms"; but none of his recent writings compares with his "Liu Chuan-teh and the Red Turnip."

Lao Sheh recently completed a two-hundred-thousand-word story entitled "Cremation," telling of a guerrilla struggle against increasing enemy pressure in a town behind the enemy lines. The fighters are finally burned to death in the town when they refuse to surrender. The story was printed as a serial in the *Literary Vanguard*, a monthly magazine published in Chungking.

Another war serial in the same magazine was Mao Tun's "Assume Your Post!" which tells of the removal of a factory from the lower Yangtze valley to the interior.

Tien Tao's "Tide" portrays two students, a girl and a boy, on the North China front. Based on actual experiences (Tien Tao frequently visits the front), this novel deals with actual combat; but it has been criticized for lack of force and vitality.

There are many novels on student life. One of the best is "Fire," by Pa Chin, a favorite among students; two volumes of it have been published, and the third is being written. The story revolves around Feng Wen-shu, a middle-class girl of Shanghai who devotes herself to nursing Chinese defenders in Shanghai with the foreign settlement as background; the second volume finds her on the war front, as a member of a propaganda corps.

Pa Chin's prewar novel "Home" still is one of the best sellers in China. He is known for his sound construction and detailed description. His realistic treatment and his insight into psychological changes of young men and women make him one of the few outstanding novelists in China today.

Among recently published novels is "Fertile Soil," the first part of Pi Yeh's long novel "The Yellow River Flood." "Fertile Soil" is a story of a small village in Honan on the new course of the Yellow River. The characterization of farmers and village women is enriched by the use of local dialect.

A number of writers have dealt with the border provinces and the border peoples. Some tell stories of border people rising against the enemy, while others write about the relations between the Hans and other racial groups. They show all racial groups sharing the same fate in the face of a strong foe and sharing the same responsibility to help the government win the war.

Tuan-mu Hung-liang's "Steppe of the Khorchin Banner" tells of Mongol life in northern Jehol when the Northeastern Provinces were invaded by the Japanese in 1931. This novel was published in 1937. "Beyond the Willow Palisades," by the same author, tells of agricultural Mongols in the Northeast under the misrule of the Japanese. Pi Yeh's "The Night Sacrifice at Ulanblan" tells the story of Mongols in Suiyuan Province in their fight against the enemy and traitors.

Hsu Ying has been presenting life of the border people in a completely different way. He has written a series of short stories, such as "Between the Hans and the Tibetans" and "Between the Hans and the Miaos," reporting the improved relations between these racial groups in their common efforts for the benefit of the country.

This young writer has described activities of foreign residents in China since the signing of the new Chinese-American and the Chinese-British treaties. He also has paid considerable attention to the activities of German and Italian spies in China prior to the outbreak of the Pacific War.

A satire caricaturing the strata of China's wartime society, particularly the middle class, is Chang Heng-shui's "Eighty-one Dreams." First printed in serial form in the Chungking tabloid, *Sin Min Pao*, the book has had a brisk sale. Chang Heng-shui is probably the only old Chinese writer who has modified his style as a result of western influences. He has the tempo of present-day life and knows the taste of his readers. He has written more than thirty million words in his twenty-odd years as a novelist.

Recently Chang Heng-shui published the five-hundred-thousand-word novel, "A Sequel to All Men Are Brothers," telling the story of Sung Kiang and his sworn brothers in a fight against the Tartars of the Golden Kingdom in North China. He imitated the style of "All Men Are Brothers" with

some success, particularly in writing dialogue. His detailed description of hand-to-hand combats can be favorably compared with the original "All Men Are Brothers," a novel written several hundred years ago about events of a thousand years ago.

While the descriptions of actual combat in most wartime novels are colorless, journalism has done better. Newspaper reporters covering the major battles and touring the war fronts give dramatic reports of what they see and hear. Newspaper men and women have risked their lives to get these stories, and not a few of them have been killed. More than twenty of them were with the troops in the battle of Hsuchow in 1938. They followed the Chinese forces in a break-through in the face of strong enemy opposition.

No Chinese writer yet has produced a first-rate novel recording the war as a whole or reporting activities of underground workers in enemy-occupied areas. Writers of the former type of novels have turned out dry and tasteless works, while those writing the latter type have devoted too much space to the loose and extravagant life in gambling houses and cabarets in the cities occupied by the enemy.

In general, Chinese writers have done their best work in creating typical wartime figures—soldiers, farmers, factory workers, government workers, and schoolteachers. They have paid more and more attention to detailed portrayal of these and the changes in them in the course of the war. Their technique may not be comparable with that of American and English writers, but they have not fallen behind the general social and political trends of the past thirty years, in which modern Chinese literature has been growing, and in which China has been in a period of continuous struggle against evil forces both within and without.

In an article entitled "The Literary Policy We Need,"

Chang Tao-fan, chairman of the Central Cultural Movement Committee of the Kuomintang Party, writes that literature should no longer be directed to the leisure class but should help to win the war by mobilizing the people. It should reflect the Chinese way of life and the Chinese philosophy of love, equality, sacrifice, and patriotism.

The war has given inspiration to Chinese poets, though really great poems on this war are yet to be written. "Recitation Poems" have had some popularity. Kao Lan is one of the pioneer writers of such verse and has published two volumes of it. Among the poems is the 340-line "My Home Is on the Amur River," which tells of the happy life in the Northeast before the Japanese invasions and of the miseries the people have suffered since.

Lao Sheh has developed a new field of poetry in his ten-thousand-line "North of Chienmenkwan," which is a travelogue of his trip to China's vast Northwest. His verse is not polished, but it is forceful and sharp.

Tsang Keh-chia's "Blossoms of an Old Tree" is a successful five-thousand-line poem which tells the story of Fan Chu-hsien, leader of a guerrilla force in Shantung, who is killed while defending a Shantung city. Tsang for five years lived with farmers and soldiers at the front. His short poems are concerned with rural scenes and rural life.

Chinese writers do war work under the banner of the National Writers Antiaggression Association, organized in Hankow in 1938, of which Lao Sheh has been the most enthusiastic supporter. Before the war, they were divided into two major groups, *King Pai* and *Hai Pai* (literally, Peking School and Shanghai School). The groups looked down upon each other and never cooperated. The war has swept away such differences, and writers now have only one thing in mind—to help the nation to defeat Japan.

The National Dramatists Antiaggression Association was founded at the same time as the writers' association. Drama not only has made progress during the war as an art but has served the nation as one of the most effective mediums for informing and educating the people concerning the war.

The wartime development of the drama can be divided roughly into three periods. The first lasted from the outbreak of the war to the fall of Hankow in October, 1938. As soon as Japanese troops started their undeclared war in North China in 1937, dramatists in Shanghai collectively wrote a three-act play called "Defend Loukouchiao!" which was first staged in Shanghai. Loukouchiao is the place south of Peiping where the war began. By the time Chinese troops retreated from Shanghai, dramatic workers in Shanghai had organized ten mobile dramatic corps, each consisting of from twenty to thirty workers with simple equipment. Similar units had been organized in Nanking, Hankow, and other cities. These moved from cities to the country and to the front to play before the common people and the soldiers.

When the National Dramatists Association was formed in Hankow, there were in that middle Yangtze city thirteen dramatic societies performing modern stage plays. Old-fashioned players were choosing ancient plays which reflected the spirit of sacrifice, patriotism, heroism, and struggle of China at war.

The second period of China's wartime dramatic movement began with the fall of Hankow, when stage workers moved with other parts of the population to western China. Most of the stage people went to Chungking and Kweilin; a few, to Hong Kong. The development of the drama in the interior suffered setbacks in 1939 as a result of the intense Japanese aerial attacks on Chinese cities. In the winter of 1939–1940 only a few large dramatic corps still survived the bombings.

Dramatic societies in Chungking had to utilize the foggy season, from October to April, for their shows, as audiences and actors spent so much of the time from April to October in the dugouts.

As the war went on, people gradually became more interested in plays of deeper meaning than the sensational plays about enemy atrocities and the activities of Chinese traitors which had been given in the first period. It was not until 1939, however, that dramatists turned to the staging of complex wartime social problems, such as the speculation by unscrupulous merchants, and conscription.

In the second period historical plays were very popular. They were of two kinds: new plays by contemporary writers, and old plays rewritten, mostly from Chinese opera.

The outbreak of the Pacific War in 1941 marked the beginning of the present period in the wartime development of the drama. Dramas improved both in content and in technique. The theme of many plays written now is the uprooting of all evils and the creation of a new spirit for the winning of the war and national reconstruction after the war.

China's modern drama is only thirty years old, but has been an important tool for enlightening and educating the Chinese people in the best features of western civilization. It was not until the Mukden Outrage of 1931 that the development of modern drama received wide attention. Before the outbreak of the war in 1937, Chinese dramatists chose the strengthening of national defense as their major subject. Because of diplomatic difficulties they had to be careful, and in some cases even avoided mentioning Japan and things connected with Japan. When the war came many of them were able to write openly what had been in their minds for years.

The number of plays written during the last seven years is estimated at 1,000. In the six years before 1937, fewer than

500 plays were written. In the ten years preceding the Mukden Outrage of 1931, only about 250 plays were written. Of the plays written in the war years, more than 25 per cent are directly connected with the war.

Wartime Chinese drama is realistic rather than romantic. Though they lack in technique, Chinese playwrights have made progress toward composing a mirror of Chinese life and toward arousing the people against evils prevailing around them.

Most welcome to wartime audiences are plays depicting life of the people at the front and in the rear. Tsao Yu's "The Lady in White" has been played again and again throughout China and has won the praise of the Ministry of Education and the Ministry of Information, which have ordered schools and other organizations throughout the country to stage it. This play deals with the war as an incentive to social reform, presenting a woman doctor who devotes all her time and energy to treating wounded soldiers and fighting evil social forces.

Tsao Yu has been called the best young dramatist in China today. Like Ibsen, he has an intense interest in social problems. Like Bernard Shaw, he writes detailed descriptions of how the stage should be set and how the players should act their parts. He is careful and slow in writing. It took him four years to complete his first play, "Thunderstorm," telling in four acts the story of a complicated Chinese family, which was a hit on the prewar Chinese stage.

"Home," by Tsao Yu, adapted from Pa Chin's novel, is a successful play of the disintegration of a family in Chengtu with the approach of the irresistible tide of the revolutionary armies in 1926–1928. The play has had hundreds of full houses in Chungking, Chengtu, and other cities. When it first was staged in Chengtu, the audience included several persons

whose lives and characters were portrayed. These people were moved to tears by the painful memories the play brought back of their changing home and the conflicts between the old and the new.

Chen Po-cheng also is a successful dramatist. His five-act "Spring on Earth" pictures an old Chinese industrialist who is compelled to destroy his cotton mill near Shanghai and move westward, first to Hankow and then to Chungking, to escape the enemy. He finally reestablishes his plant in Chungking despite heavy aerial bombings, in which he is severely injured while inspecting his new factory. Chen has written a number of other plays. Like Tsao Yu, he is still young.

"Tao Li Chun Feng," which has a simple plot and little comedy, is a popular play. "Tao Li Chun Feng" (literally, "Peaches and Plums in Spring Wind") is a Chinese saying used to describe successful teachers who have pupils everywhere. It is in four acts and was written by Lao Sheh and Chao Ching-ke, a woman dramatist.

Likened to Alphonse Daudet's "La Dernière Classe," "Tao Li Chun Feng" portrays Hsin Yung-lien, on old Chinese teacher in North China, who struggles against evil forces under great difficulties. Like many other Chinese teachers, Hsin is poor. When he is forced to leave his home town by the enemy invasion, he moves his school southward. He receives help from many of his former students but he and his party suffer severely on their migration.

This drama holds Chinese audiences. The relations between the teacher and the pupil in China are affectionate. They are sometimes even closer than those between parents and children. The playgoers well understand the author's characterization of Schoolteacher Hsin, a typical figure whom Chinese people know and honor. Both the writers and the director

of the play received large cash rewards from the government after it was performed in Chungking last winter.

Shen Fo's "A House Full of Gold and Jade" shows the importance of home training. It depicts the fall of the "house full of gold and jade" in the hands of a prodigal son. The grandmother in the play has the sympathy of the audience despite her obstinate character.

Yu Ling has shown life in occupied areas in his plays. His "Spring South of the River" portrays an old gentleman living somewhere near Shanghai, who refuses to surrender his tung-oil seed to the traitors who were active before the enemy comes. The old man is, however, forced to abandon his trees and joins the guerrilla force stationed near his village. The play stresses the spirit of sacrifice and patriotism of the people in the occupied areas.

Lao Sheh's "The State Comes First" has had great success in furthering cooperation between the Hans and the Moslems of China, and the Moslems have requested him to write more plays about great Chinese Moslem leaders of the past. Lao Sheh wrote "The State Comes First" in collaboration with Sung Chih-ti, one of the successful wartime dramatists. Sung Chih-ti's "Foggy Chungking" is a play depicting wartime living conditions in China's capital.

A well known play dealing with the border people is Yang Han-sheng's "Storms over the Frontiers." The writer spent considerable time in the Inner Mongolian province of Suiyuan gathering material and making friends with the Mongols.

Veteran dramatists such as Tien Han and Hung Sheng are active. Tien Han is probably the most productive playwright in China. He has been writing for the theater for more than twenty years. Since the war began, he has been "reforming" regional plays for use in the wartime theater. His "Lou-

kouchiao" and "The Final Victory," written at the beginning of the war, were staged and restaged many times.

Hung Sheng is a graduate of Harvard University, where he studied the drama for several years. He is one of China's best playwrights and one of the best directors and teachers of the dramatic arts. He has been helping the Political Training Board of the National Military Council to train "drama soldiers."

Hung Sheng is famous for his revelation through monologues of the psychology of the characters in his plays, and is sometimes likened to Eugene O'Neill. Pao Teh-hsin, the chief character in his play of the same name, is well known to the public. It is concerned with conscription and is written in Szechwan dialect.

Hung is also the leading theoretical writer on motion pictures and the drama in China. His recently published books, "The Writing of Movie and Stage Plays" and "Acting in Movies and the Drama," are virtually the Bible of dramatic workers in wartime China.

Hsiung Fu-hsi and Auyang Yu-chien are two other veteran dramatists who have made valuable contributions to the development of the wartime drama. Auyang is not only a writer of modern plays but an excellent singer in Peiping opera. He has rewritten a number of Kwangsi plays. Hsiung Fu-hsi has also written several books on the theoretical side of the dramatic arts. Since the outbreak of the war he has completed about ten plays. Among them is "Yuan Shih-kai," which tells the story of the Number One Enemy of China's democratic movement.

Beginning in 1939, Chinese dramatists began to write more historical plays. Among these are Ku I-chiao's "Yueh Fei," concerning a general in the Sung Dynasty who defeated the Tartars; Kuo Mo-jo's "Chih Tsi-kuang," which tells the story

of a general in the Ming Dynasty who routed the invading Japanese along China's eastern coast; and Wu Tsu-kuang's "The Song of Righteousness" which relates the story of Wen Tien-hsiang, Sung Dynasty patriot who opposed the invading Mongols. More than ten per cent of the plays written in the last seven years are historical.

Historical plays are particularly popular in the occupied cities. Wu Tsu-kuang's "The Song of Righteousness" recently had forty performances before packed houses in Shanghai. Under the strict surveillance of the Japanese and their puppets, producers in places like Shanghai can stage only historical and romantic plays. Their patriotic sentiments can be seen, however, in the emphasis given to some of the words of the historical figures on the stage.

Translated plays were for a time popular in China. Chungking audiences enjoyed Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Eugene O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon," and Tolstoy's "Resurrection," in translation. Several writers have adapted foreign novels into plays, changing the foreign characters into Chinese. Among such plays is Miss Chao Ching-ke's adaptation of Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights."

Hundreds of thousands of people go to the theater in China. During the 1943–1944 dramatic season in Chungking, corresponding to the foggy season, there were total audiences of 300,000 for about twenty plays. This does not include those who went to the movies, Peiping opera, and regional plays.

Among the hundreds of dramatic societies scattered throughout the country, about ten are in Chungking. Of the professional societies, one of the largest is the Chinese Dramatic Arts Society, headed by Yin Yun-wei, celebrated stage and movie director. Another well known society is the China Arts and Drama Society, which is under the direction of

Szetu Hui-min, movie and stage director, and Chin Shan, noted actor and director.

The largest dramatic societies are the Long-Live-China Dramatic Corps of the China Motion Picture Corporation, the Dramatic Corps of the Central Motion Picture Studio, and the Central Youth Dramatic Society, all of which are government establishments. The two movie studios have organized dramatic societies to produce plays when they are too short of film and money to produce movies. The Central Youth Dramatic Corps is an institution under the San Min Chu I Youth Corps. The society is headed by Ma Yen-hsiang. It has more than two hundred branches in various cities and schools.

The Ministry of Education has sent out several mobile dramatic units to work among the people, while the Political Training Board directs the dramatic work in the army, having several traveling dramatic groups at the front. The shows staged by mobile units vary greatly. They include dramatized news reports, lectures, one-act plays, and one-man shows. They may be presented at street corners, in teahouses, or anywhere an audience can be found.

There are only three theaters in Chungking for staging modern plays, with a total capacity of three thousand. Occasionally cinema theaters can be rented for stage shows, but they charge high rentals. The Central Headquarters of the San Min Chu I Youth Corps is building a large theater to be called Youth Hall, which will be used for modern dramatic performances and other purposes.

China's actors and dramatists have been experiencing the same hardships as the writers, but have contributed their best to the nation.

On the stage Chin Yi, twenty-three-year-old actress, is an exquisite creature in silk, whose beauty and poise and charm

enchant theater goers. Off the stage she is a plain housewife in a blue dress of cheap cotton material, and has hardly enough to eat. She lives with her husband and four-year-old daughter in one tiny room of a dormitory built of bamboo and mud, and spends almost nothing except for urgent necessities.

As the star in "The Wild Rose," a four-act play written by Chen Chuan, which was a sell-out in Chungking last winter, Chin Yi drew monthly the equivalent of about $100 in American currency. This included not only her salary but wartime allowances. She was employed by the Long-Live-China Dramatic Corps. For her $100 she frequently appeared on the stage in eight performances a week and did a full schedule in the movie studio as well.

On the stage Chin wears beautiful high-heeled slippers. Off the stage she wears poor-quality shoes. On stage her beauty is enhanced by artful make-up; off stage she uses few cosmetics—they cost too much.

Part of the success of "The Wild Rose" was due to the $100-a-month Chin Yi, but she shouldn't have too much sympathy—ordinary players in Chungking get even less.

Nearly nine-tenths of the stage workers in Chungking are living in makeshift dormitories. More than half of their income goes to their mess halls, where the food is poor, consisting of rice, vegetables, and an insignificant amount of meat. Fish and chicken are rarely eaten, though the Chinese are fond of both.

Wu Chia-hsiang is an average actor, twenty-five years old, and earns barely enough to pay his mess-hall bill; but, owing to his fondness for the theater, he gave up work which paid better than acting to join the China Motion Picture Corporation five years ago.

The life of Chinese actors is shown in the five-act "Behind

the Chinese Stage." The underlying theme of the play is summarized in the words of one of the characters: "Who knows that behind the applause there are so much tears and sweat?" In the 1943–1944 dramatic season in Chungking, "Behind the Chinese Stage" had more than forty performances with an aggregate audience of forty thousand. The play was written by Hsia Yen, Yu Ling, and Sung Chih-ti, with the life of Stage Director Yin Yun-wei in mind.

One of the conspicuous shortcomings of modern Chinese drama, by western standards, is that the plays are long. They have as many as five acts, taking four or five hours to perform. They contain little action but endless dialogue. One of the principal reasons for this is that the people of the cities of western China prefer long plays, and as a result long plays have a better market.

The greatest difficulty that the Chinese theater workers face today is the lack of materials. Despite this, excellent sets have been constructed for many of the best plays of recent seasons.

The government has been doing what it can to improve the lot of theater workers and to promote dramatic arts as a branch of education. The Central Cultural Movement Committee, under the chairmanship of Chang Tao-fan, has been leading both writers and theater people throughout the nation in their work. Chang himself is a painter and playwright. The committee has appropriated a fund for the relief of writers and playwrights who fall sick or need assistance for other reasons. Under Chang's direction and guidance, both the National Writers Antiaggression Association and the National Dramatic Antiaggression Association have made invaluable contributions to cooperation and solidarity on China's cultural front.

For the training of theater workers, the Ministry of Education has established the National Academy of Dramatic Arts and the National Musical Drama School.

Founded in 1935 by Chang Tao-fan, the National Academy of Dramatic Arts thus far has turned out more than six hundred theater workers. More than half of the well known actors and actresses now on the stage are graduates of the school. The academy is headed by Yui Shang-yuen, a graduate of Columbia University. It has three departments: vernacular drama, musical drama, and advanced professional vernacular drama. In the five-year course, the students of the academy study Greek tragedies, Shakespeare, Ibsen, and other western playwrights, and the technique of world-famous actors and actresses in addition to regular courses in the dramatic arts. The study of Chinese regional plays is an important subject. The academy was located in Nanking before the outbreak of the war. It is now in Kiangan, southwest of Chungking.

Students in the National Academy of Dramatic Arts give public performances from time to time for practice. They recently staged "Hamlet" with success. The play was translated into Chinese by Liang Shih-chiu, well known Chinese writer, and was directed by Professor Tsiao Chu-yin.

The National Musical Drama School is now in Peipei, north of Chungking, and is headed by Wang Po-sheng, noted singer of Peiping opera. The school maintains an experimental theater in Chungking, presenting Peiping opera.

The Political Training Board has a six-month course in drama to train theater workers to be sent to army units.

The audience for modern dramatic performances has been greatly enlarged during the war. Modern plays formerly were attended largely by students and school graduates. As a result

of the redistribution of wealth in wartime, more people are able to spend money for amusement, and more attend the theater.

Not long ago a maidservant working in the house of an actress told her mistress: "I can't live on two or three hundred dollars a month as a maidservant. I have a gold ring. I'll sell it and use the money to open a small pork shop. My sister has made a big profit by opening a pork shop."

Thus she left. Her mistress had to take over the housekeeping, although her profession occupied her time from six to twelve hours a day. Her painter-husband had to take care of their four-year-old daughter.

Three months later, the maid came back to see her former mistress. It was on the eve of the Lunar New Year. The maid brought with her a huge piece of pork as a New Year present. The actress asked her to stay and have supper, but she refused.

"I'm going to a show tonight—to see you playing," she said.

The price of tickets for a stage show usually is beyond the purse of the middle class, particularly in the case of public functionaries and schoolteachers, who were theater goers before the war but now have to consider carefully every cent they spend. On the other hand, small merchants and men and women who live by manual labor spend money freely for theater tickets.

One writer remarked that the present situation reminded him of the situation twenty years ago when the late Wu Chang-shih, famed ink-and-water painter, changed his style to suit the taste of Shanghai merchants, who offered high prices for paintings they liked. Wu was asked why he began using more color. He replied, "Since the Shanghai people like more color, I give them more color."

"More color" is the style of not only some present-day painters but of some dramatists, novelists, and poets.

In the past few years, various novelists have turned to love stories, describing romantic and sometimes luxurious and erotic life in the cities. Such novels draw more buyers. Readers of better taste may not have the money to buy really good books. Plays with plenty of comedy draw larger audiences.

"This is not a bad omen," says Sun Fu-yuan, veteran writer. "One thing we are sure of is that the reading public has been enlarged. Under such circumstances we have a better chance."

Most writers and playwrights, knowing that they can reach a large audience, are doing their best to make literature and drama into real weapons of education and propaganda.

The show windows of Chungking's three hundred odd bookstores indicate that fiction and plays are the most popular reading matter. Nearly a half of the books published in wartime have been novels, plays, collections of short stories, and books on literary subjects.

One of the most popular books in Chungking this season is "About Women," written by a woman poet and novelist under the pen name, "A Gentleman." The writer tells the stories of thirteen women she has known well. These women include her own mother, her wet nurse, her sisters-in-law, her teacher, her landlady, and her pupil. The writer is Miss Hsieh Wan-ying, better known by her usual pen name, Ping Hsin (literally translated, Ice Heart). Ice Heart has been a favorite of Chinese readers since her student days at Yenching University and Wellesley College in the 1920's, when China's new literary movement, promoting the use of vernacular language, was in full swing.

Human books like "About Women," whether novels, plays, or verse, are favored in Chungking and other Chinese cities.

The most popular writers are still those who were popular before the outbreak of the war, such as Lao Sheh, Pa Chin, Kuo Mo-jo, Mao Tun, Ping Hsin, and Tsao Yu. The best sellers still include Pa Chin's "Home," "Spring," "Autumn," and "Fire," the first three being prewar productions.

Kuo Mo-jo is one of the older writers of talent. His autobiography, of which five volumes have come out, is read by many young people. His wartime plays, mostly historical, have drawn large audiences. The best of his plays is "Chu Yuan," telling the story of the ill fated poet of that name who lived more than two thousand years ago. More than ten thousand copies of his "Studies on Chu Yuan," a collection of essays, were sold during the first few weeks after publication.

Readers who want to learn about prewar China still must read Mao Tun's novels, among which "Midnight" is a favorite. It tells of life in Shanghai before the war, reflecting the violent social changes in the period between the Northern Punitive Expedition of 1926–1928 and the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War.

Old novels still are popular. Many publishers reprint "All Men Are Brothers," "The Romance of the Three Kingdoms," "The Romance of the Red Chamber," and the like. These reprints are profitable, because they sell well and the publishers do not have to pay royalties.

There are many translations of new fiction from America and England. John Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down" was available in half a dozen translations, all coming out at about the same time. "The Grapes of Wrath" also is popular. There are two translations of Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind." A translation of Daphne du Maurier's "Rebecca" is widely read, though the translation is poor. Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is popular in Chungking and other cities.

Works of such masters as Shakespeare, Dickens, Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Gorky have been translated and retranslated during the last few years. One bookstore in Kweiyang is systematically turning out translations of the complete works of Shakespeare and Dickens. Goethe's "The Sorrows of Young Werther," translated by Kuo Mo-jo, is one of the current best sellers.

Chinese readers also are fond of French literature. The Writers Bookstore in Chungking has published at a large profit translations of novels by Victor Hugo, Flaubert, Maupassant, and Balzac.

Literary magazines enjoy a better market than other magazines. In Chungking, one of the best magazines of this kind is *Wartime Literature*, official organ of the National Writers Antiaggression Association. The Central Cultural Movement Committee publishes the monthy magazine called *The Literary Vanguard*.

The Time and Tide Institute edits and prints a monthly called *Time and Tide Literature*, which devotes much of its space to translated western literature. *World Literature* is edited by three university professors and prints nothing but translations of foreign literature.

Hsiung Fu-hsi, noted dramatist, edits two literary magazines in Kweilin, *Contemporary Literature* and *Creative Literature*, which sell well not only in Kweilin but in other cities. Another Kweilin monthly, *New Literature*, had to reprint its first issue to satisfy the demand.

Some Chungking bookstores have placards on their doors saying "Free Reading, Welcome!" Many readers visit one bookstore after another on Chungking's "Culture Street," where most of the city's bookstores are located. By visiting four or five bookstores, a poor man may read a short novel without staying too long in any one store and without spending a cent.

PROGRESS TOWARD CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT

By Chu Fu-sung

IN THE early summer of 1898, the Emperor Kuang Hsu ordered a thorough reform of China's political and economic institutions. Modern schools and factories were to be opened. Modern armies were to be trained.

Only three months after the order was given, the Empress Dowager lost her temper and ordered the execution of the so-called "six gentlemen," advocates of reform. The Empress Dowager, who represented the conservative group in the Manchu government, then took over the throne. Kan Yu-wei, leader of the modernists, fled to Japan.

The Empress Dowager failed, however, to stem the growing sentiment among the Chinese people for a more liberal government than absolute monarchy. The last strong effort of the extreme conservatives was the Boxer Rebellion, which resulted in the forces of eight foreign countries marching into Peking in 1900. The arrival of foreign soldiers in China's capital shattered the reactionary elements in the Manchu regime. They were compelled to abandon their age-old ideas and adopt some of the western methods they hated.

The Manchu government made efforts to overcome the resentment of the people against the inefficiency and corruption of monarchial rule, but the revolutionary movement was growing stronger and stronger. In 1908 the government granted the people the right to elect delegates to the provincial councils. By the following year, ten provinces had set

up such elective bodies, but the governors of the provinces held the power to dissolve the councils.

It was too late for halfway measures. The Revolution finally broke out in Wuchang on October 10, 1911.

The Manchu government, to counter the revolution, promulgated a nineteen-article constitution, making China a parliamentary democracy, and appointed Yuan Shih-kai as prime minister. The Manchu constitution, known as the "Nineteen Articles," was the first constitution adopted in the history of China. The "Outlines of 1905" had been merely a draft, based on the Japanese constitution.

The Nineteen Articles represented merely the ideas of some of the liberal elements in the Manchu regime. They limited the power of the Manchus and provided for a parliament elected by the people. But it was too late to halt the revolutionary forces and, moreover, Yuan Shih-kai's desire for power and position further accelerated the collapse of Manchu rule.

The 1911 Revolution ended China's monarchy. The Republic of China was established. Dr. Sun Yat-sen was elected provisional president and assumed office on New Year's Day, 1912. Three months later, however, he resigned in favor of Yuan Shih-kai.

After China's defeat by Japan in 1894, Yuan had been commissioned by the Manchu government to train a new army in an effort to strengthen national defense. By the time of the revolution, Yuan had under his command a large force and was thus able to dictate both to the Manchus and to the revolutionists.

After Yuan became provisional president of the Republic, his first measure was to move the national capital from Nanking, the capital of the revolutionists, to Peking (now Peiping), where his troops were concentrated. In September,

1912, he was elected the first president of China. Soon afterwards he dissolved the Parliament and made himself a virtual dictator.

China was at that time only nominally a republic. Even the nominal title almost vanished in 1916, when Yuan attempted to make himself emperor. He spent $800,000 for two of the "dragon" robes which emperors wore. His imperial seal, made of gold, weighed more than fifty pounds. He created a number of dukes, marquises, and other peers.

Yuan was emperor for eighty-two days in the spring of 1916. He died after violent opposition throughout the country had made it clear that he could not maintain himself on the throne.

Yuan's death did not mean, however, the end of the reaction against the constitutional movement in China. The country found itself ruled by the bayonets of the war lords. Civil war prevailed.

For nearly two decades after the founding of the Republic, the nation hoped in vain for the establishment of constitutional government. There was no nationally accepted constitution, though many constitutions were drawn, including the "Provisional Compact" of 1912, the "Tientan Draft" of 1913, and the so-called "Tsao Kun Constitution" of 1923.

Each war lord knew that he had to operate under the name of the Republic, and that he should pretend to have a constitution. Tsao Kun, for instance, made himself "president" in 1923 through bribery. A constitution was drawn under Tsao Kun's bayonets. It sometimes is called the "Tsao Kun Constitution," and sometimes is called the "Bribery Constitution."

Even if these constitutions had been promulgated by sincere men it would have been impossible to make them function, for the people of China were illiterate and had no

WORKERS IN A COTTON SPINNING FACTORY. The war has increased the number of women in industry in China, but they still enter factory more or less under family's protest.

FARMER AND HIS WATER-BUFFALO. Sending their sons to the army and growing food for the nation, Chinese farmers form the backbone of China's resistance.

training for the exercise of political powers. They had been governed for endless generations by absolute rulers and knew nothing about voting or any of the other machinery of democracy.

Not until the establishment of the National Government, in Nanking in 1928, was there any real hope of establishing constitutional government in China. The National Government was founded upon the basis of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's "Three Principles of the People." Dr. Sun outlined the method which has been followed by the party of revolutionists he founded, the Kuomintang, for putting these principles into effect. Under this method there was first to be a military period, then a period of political tutelage, and then government under a constitution.

In the military period the Kuomintang's revolutionary armies defeated the war lords, overthrew the corrupt government in Peking, and founded the National Government in Nanking. The military period was followed by the period of political tutelage, which still is in progress, but nearing completion. The purpose of political tutelage is to give the people training in the exercise of political powers, so that when the constitution is promulgated it will be possible to have actual democratic government in China.

If it had not been for the outbreak of the war a People's Congress would have been convened to adopt a permanent constitution. The Kuomintang, however, has made efforts to strengthen the foundations of constitutionalism by adopting the new county system for the realization of local self-government, and has declared that the People's Congress will be convened within one year after the end of the war.

The Congress will adopt a constitution based on the Three Principles of the People: the Principle of Nationalism, the Principle of Democracy, and the Principle of the People's

Livelihood. The essential idea is to create a unified and independent nation in which the people will have both political and economic democracy. A rough translation of the principles might be given in the words of Abraham Lincoln, "government of the people, by the people, for the people." The Principle of the People's Livelihood, or of "Economic Democracy," is essentially socialistic and calls for assurance of reasonable standards of living for all the people of China. The Principle of Nationalism might well be called the "Principle of Racial Freedom."

The Principle of Democracy is designed to give the people not only the right of election but the rights of initiative, recall, and referendum. The rights are to be exercised through a National Congress.

On the administrative side the purpose of the constitutional movement is to establish a five-power government, the administrative powers being exercised through five yuans, the Executive Yuan, the Legislative Yuan, the Judicial Yuan, the Examination Yuan, and the Control Yuan. The purposes of the first three yuans are much like those of the three governmental divisions in western democracies. The essential purpose of the Examination Yuan is to select civil servants; that of the Control Yuan, to see that public officials obey the laws. The work of the five yuans is to be coordinated by the president and the Council of State, of which the presidents and vice presidents of the five yuans are to be *ex officio* members.

The Kuomintang's constitutional movement entered upon a new period in 1932 when the party decided that a People's Congress should be convened in 1935 for the adoption of a permanent constitution.

Because the local self-government structure was not complete, the Fifth National Congress of the Kuomintang in 1935

decided that the People's Congress should not be called until November 12, 1936.

The National Government then promulgated the Organic Law of the People's Congress and the Law Governing the Election of Delegates to the People's Congress in May 1936. The convening of the Congress was, however, again postponed to November 1937, because the election of the delegates could not be completed earlier.

The Sino-Japanese War, which started in July, 1937, prevented the holding of a general election, so that the Congress did not meet in 1937.

Despite wartime difficulties, the Kuomintang Central Executive Committee at its Fourth Plenary Session in November, 1939, decided to call the People's Congress in November, 1940. Dislocation in transportation caused by the war, however, made it impossible for the two thousand delegates, many of them from enemy-occupied areas, to arrive in Chungking in time for the meeting; and another postponement thus became necessary.

President Chiang Kai-shek repeatedly tells the nation that he never forgets the desire for constitutional government, which is the final goal of the Kuomintang's revolutionary movement. President Chiang urges that China adopt a constitution suitable both to her historical background and to her present conditions. The need for national defense and national reconstruction should be the essential basis. The fundamental spirit of the Three Principles of the People, according to President Chiang, is to strengthen national defense so as to safeguard the welfare of the people.

The National Government promulgated a Provisional Constitution in 1931 for the period of political tutelage, which was adopted by the National People's Convention, made up of representatives of the Kuomintang and various professional

groups. It outlines government policies to be carried out before a permanent constitution is adopted.

In 1933, the National Government ordered the Legislative Yuan to draw up a permanent constitution. After three years of work and seven revisions, the final draft was published on May 5, 1936.

The outstanding feature of the draft constitution undoubtedly is its permeation by the principles and teachings of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, Father of the Chinese Republic, especially those advanced in his "Three Principles of the People." Article I of the draft reads: "The Republic of China is a 'San Min Chu I' ('The Three Principles of the People') Republic." This article was so written because the Republic of China was established as a result of the revolutionary movement of the Kuomintang, whose highest principles are the San Min Chu I.

Another distinctive feature of the Final Draft Constitution is its unique provisions regarding the separation of powers, which go beyond the check-and-balance system of the American Constitution. Dr. Sun Yat-sen divided power into two kinds: political and administrative. The people are to have the political powers of election, recall, initiative, and referendum, while the government is to have the administrative powers of execution, legislation, judicial decision, examination, and control.

Under the May 5 Constitution, delegates to the People's Congress would be elected by universal, equal, and direct suffrage and by secret ballot. Citizens of the Republic of China who had attained the age of twenty would have the right to vote for delegates. Citizens who had attained the age of twenty-five would have the right to be elected delegates. The term of delegates would be six years.

The powers and functions of the People's Congress, under

the Draft Constitution, would be: (1) to elect the president and vice president of the Republic, the president and vice president of the Legislative Yuan, the president and vice president of the Control Yuan, the members of the Legislative Yuan, and the members of the Control Yuan; (2) to recall the president and vice president of the Republic, the president and vice president of the Legislative Yuan, the president and vice president of the Control Yuan, the members of the Legislative Yuan, and the members of the Control Yuan; (3) to initiate laws; (4) to hold referenda on laws; (5) to amend the Constitution; and (6) to exercise such other powers as were conferred by the Constitution.

Under the Draft Constitution, the president would be the head of the state and would represent the Republic of China. He would command China's land, sea, and air forces. He would be responsible to the People's Congress. His term would be six years and he might be reelected for a second term.

The Draft Constitution was prepared by a committee of forty-two, with Dr. Sun Fo, president of the Legislative Yuan, as chairman, and Dr. John C. H. Wu and Chang Chih-peng, eminent jurists, as vice chairmen.

The first step was to have Dr. Wu produce a draft on the basis of a few guiding principles agreed upon by members of the committee. This draft, consisting of 214 articles, was popularly known as Dr. Wu's Tentative Draft. Dr. Wu was authorized to publish it under his name in order to sound out public opinion. The general reaction was favorable.

Using Dr. Wu's draft as a basis, together with criticisms of it from various quarters, the Draft Constitution Committee proceeded to produce another draft, consisting of 160 articles, which was known as the Preliminary Draft of the Constitu-

tion of the Republic of China and was published on March 12, 1934, in order to invite public criticisms.

The Legislative Yuan carefully studied 281 published articles containing comment on the preliminary draft and produced a book called "The Compilation of Opinions on the First Draft of the Constitution," which was of great use to the Draft Constitution Committee.

After more than a month's discussion and deliberation, a second draft was produced which was known as the Amended Preliminary Draft of the Constitution of the Republic of China. A few months after its publication, the second draft underwent revision (Dr. Wang Chung-hui, at that time a judge of the Hague Court, participated in the work, although not officially), which was completed in October, 1934, after three readings and many lengthy discussions in the Legislative Yuan. This draft contained 12 chapters and 178 articles.

The draft was submitted to the Fifth Plenary Session of the Fourth Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang, held in December, 1934. This committee laid down a few guiding principles, and the draft was turned over to its Standing Committee. The Standing Committee drew up instructions which were sent with the draft to the Legislative Yuan.

Another revision was made in accordance with the instructions, which favored simplicity and elasticity. The draft was reduced to eight chapters and 148 articles. It was finally approved by the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang and promulgated as the Draft Constitution by the National Government on May 5, 1936.

China will remain under the party rule of the Kuomintang until final adoption of a constitution. In 1925, the first Organic Law of the National Government provided that the National Government should exercise the governing powers

of the Republic of China under the direction and supervision of the Kuomintang. Article I of the Program of Political Tutelage, adopted in 1928 and still in force, says, "With the Republic of China entering upon its Period of Political Tutelage, the National Congress of the Kuomintang will, in place of the People's Congress, lead the people in exercising their political powers." The president and the members of the state council of the National Government and the presidents and vice presidents of the five Yuans all are elected by the Kuomintang.

The Kuomintang at first directed and supervised the National Government through a Political Committee. The Political Committee was the highest political organ of the party and had the power to decide upon legislation, administrative policies, and the appointment and recall of political officials.

The Political Committee, however, is no longer active. After the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War the Standing Committee of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang decided to establish a Supreme National Defense Conference to take over the functions of the Committee. This conference was later reorganized into the present Supreme National Defense Council, which is now the highest organ of political direction.

Though employing party rule during the period of political tutelage the Kuomintang has not neglected to establish organs representing the people's will and opinions. The People's Political Council was created in July, 1938, for the purpose of utilizing the best minds of the country in national affairs and rallying all elements to aid the nation in time of war. The council has the power to receive government reports, to interpellate the government and to make proposals to the government. The government submits its programs to the council before putting them into effect, but the Supreme

National Defense Council retains the power to make final decisions concerning the proposals made by the People's Political Council.

The first P.P.C., selected by the Kuomintang, consisted of persons who had served in government and public bodies or various private institutions for more than three years, representatives from Mongolia, Tibet, and overseas Chinese communities, and persons who had served more than three years in various cultural and economic bodies or long had been engaged in political activities.

The present P.P.C., which is the third, has 240 members, of whom 164 were elected by provincial and municipal councils. They meet once in six months. During the recesses, a Resident Committee of 25, elected from among the P.P.C. members, receives government reports, endeavors to assure the carrying out of the council's resolutions by the government, and from time to time investigates the conditions under which these are carried out and makes proposals and conducts inquiries on behalf of the council, which do not go beyond the scope of its resolutions.

The council functions in a democratic manner. A majority makes a quorum for a plenary session. A majority vote of those present at such a session is required for the adoption of a resolution. The councilors have absolute freedom of speech at their meetings.

The People's Political Council formerly functioned under the leadership of a speaker. President Chiang Kai-shek was the speaker, with Dr. Chang Po-ling, president of Nankai University, as deputy speaker. Now it functions under the direction of a presidium.

There are seven members of the presidium, elected by the council. They need not be members of the council. The present presidium consists of Dr. Chang Po-ling, Dr. Wang

Chung-hui (secretary-general of the Supreme National Defense Council), Dr. Wang Shih-chieh, Kiang Yung (well-known jurist), Miss Wu Yi-fang (president of Ginling College for Women), Mo Teh-hui (formerly director-general of the Chinese Eastern Railway), and Li Huang (leader of the Young China Party). The present secretary-general of the P.P.C. is Shao Li-tze, former ambassador to the Soviet Union.

Dr. Wang Shih-chieh, now in his middle fifties, is one of the leaders in making preparations to govern China as a democracy under a constitution. He was for five years secretary-general of the People's Political Council. He was elected a member of the council's presidium in the summer of 1943. Dr. Wang was formerly minister of education and minister of information. He recently returned from England, where he had been head of a Chinese good-will mission composed of four members of the P.P.C. and one member of the Legislative Yuan.

The National Government has been engaged for years in organizing bodies to represent the people in the provinces, counties, and units within the counties. There are now seventeen provisional provincial councils, ranging in size from twenty to fifty members each. Their size is proportionate to the population of the provinces. The largest assemblies are in Szechwan, Kwangtung, Hunan, and Honan, with fifty members each. These councils meet in the provincial capitals or, in war area provinces, wherever the provincial government is functioning. There is only one provisional municipal council, and it is in Chungking.

The provincial governments, with the approval of the central government and the assistance of the county governments, choose the members of the provisional provincial councils—three-fifths on a geographical basis and the rest on an occupational basis.

The organization of representative bodies in the counties and in units below the county is a part of the new county system, in which the county is the basic unit of local self-government and thus the foundation of constitutionalism. The National Government adopted the new county system in 1939 when it promulgated the Organic Outline of Various Graded Units in the County. The Executive Yuan then ordered the new system put into operation within three years. Seventeen provinces later reported they had started the new program except in a few counties where special conditions prevailed and a new government structure could not be set up for the time being.

According to the Ministry of the Interior, 1,103 counties out of the 1,361 counties in seventeen provinces are now functioning under the new county system.

Units below the county have been greatly strengthened. Practically all matters concerning local self-government now are handled by officers in charge of *pao* and *chia* affairs. The pao and chia are the smallest units in the local government structure. A pao consists of approximately ten chia; a chia, of approximately ten households. Between the county and the pao and chia are the town and village, the organization of which in the past was very loose. Under the new county system, all 29,497 towns and villages have set up administrative offices. Pao offices now number 342,301. There are 3,711,948 chia.

Up to the present, 530 counties in the seventeen provinces have organized county councils or provisional county councils. Nearly 12,000 towns and villages have convoked town or village councils, and 297,476 pao have organized pao general councils. Members of these councils, except the provisional county councils, are elected.

The organization of the county councils is a step toward

local self-government and thus toward the establishment of constitutional government for the entire country. The county council is formed of delegates elected by the town and village councils, which in turn are composed of two delegates from each component pao. The lowest council is the chia council, composed of household heads. The chia resident meeting is called by the chia chiefs for decisions on important issues that cannot be settled at the chia council.

For the training of local self-government personnel, the provinces have organized training institutes. More than 1,180,000 people's schools with a total enrollment of nearly 22,000,000 children and 10,000,000 adults have been established. The town and village schools are called "nucleus schools" because all activities of the people and particularly for the development of adult education center around them.

For the training of teachers of adult education, the Ministry of Education has opened a National College of Social Education, which trains students to teach reading and writing and thus to help the government in completing the eradication of illiteracy.

This college turns out hundreds of hard-working young men and young women who, like other government workers, have little prospect of material gain. Chow Cheng-ching is an example. With eighteen years of schooling and a Bachelor of Arts degree, this twenty-seven-year-old teacher is ready to go to a small village to train the common people to read and write so that they can participate in local political affairs. Wearing a shabby cotton uniform and eating poor food, Mr. Chow is now doing research work to enable himself to become a better teacher.

Szechwan is a model province for local self-government. It has nearly completed the structure of the representative system. Its creation of county councils and those in units

below the county has laid a firm foundation for a democratic form of government. Practically all 144 counties in Szechwan have organized county councils; 116 have completed the organization of pao councils, and 114 have completed town and village councils.

The county councils of Szechwan have a total of 2,310 members. Of these, 95, or 4.11 per cent, are women; 879, or 38.05 per cent, are college graduates; 754, or 32.64 per cent, are middle- or normal-school graduates; and a considerable number passed the imperial examinations under the Manchu Dynasty. Their average age is 46.9. Most of them are between thirty and sixty.

The major function of the county councils at present is to deliberate on the completion of local self-government. They discuss county budgets, ordinances and regulations, taxation, personnel, education, and economic affairs. The most important wartime job of the county councils is to aid the government in conscription and food administration.

In the county councils of Szechwan, peasant representatives form the majority. An analysis of 1,765 councilors in 121 town and village councils in six counties shows that their occupations are: education, 11.5 per cent; commerce, 4 per cent; medicine, 1.5 per cent; farming, 77.5 per cent; others, 5.5 per cent. Only 3.46 per cent of them are college graduates, and 22 per cent middle- or normal-school graduates. As China is an agricultural country, farmers logically occupy the leading positions in the town and village councils.

Among the 63 resolutions adopted by twenty-seven pao councils at their first sessions, 19 were related to economic affairs; 14, civil affairs; 11, education; 8, conscription; 4, public safety; 3, national spiritual mobilization; 3, food administration; and 1, opium suppression. Nearly 70 per cent of the proposals were related to economic, educational, and civil

affairs, indicating the rational development of the local self-government movement.

For the promotion of the constitutional movement, the National Government has organized a Committee for the Establishment of Constitutional Government, whose functions are: (1) to make proposals to the government concerning the establishment of constitutional government; (2) to investigate the progress of local self-government and report on this to the government; (3) to investigate the enforcement of laws and regulations concerning constitutional government and to report on it; (4) to serve as a link between the government and the people in constitutional government and related political problems; and (5) to deliberate on matters relating to the constitution as mandated by the government.

The Committee for the Establishment of Constitutional Government was inaugurated on November 12, 1943, birthday anniversary of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, with President Chiang Kai-shek as chairman.

Two leaders of the Chinese Communist party, Tung Pi-wu and Chow En-lai, are listed as members of the committee. Mr. Tung is a member of the People's Political Council, while Mr. Chow was formerly vice minister of the Political Training Board of the National Military Council. His wife, formerly Miss Teng Ying-chao, is also a member of the P.P.C.

Other minority parties represented on the committee include the National Socialist party, represented by its leader, Dr. Carson Chang; and the Chinese Youth party, represented by its leader, Tso Shun-sheng. Both of these men are members of the P.P.C.

Religious and racial minority groups also are represented. Ta Pu-sheng (Haji Noor Mohamed Ta-pu-sun), formerly in charge of a big mosque in Shanghai, represents the Chinese Moslems. Hsi-Yao-Chia-Tso, Tibetan scholar who for many

years has served as professor of Tibetan culture in leading national universities in China, represents the Tibetans.

China's women, who have been seeking political rights and participating in government affairs, are represented by Dr. Wu Yi-fang, foremost woman educator in China. As Dr. Wu is on the presidium of the People's Political Council, she is an *ex officio* member of the committee.

Seats were given to various professions and walks of life. Chinese lawyers occupy three seats through Dr. Wang Chung-hui, Dr. John C. H. Wu, and Eugene Y. B. Kiang.

Educators on the committee include Dr. Chang Po-ling, member of the presidium of the P.P.C. and *ex officio* member of the committee, Dr. Monlin Chiang, chancellor of the National Peking University, Huang Yen-pei, promoter of vocational education and founder of the China Vocational Education Association, and Y. W. Wong, managing director of the Commercial Press. The Chinese Fourth Estate has Hu Lin, managing director of the *Ta Kung Pao*, on the committee.

The Committee for the Establishment of Constitutional Government was named by President Chiang Kai-shek in his capacity as chairman of the Supreme National Defense Council. It includes seven *ex officio* members who are members of the presidium of the People's Political Council, twelve members who are members of the Kuomintang Central Executive and Supervisory Committees, twenty-three members who are members of the P.P.C., and eleven experts.

The organization of the Committee for the Establishment of Constitutional Government originally was voted by the People's Political Council upon the recommendation of President Chiang Kai-shek. The decision was reached pursuant to a resolution adopted at the Eleventh Plenary Session of the Kuomintang Central Executive Committee to convene the

People's National Congress within one year after the conclusion of the war.

Upon the inauguration of the Committee for the Establishment of Constitutional Government, President Chiang Kai-shek summarized his opinion concerning constitutionalism in a speech. "I once remarked," he said, "that we should stress not only the adoption of a constitution but also its enforcement. In other words, we should enforce the constitution conscientiously and smoothly after its promulgation and especially in the first ten or twenty years. . . . A review of the history of the Chinese Republic in its early days would convince us that China needs not only a perfect constitution but also ability in the people to carry it out. During the war years, the government has spared no effort in promoting the establishment of different grades of people's representative organs and in the extension of the new county system and local self-government program."

The President outlined three urgent tasks of the committee. First, it should make known to the people the significance of the Draft Constitution and canvass opinions on the problem of constitutional government. Second, it should gather information regarding the establishment of various grades of organs of public opinion, especially county organs, and report to the government. Third, it should find ways and means to promote the spirit of government by law and the spirit of freedom in order to develop public opinion and lay the foundation for democracy in preparation for a shift of affairs from a wartime to a postwar basis.

The Committee for the Establishment of Constitutional Government at its inaugural meeting decided that the people should be mobilized for the study of the Draft Constitution. All grades of representative organs, all schools, cultural and professional associations, and the press were requested to offer

concrete suggestions for the revision of the Draft Constitution.

Constitutionalism is now a subject of discussion everywhere in China. Various public bodies, schools, and other organizations have been holding meetings and organizing societies for the discussion of constitutional government and the May 5 Draft Constitution. Newspapers devote considerable space to articles and editorials on constitutionalism.

Particularly enthusiastic are the women leaders of China. They have organized a Women's Association for the Establishment of Constitutional Government. They want to have many women elected as delegates to the forthcoming People's Congress.

CHINA'S LIFE LINE IN THE AIR

By Samuel M. Chao

JAMES DOOLITTLE was expecting a comfortable and uneventful trip on a CNAC plane from Chungking to India after his audacious flight over Tokyo and a parachute landing in China.

The American army flyer expected the CNAC plane to make directly for India, knowing that Myitkyina, halfway station in northern Burma, was expected to fall at any hour. He found to his dismay that Captain Moon Chin was heading directly for the Burma city. Captain Chin explained that there were valuable lives and equipment to be saved. Doolittle had to depend upon Chin's judgment and CNAC's unfailing intelligence system.

They landed on the postage-stamp airport of Myitkyina amid the crack of rifle fire, with the Japs not far from the edge of the field. Moon Chin stripped the DC-3 of all its non-essential equipment, stowed aboard CNAC equipment and personnel and carefully picked his passengers from the thousands of refugees crowded on the field.

After Chin had more than fifty persons in the DC-3's twenty-one-passenger cabin Doolittle bluntly said, "I hope to hell you know what you're doing." Chin told him not to be excited. He had flown several times with more than fifty passengers, he said. Each one on board meant a life saved.

"We do lots of things here in this war we wouldn't do at home," said the Baltimore-born Chinese pilot.

When there were seventy-two milling and crying passen-

gers in the plane, men, women, and children, Moon Chin locked the cabin and told Doolittle he planned to fly all the way to Calcutta.

"With a little stretch of the gas supply I might be able to make it," he said.

Doolittle closed his eyes and prayed when Chin gave the ship full throttle for a laborious take-off, mumbling to himself, as he said later, "Now I know I had rather go back the way I came."

Four hours and twelve minutes later the plane landed at Calcutta. Chin had snatched seventy-two passengers besides essential equipment from the claws of the advancing Japanese. The American congratulated him.

"This may sound crazy to you," Chin said, "but it is only a day's work for CNAC."

CNAC is the China National Aviation Corporation (its Chinese name, Chung-Kuo-Han-Kung-Kung-Sze, means literally "Middle Kingdom Navigate Air Public Control"). It is the apple of the eye of the blockaded Chinese public. It is the only Chinese-controlled life line pending the opening of a land route through Burma or sea routes across the Pacific. Its value in dollars is insignificant when weighed against the services it renders to a vast country which lacks modern means of transportation. With the Air Transport Command of the United States Army Air Force it freights war materials from India to China over the mountains and over Japanese-controlled territory. It survives war and weather, sustaining China's fight against Japanese aggression.

CNAC is a concrete example of Sino-American cooperation, through which American capital and technical personnel help in the development and modernization of China. During the late 1920's, the Curtiss-Wright Corporation of America was searching the world markets for outlets for its

products. At the same time, the Chinese National Government was planning an air line for the country. In 1929 the China National Aviation Corporation was formed, with the Chinese government owning 55 per cent of the stock and Curtiss-Wright, through a subsidiary, 45 per cent. Its administration is Chinese, and its operation is directed by Americans.

In 1933, Curtiss-Wright sold its interest in CNAC to Pan American Airways, which was then planning to bridge the Pacific with an air line. An established air line in China would be a valuable asset in connection with its transpacific project. Accordingly, PAA used its equipment and personnel to blaze sky routes in China.

The function of CNAC before the war can only be understood against the background of contemporary Chinese history. The National Government had just gained control of the country, but much remained to be done to make the Chinese Republic a national unit. Meanwhile, the Japanese were striving to undermine the Chinese government by bribing and threatening local authorities in remote sections. CNAC was one of the most useful tools in the hands of the government, providing quick transportation that brought it closer to the provinces. In place of junks, pack horses, and their own feet, officials and technical experts traveled by planes, which pierced the geographical and social barriers then existing between the central government and the provinces. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, sometimes accompanied by Madame Chiang, flew on CNAC planes to China's far-flung provinces on his task of furthering national solidarity.

By 1937, CNAC, with headquarters at Shanghai, was flying up the Yangtze through Nanking, Hankow, and Chungking to Chengtu. It had a branch to Kunming. In the north it

reached Peiping via Tsingtao and Tientsin. In the south it ran along the coast to Canton and Hong Kong—one of the world's most hazardous air routes because of ever present fog. Its planes flew a total of 8,935,045 kilometers in the years 1929–1936 and carried 41,013 passengers and 381,031 kilograms of mail on their regular runs. CNAC flew medicine, doctors, and surveyors to the vast flooded areas when the lower Yangtze burst its bounds in the summer of 1931. Since then CNAC has had great "face" with the Chinese public and has won the Chinese market for American aviation equipment.

CNAC declared its private war against Japan ten years before the American government was attacked by the Japanese. When the Shanghai Incident fighting was in progress early in 1932, the Japanese militarists demanded through the American consul that CNAC suspend its service between Shanghai and Nanking. William Langhorne Bond, then operations manager of the corporation, climbed into a plane and rode the regular route as the only passenger, defying the Japanese demand. Although its planes were chased by Japanese fighters CNAC kept on flying, providing the only fast transportation between Nanking and Shanghai.

When the Japanese were threatening the Peiping-Tientsin area in 1933, CNAC opened its Shanghai-Peiping line and called a Japanese bluff. It turned out to be good business as well as good politics. This line was suspended in 1937 when the Japanese Army captured Peiping at the opening of the Sino-Japanese War.

The Japanese had a small revenge when they struck at Shanghai in August, 1937, soon after the formal opening of the Sino-Japanese War. The CNAC air base at Lunghwa was among the first targets attacked by enemy planes. The base was wiped out, and one Douglas Dolphin of CNAC was de-

stroyed while anchored on the water. Meanwhile, PAA was obliged to withdraw its American personnel upon orders of the American government. Chinese pilots and ground crews rose to the situation. They flew every CNAC plane that could take to the air and slipped through Japanese fighter patrols to safety. The American personnel went as far as Manila. There the men resigned from PAA and returned to China to join CNAC as private individuals. Bond resigned his post in PAA and returned to China as vice president of CNAC to lead the little group of Americans in a continuation of their private war against Japan.

In five months of war the Japanese cut China off from her northern and eastern seacoasts. The only major outlet left was Canton and Hong Kong. To reach the southern ports from Central China took weeks by boat and days by rail. But when CNAC opened its line from Chungking to Hong Kong in December, 1937, the British Crown Colony could be reached in five flying hours.

CNAC established a base at Hong Kong and thus had a connection with PAA's transpacific line and the overseas services of the Imperial Airways, the K.L.M. (Royal Dutch Airlines), and Air France, which brought China's wartime capital within one week of flying from the world's leading capitals.

On the theory that CNAC was partly American and an entirely civil service, the corporation did not camouflage its planes but kept them silver-white with the letters "CNAC" on their wings. It reasoned that if it did not bother the Japanese, the Japanese would not bother its planes. This theory held good only for a few months. On August 24, 1938, when American pilot Hugh L. Woods flew a DC-2 out of Hong Kong with fourteen passengers, he was waylaid by five Japanese fighters over the Canton Delta. It was a clear day

and the wing marks were clearly visible. Woods landed on a river but the Japanese dived low and methodically machine-gunned the plane. All but one of the passengers and two of the crew of four were killed. Woods and the Chinese radio operator swam to shore and escaped.

Despite this, CNAC did not suspend its service. It began to reverse all accepted flying practice and soon became known as the world's "woolliest air service." Its planes flew at night when the Japanese would not, and in bad weather when the Japanese could not. Night flying is not difficult with the radio chattering into earphones and the compass zeroed on the beam. It is not hard when a plane is at 8,000 feet with the lights of cities below to indicate the course. But CNAC flew between 15,000 and 20,000 feet, with radio dead, lights of cities blacked out, and both pilot and passengers fearful that they would be attacked by Japanese fighters while over enemy territory.

During the three years before the outbreak of the Pacific War in December, 1941, CNAC planes for Hong Kong took off from Chungking's island airport in the Yangtze at dusk, winging through darkness with only a few green lights on the instrument panels shining. They crossed territory occupied by the Japanese and landed on the brilliantly lit Hong Kong field at midnight. Two hours later they were back over the Japanese-controlled area again, heading for Chungking.

The nightly run between Chungking and Hong Kong was suspended on a few occasions because "the moon was too bright for safe flying"—which made CNAC the only air line in the world which would not fly in favorable flying weather. The objection to the moon still holds good for CNAC lines which cross enemy territory.

The CNAC's Hong Kong air base was attacked by the Japanese air force on the morning of December 8, 1941,

when the enemy launched his widespread attacks in the Pacific. After the bomb smoke lifted at the Kaitak air field in Hong Kong, it was found that CNAC had lost three DC-2's and four Condors besides other equipment.

It would have been easy for CNAC to get its own personnel and remaining equipment out of Hong Kong. But in the city were hundreds of Chinese dignitaries, including Madame Sun Yat-sen, widow of China's "National Father," and Madame H. H. Kung, wife of the Chinese finance minister. From Chungking came a list of names of important Chinese for CNAC to fly to Free China and safety.

As soon as darkness fell, the undamaged planes were rolled out to the runway of the Kaitak airfield; and the first DC-3 left Hong Kong for Namyung, the nearest Free China field. Thirty minutes later a second DC-3 took off. After half an hour a DC-2 took to the air. By midnight two more planes came in to reinforce the shuttle service fleet.

Within twenty-four hours the Japanese had guns within range of the field. The CNAC staff kept on working and stopped only when Japanese planes were overhead. The field was lit only when incoming planes requested aid in landing. Otherwise all work, including take-offs, was done in darkness. In three days the nightmare was over. The Japanese had occupied the field. But CNAC planes, shuttling between Hong Kong and Namyung, had taken out more than four hundred passengers, besides many vital spare parts, despite everything the Japanese air force and artillery could do.

The Hong Kong evacuation was not the first of its kind undertaken by CNAC. On October 22, 1938, the Chinese government warned CNAC that Hankow, then headquarters of the Chinese High Command, was doomed and could not hold out longer than three days. Captain Charles L. Sharp and Captain Royal Leonard were detailed to bring out top

personnel of the Chinese government whose duties would keep them at headquarters until the Japanese reached the city. For three days CNAC planes worked in and out of Hankow carrying out passengers and equipment. The crews averaged five hours' sleep a day. The Hankow air field was bomb-pocked. Daily air raids added to the hazards of the work. The hastily repaired field was lit with oil lamps, barely strong enough to mark the outline of the runway.

Besides equipment, each fourteen-seat plane carried more than thirty passengers, many of them standing. In three days CNAC flew out 296 essential officials of the Chinese government. Its own staff was evacuated by Commodore flying boats. All flying was done in the face of the unopposed Japanese air force.

On the morning of October 24 the Japanese were moving into Hankow while Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek were still in the city. The Wuhan cities—Wuchang, Hankow, and Hanyang—were in flames. In the afternoon Captain Sharp brought his plane to a landing through walls of fire. The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang boarded the plane at dusk, and Sharp took off. Halfway to Changsha, the plane's radio went dead. Instead of risking a night landing on the postage-stamp field at Changsha without being able to inform the Chinese air defense system that the plane was Chinese, Sharp decided to return to Hankow. The Hankow field was being mined for destruction. Only Captain Sharp's steady nerve and good luck saved the ship from striking any of the hundreds of mines on the field and the runway. He repaired the radio, took off the second time, and flew to safety at Changsha. As soon as the plane departed, the mines were exploded and the Hankow field was destroyed.

The most extraordinary job of evacuation undertaken by CNAC was done for the British at Myitkyina in the spring

of 1942. This was the one of which Doolittle saw a part. Thousands of people crowded the CNAC office at Myitkyina and offered thousands of rupees each for plane tickets that would open to them the only route to safety. Thousands stayed on the air field, hoping against hope for a place on a plane. The flights were made at night with the aid of oil lanterns. Every plane carried more than fifty persons on each trip. Nearly every American and Chinese pilot on the Chungking-India run took part in the Myitkyina evacuation. When the British government decided to decorate these heroes of mercy it could not give a medal to every one of the men who participated. American pilot P. W. Kessler was chosen by the CNAC pilots to receive a decoration as a representative of the group.

CNAC planes also played an important part in helping the retreat of the Chinese troops through the jungles after the Burma disaster in 1942. The Generalissimo called upon CNAC to join hands with the Royal Air Force and the United States Army Air Force in feeding the Chinese Expeditionary Force by dropping rice from the air. Their familiarity with the topography in northern Burma enabled CNAC pilots to lead their American and British comrades to the Chinese troops in the wild mountains. For this valuable service which lasted weeks, the pilots who participated in the work chose two flyers, including American pilot S. H. DeKantzow, to receive decorations from the Chinese government.

In the seven war years CNAC opened eight air lines connecting various sections of Free China with the outside world. The eight lines had a total length of 5,230 miles. Six of them, however, were suspended because of war developments. At present there are nine air lines in operation by CNAC, with India as the chief base because of access there to gasoline,

spare parts, and equipment. The air lines reach the Chinese provinces of Szechwan, Yünnan, Kwangsi, Shensi, and Kansu in addition to India. Their total length is 3,610 miles. In the seven war years CNAC planes have flown 11,991,265 miles and have carried 136,458 passengers. CNAC has a vast network of radio stations which keep it informed about weather and the movement of planes. It cooperates closely with the Allied air forces in China and India and serves them as an auxiliary in air transportation.

At the moment the importance of CNAC is more military than civil. Its planes are still the best and fastest means of transportation within China, but most of its Lend-Lease C47's and C53's are shuttling between China and India, carrying military supplies to China, supplementing the Air Transport Command of the United States Army Air Force. Bristles, tin, tungsten, mercury, silk, and other essential materials are flown out to supply American war plants.

Flying the Hump, according to Bond, is difficult at best. There is constant danger. It involves flying over rugged terrain for which there is no chart, no weather report, no emergency landing field, no radio, no light. The plane must be kept at about 20,000 feet to clear the snowcapped peaks of the Himalayas. A slight mistake in direction will send the plane over the wild mountains of Tibet in the north or against the machine guns of Japanese fighter patrols in the south. There is no place for a forced landing, no safe place over which to bail out.

Transport planes of the United States Army have guns and are always ready to shoot it out with attacking Japanese fighters over the Hump. CNAC planes, however, are unarmed and depend upon the pilot's skill and luck to escape enemy interception. So far the CNAC has lost one plane over the Hump by enemy action. American pilot Marshall John

Schroeder and Chinese copilot Tang Chih were killed on October 13, 1943, when their plane, "No. 72," was shot down by the Japanese while on the way from India to China.

The greatest enemy of the CNAC planes on the India-China run is weather. In Hump flying the corporation has lost nine planes so far because of storms, fog, and ice. Fifteen pilots, including nine Americans, and nine radio operators were killed in these crashes. Only two men from the nine ships came back alive to tell their stories.

Captain Joseph Rosbert, a former Navy flyer who served with Major General Claire L. Chennault's Flying Tigers in Burma and China, and Cridge Hammell, formerly on the PAA's trans-African line, were flying a routine freight run from India to China on April 7, 1943. They ran into a heavy gale. The wind shield was covered with five inches of ice. They turned back for India, but the gale swept the plane 100 kilometers off its course. Through a rift in the clouds, Rosbert saw a mountain side a few hundred feet ahead and pulled the plane up sharply; but he was too late to clear the peak, and the plane crashed against the snow-covered mountain side. The Chinese radio operator was killed. Both Rosbert and Hammell were injured.

The two remained in the plane for five days, wrapped up in parachutes against sub-zero cold, and nursed their injuries. On the sixth day they ate the last of the food they had. They tore out the bottom of the wrecked plane to make a sled and slid down the snow-covered mountain at thirty miles an hour to the valley below. In the valley, they started to walk along a river and reached a mountain tribesman's hut on the eighth day. The uncooked corn they ate on that day was the most welcome food they had tasted in their lives: for seven days they had had nothing but the uncooked meat of birds they found dead along the river.

They stayed three weeks in the hut before getting into contact through a tribal headman with a British expedition making a biannual trip into Tibet. The expedition carried them out to India, and after a few weeks' rest they went back to their job of Hump flying.

Of the nine losses in Hump flying because of bad weather, two were near Ipin, the terminal of the direct India-Szechwan line. The two planes were flying to the upper Yangtze River port with three others when they ran into fog near the destination. The leading pilot, Captain A. M. Wright, attempted a letdown through the fog and crashed. Chinese pilot Loh Ming-kwei followed Wright and also was unable to get back into clear weather. Both crashed near the Ipin field. Wright had been with the Flying Tigers in China, and for some time was instructor of Chinese air cadets at Ipin.

The CNAC lost five planes between Chungking and Hong Kong, Chungking and Kunming and Hong Kong and Hengyang, mainly because the pilots were forced to fly in bad weather. One plane, the *Chungking,* was attacked and destroyed by five Japanese fighters at the Changyi airfield in Yünnan while on a regular Chungking-Kunming flight on October 29, 1940. Of the ten passengers and four members of the crew, nine were killed, including American pilot W. C. ("Foxy") Kent and Chinese air hostess Lu Mei-ying. Kent was killed by the first salvo fired by the enemy fighters as he brought the plane in to land at the field. The attack on the *Chungking* was the second attack on CNAC planes by the Japanese air force which resulted in deaths before Japan declared war on America.

CNAC pilots are undaunted by such dangers. They started the world's "woolliest air service," and they are going to keep it going. They are loyal, brave, and adventurous flyers who catch people's imagination.

Captain F. L. Higgs, from whom Milton Caniff's comic-strip character "Dude" Hennick was created, is flying the Hump for CNAC. He came to China with General Chennault as an instructor in the Chinese Air Force cadet school. He was with Captain Sharp when Sharp undertook the first test flight over the Himalayas in January, 1941, and conquered for the first time in aviation history the treacherous air route between China and India.

Captain "Chuck" Sharp, now operations manager of CNAC, flew Generalissimo and Madame Chiang out of Hankow and made the first flight over the Himalayas, but is best known to airmen as the pilot of the "Flying Banshee." He was flying a plane to India during the evacuation of Hong Kong. While landing on the Namyung airfield, the plane was machine-gunned by Japanese fighters. More than three thousand bullet holes were counted after the attack was over. There were no repair facilities at Namyung, but mechanics were sent from other places and patched the plane with metal and fabric. Four of the most important instruments on the bullet-ridden panel were repaired so that the ship might fly.

The ship did fly. Under Sharp's firm control it flew the Hump to India for repairs. During the flight, many of the fabric patches blew off, and the wind blew through the holes with a fiendish roar. By the time the plane reached the CNAC Indian base, it was a flying monster, shrieking like a banshee. It has been known ever since as the "Flying Banshee."

Captain Woods, who escaped death at the hands of the Japanese air force when the DC-2 he piloted was forced down and strafed by Japanese fighters over the Canton Delta in 1938, was subjected to another attack while flying a DC-3 on a regular flight from Chungking to Kunming in September, 1941. He was caught in an air raid at the Ipin airfield. A Japanese bomb went through the starboard wing

of the plane and tore the wing off just outside the point where it joined the central section. There were more than fifty holes in the fuselage, but no one was hurt.

"Woodie" radioed Hong Kong for an extra wing. Hong Kong replied that no DC-3 wing was in stock but it would send a DC-2 wing. "Try. Good luck," the message ended.

Captain Harold Sweet strapped the spare DC-2 wing under the fuselage of his plane, flew out of Hong Kong on a regular flight, and delivered the wing at Ipin while on his way to Kunming. CNAC mechanics put the DC-2 wing on the DC-3 fuselage, and Woods flew his "DC-2½" triumphantly from Ipin to Hong Kong.

A number of General Chennault's Chinese Air Force instructors and some of his Flying Tigers joined CNAC after their contracts expired. The Flying Tigers and CNAC flyers always worked well together. When the Flying Tigers were fighting an aerial guerrilla warfare in China against a numerically superior Japanese air force, CNAC pilots led them in shifting their forces from field to field at any odd hour to avoid enemy attacks. With their knowledge of topography, meteorological conditions, and field facilities, the CNAC pilots proved a great help to the Flying Tigers and so, when the famous fighter group was disbanded, fifteen of the Tigers immediately applied for CNAC jobs and began ferrying important war materials in lumbering transports in the skies once swept by their sharp-mouthed Tomahawks. Two of them were killed while flying CNAC planes.

A number of CNAC pilots saw action on the European front before they came to China. Three of these, all Americans, lost their lives on the Hump run. They were Captain James Adrian Charville, who served one year in the Russian air force before he signed up with CNAC in July, 1943; Captain A. J. Privensal, who fought as a pilot in England

from 1941 to 1942 and lived through the Battle of England before he joined CNAC in April, 1943, and Copilot J. S. Brown, who served in the Air Transport Auxiliary in England before joining CNAC in August, 1942.

The CNAC's first Chinese pilot was Donald Wong, who holds the Number One commercial pilot license of China. California-born Wong came to China in 1933 and joined CNAC in 1934. He is still flying CNAC planes after more than ten years in the Chinese skies.

The next two Chinese pilots were also born in America. Joey Thom came from Chicago. He test flew the CNAC's air lines from Chungking to Lashio and Rangoon in early 1939. He was killed in an electric storm in February, 1941, while flying a chartered plane from Hong Kong to Chungking.

The far-famed Moon Chin, from Baltimore, who carried Doolittle via Myitkyina to Calcutta, made the first survey flight from Sinkiang (Chinese Turkestan) to Peshawar in northwestern India over the highest ranges of the Himalayas. He flew Wendell Willkie from Chengtu to Chungking during Willkie's tour of the world in 1942.

Hugh Chen was the first Chinese-born pilot of CNAC. He was checked out as a pilot in 1936. Hugh, a six-footer from Fukien, is known as the safest flyer CNAC has. He has flown more than 10,000 hours while with CNAC, and is now one of the highest-paid Chinese in China. He draws 2,000 rupees a month plus flying allowances.

The passenger lists of CNAC planes are a Who's Who of the world. Chinese generals, ministers, governors, educators, bankers, engineers, and newspapermen are carried by its ships. The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang frequently are passengers. Priority lists are usually several feet long. It takes weeks for an ordinary passenger to obtain a ticket.

Among those who have flown in CNAC planes are King George VI's messengers, President Roosevelt's special envoys, diplomats, generals, correspondents, bankers, experts. Immediately after the outbreak of the Pacific War, Captain Harold Sweet flew General Wavell from Chungking to Rangoon, flying over Japanese-controlled Thailand en route. Since that, Sweet has ferried planes across the North Atlantic.

One of the CNAC planes carried two non-paying guests on a round trip between India and China. While flying over the Hump, the pilot detected a strange pitch from one of the engines. The engine, however, functioned very well on the way to China and back. When he landed the plane at its Indian base, the pilot ordered the mechanics to check the engine. Under the cowling they found a small nest with a mother bird and a baby.

CNAC contributes to the development of civil aviation in China by training Chinese pilots and mechanics. When PAA bought Curtiss-Wright's interest in CNAC, it made a contract with the Chinese government specifying that at the expiration of the contract in 1945 the government, if it had sufficient trained personnel, might take complete control of the company. The war has hampered instruction, but CNAC's program for training pilots and mechanics still is in full force. It now has eight Chinese pilots and a number of Chinese copilots, many of whom served with the Chinese Air Force before joining CNAC.

Chinese mechanics are being trained constantly, and some who were trained earlier are serving as foremen. They are trained from the ground up, beginning as apprentices. The Chinese and American mechanics have worked miracles in handling delicate precision instruments under difficult conditions. The "Flying Banshee" and the "DC-2½" were saved as a result of their ingenuity and ability.

ADULT EDUCATION FOR THE WORKER. A factory class teaches employees "the evolution of Democracy" under Sun Yat-sen's Three Principles of the People.

BRIEFING IN TWO LANGUAGES. Chinese and American flyers of the Composite Wing receive their instructions from a squadron commander before taking off for the day's mission.

Not content with its record of achievement in the past, CNAC has sent several of its Chinese pilots to the United States to learn to handle four-engine ships. When they return, they will be ready to operate giant planes as soon as these are available in China; and they will be the pioneers in China's participation in postwar civil aviation.

FLYING UNDER TWO FLAGS

By Samuel M. Chao

A SLIM, gull-winged Mitchell bomber, which was made in America but had the white sun of China painted on its wing tips, dived through a hole in the clouds upon a Japanese freighter somewhere off the South China coast. The Chinese pilot pressed his fire control button, and streams of bullets poured into the ship. A bomb skipped over the blue waves and cut the ship in two.

The American navigator of the plane, who had been watching the pilot with a critical but satisfied eye, put up a thumb, and yelled, "Ting hao! Tops!" The Chinese pilot smiled and answered in purest American, "O.K."

The navigator and the pilot, with the help of other American and Chinese members of the plane's crew, had sunk another vessel which Japan could not afford to lose.

As comrades in the Chinese American Composite Wing they were doing something more than sink Japanese ships. They were showing what the expressions "Allied Forces" and "common war effort" can mean. They were living examples of the United Nations' ideal, "One for all, and all for one." They were expressing in concrete form the traditional friendship and mutual confidence of the two sister republics bordering the Pacific.

The Chinese American Composite Wing, which first went into combat on November 4, 1943, is a unique striking arm. It is a combined force of Chinese and American airmen trained side by side, flying wing tip to wing tip and fighting

shoulder to shoulder. Officially it is part of the Chinese Air Force, the command of which is entrusted by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to Major General Claire L. Chennault. The general is commander of the 14th Air Force of the United States Army and for years has been adviser on aeronautical affairs to the Generalissimo.

The Composite Wing is equipped with modern American planes. It uses new and battle-proven American aerial tactics. It operates from Chinese bases with the help of the intricate Chinese system of intelligence. To the American, its value lies in the striking power it adds to the 14th Air Force, now operating in China. To the Chinese, it not only is a part of the forces fighting Japan but is the nucleus of a powerful Chinese Air Force.

The CACW, as the wing is known in this age of initials, is General Chennault's baby. The idea behind it is to give members of the Chinese Air Force the American "know-how" in combat flying and air tactics and in air force organization and administration. As Colonel Winslow C. Morse, American commander of the wing, expresses it:

"We are here to show to the Chinese administration an organization along the American line. A manual is now under preparation for the Chinese pilots and crew members in this outfit, breaking down the duties of a squadron leader, adjutant, operations officer, and intelligence officer, to prepare the men for duties as leaders in the Chinese Air Force. They will become the backbone of the air force in China."

Plans for the composite wing were suggested to Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, chief of the United States Army Air Corps, by General Chennault in June, 1943. The proposal was approved, and the first group of CACW personnel soon flew out from China to India, where planes, gasoline, and other supplies for training were more readily available.

Since then, group after group of Chinese and American pilots and crew members has arrived from China and America, at the Chinese-American Operations Training Unit in India. Under the dazzling blue Indian skies these men have spent hundreds of hours flying Mitchell bombers and P-40's, and in studying tactics, motors, and equipment. Dark blue fatigue suits of the Chinese are seen with the khaki of the American GI's on the field, in classroom, in workshops, and in barracks. The prevailing cordial atmosphere makes visitors think that the two groups of men are working together rather than teaching and being taught.

Most of the Chinese pilots assigned to this unit were young men who won their wings in Arizona and Texas training centers under the training program arranged between the Chinese and American governments. Others were chosen from old-line pilots trained in Chinese aviation schools. Many of the older Chinese had seen action against the Japanese since 1937 and had more air hours than the average American pilot.

American members of the wing were chosen from existing American air-force personnel. Most of them had experience in air combat duty against the Japanese in the China theater. They were loaned by the United States Army Air Corps to the Chinese Air Force and will be returned as soon as the unit can be operated by the Chinese alone.

The CACW is made up of several bombardment and fighter groups. Each group operating in China is commanded by an American as well as a Chinese group commander. The squadrons are led by American and Chinese squadron leaders. Both the groups and the squadrons have American and Chinese executives, operations, and intelligence officers and American and Chinese crew chiefs. The same Chinese-American combination is found throughout the organization. Com-

plete agreement must be reached between Chinese and American commanders before every operation. This dual administration may seem inadvisable in theory, but in practice it is highly efficient, thanks to the unreserved cooperation and comradeship between the Chinese and Americans.

There is no red tape and little paper work in the Chinese-American cooperation. Views are exchanged and decisions reached in chats over cups of tea or while strolling in the neighborhood of the air fields.

On one moonlit March night when Japanese were reported to be approaching, Lieutenant Colonel Eugene Strickland, blue-eyed, soft-voiced American leader of the "Cowboy" Fighter Squadron, jumped out of his bed and found the Chinese commanding officer, Captain Cheng Sung-ting, in the hostel yard. The two leaned against a broken wing of a Japanese bomber brought down in an earlier raid and decided in a few seconds what fighters they would send up to oppose the Japanese.

After completing their training in India, the men of the CACW fly their own planes to China to join their respective squadrons. Flying over the Hump is no easy task, and a successful flight is recorded by the wing command as a "mission accomplished." The rugged mountains between eastern India and China offer few places for a forced landing. To bail out in an emergency means to land on a snowcapped peak or in an uninhabited valley. Treacherous air currents over the area play havoc with light fighter planes.

Lieutenant Lung Cheng-tseh, one of the Chinese flight leaders of the Flying Dragon Fighter Squadron, was flying over the Hump to China in a fighter plane, when his engine suddenly coughed and stopped while he was above a mass of jagged peaks. There was nothing to do but turn back, hoping to glide to safety. After he had lost about 10,900 feet of alti-

tude and found himself below the peaks which surrounded an unknown valley his engine picked up again.

The second time he took off for China, accompanied by four planes, flown by two Americans and two Chinese, he ran into a heavy rainstorm over the border. Flying blind, Lieutenant Lung lost sight of the others. He finally brought his ship through rain and clouds by skillful instrument flying and landed at his destination. The other four planes were forced to land on auxiliary fields.

When flying into China from India the planes are all armed, ready to fight the patrolling Japanese fighters. Occasionally the bombers will attack an enemy target. Usually their bombs are saved for missions in China.

The first members of the CACW flying personnel to reach China, a bombardment squadron, arrived at a Chinese base in their planes late in the evening of November 2, 1943. They spent the next day checking over their ships after the long flight. Before dawn broke on November 4, four flights of Mitchells were sent on a sea sweep off the Kwangtung and Fukien coasts. They sank two Japanese freighters and probably sank a gunboat at the cost of one bomber lost, due to bad weather.

Since then, the CACW Mitchells have been "altitude and skip bombing" military, industrial, and transportation objectives and the Japanese shipping along the China coast. In December fighter squadrons arrived and the CACW became an increasing danger to the Japanese in the China theater.

The wing functions tactically as a part of the United States 14th Air Force. Bombers and fighters of the two forces sometimes fly wing to wing on the same mission. Although the planes bear different insignia—the American star on the 14th planes, and the Chinese sun on CACW ships—they fight in the same formation as single units.

As the CACW is a tactical part of the United States 14th Air Force and the command lies with General Chennault, the higher officers responsible for operations and intelligence and supplies are American. American crew chiefs play important roles in serving the ships. Practically all equipment is American and is brought to China by American transport planes.

American pilots and crew members are sprinkled through the CACW squadrons. When a squadron begins operation, the leading plane in the formation usually is manned by an all-American crew. The other planes are manned by Americans and Chinese, with Americans serving as pilots to familiarize the Chinese with American tactics and equipment. Later the Chinese copilots are checked out as pilots. Not infrequently American crew members fight under the command of Chinese pilots. After some time, Chinese man all the planes with the exception of the leading plane, which is manned by Americans. Finally, when the command decides that the Chinese can operate by themselves, all the planes are manned by Chinese.

According to Colonel Irving L. Branch, thirty-one-year-old American leader of a bombardment group of the CACW, it takes two months of combat operation to complete this air tutelage program. One bombardment squadron which began operation last November "retired" all its American crew members at the beginning of February with the exception of two pilots who act as non-flying advisers and a few American crew chiefs. The crew chiefs keep an eye on the Chinese mechanics serving ships and provide liaison between the squadron and American-controlled equipment, ammunition, bomb, and gasoline depots. Operations and intelligence officers are, however, still mainly American.

In discussing Chinese pilots and crews who have completed

their air tutelage under American coaching, Colonel Branch said: "The Chinese pilots and crews are damn good. They are good flying with us. Once we let them go out themselves, they are even better. They put everything they've got into the job, and, by God, they are superb!"

In the fighter squadrons, American pilots first serve as element leaders. As the Chinese pilots pile up experience, they are sent out by themselves on escort or strafing missions. On March 1, 1944, P-40's from a fighter group of the CACW provided escort for Mitchells from the 14th Air Force and CACW in the bombing of Japanese military depots at Nanchang. All the escorting fighters were manned by Chinese pilots. They shepherded the bombers safely out and back, and the mission was a complete success for the escorting fighters.

In India, the ratio between Chinese and American personnel is about 3 to 2. The ratio was about 4 to 1 with the groups in operation in China in April. Pilots and crew members of the CACW will be entirely Chinese sometime this fall, at the present rate of progress. However, both Chinese and American officers agree that Americans will be needed as group and squadron commanders, and as operations and intelligence officers. Americans will continue to be responsible for the control of supplies under the present Lend-Lease system.

The fast-moving, heavily armed Mitchell bombers of the bombardment groups of the CACW are among the most-flown bombers in the world. Only extra-heavy overcasts and rains keep the bombers on the ground. Otherwise the planes are always active over the China skies, ranging the Tonkin Gulf to the south, the Formosa Strait to the east, and the Yangtze valley to the north. One bombardment group carried out ninety-two missions in the four months from November

4, 1943, to March 3, 1944, averaging three missions in four days. Captain Li Hsiang-ping, chief bombardier of the group, said: "I flew more missions in the four months in the CACW than in the six years before it. We are catching up with the tempo. Personally, I don't mind riding this baby day in and day out. Only Tojo has to send us more ships to shoot at."

Another bombardment squadron of the group, in four months, sank thirty-six Japanese ships of a total of 101,626 tons, not counting the "probables" and the damaged ships. The squadron dropped a total of 362,870 pounds of bombs.

Besides sweeping the China seas and the Yangtze the bombers give support to Chinese ground troops by strategical bombing of Japanese depots, transportation and industrial targets and make tactical attacks on enemy positions. During the battle of Changteh, the CACW Mitchells carried out two missions daily to bomb and strafe the enemy.

"That was a hectic week," said Second Lieutenant Yang Hsuin-wei, one of the American-trained pilots; "but we delivered the goods all right."

"The American-trained Chinese pilots here are as good as any good American pilot," said Colonel Branch.

"They have the courage and skill to make them first-class fighters. They are aggressive and cocky like any twenty-year-old American airman. The older Chinese-trained pilots have wider experience and good judgment. They are more conservative and have more patience. All these are good qualities for leadership. Adding the younger pilots' dash to this patience and judgment, they make a perfect combination, each supplementing the other."

Bomber pilots of the CACW are famous among their Chinese and American comrades as fine formation flyers. In the devastating bombing of the Japanese Sinchiku airfield in

Formosa last Thanksgiving Day, Mitchells from the CACW participated. Before taking off, the men agreed to show pilots from the 14th Air Force "how to fly formation." True to their promise, they kept the best formation both on the way out and back.

Lieutenant George F. Grottle of the "Flying Submarine" squadron of the 14th Air Force once flew a mission with Chinese-piloted bombers, of the CACW. He looked to his right and found a Mitchell with its propellers almost sawing the right wing of his plane. Turning to the left, he saw another Mitchell almost touching his left wing. He nosed down, trying to shake off the two, only to find they followed as if attached to his ship. He pulled up sharply. The two planes followed in the climb like two shadows. After this he did not look back again. He knew that the CACW planes were in expert hands. Since then he has had nothing but praise for the Chinese who fly Mitchells.

The courage and fighting spirit of the Chinese are so high that they sometimes amount to recklessness, said Colonel Branch. In a river sweep on the lower Yangtze at the beginning of March, American-trained Second Lieutenant Chang Tien-min found several Japanese gunboats and river steamers anchored in a river bend protected on three sides by hills. He knew that anti-aircraft fire from the gunboats and gun positions on the hills would be too heavy for him to face alone. Nevertheless, he dived in for an attack. Fellow pilots at a distance saw him sweep across the river, a little more than a hundred feet above the water, saw him attack and sink one of the steamers. He was seen no more. The attack was suicidal, and he knew it; but he had a job to do, and he did it.

Four days later, Second Lieutenant Huang Sung-shan, another American-trained pilot, bagged his third enemy ship. His plane was hit by enemy anti-aircraft fire. One of the

bullets passed between his back and the protective armor behind him, struck the barrel of his revolver and exploded. Four pieces of shrapnel were imbedded in his back, one of them close to the spine. Leaning against the window of his cabin, he fought unconsciousness and nursed his wounded plane back to an advanced base. As the plane stopped rolling on the runway, he fainted from loss of blood.

Navigators, bombardiers, and gunners of the CACW bombardment squadrons also have their share of honor. Colonel Branch has great praise for the late Lieutenant Chou Ming-ho. The colonel said he was one of the best navigators in any air force. "Chou navigated by instinct," the colonel said. "His estimated time of arrival never missed the mark by a minute. In the three days January 23–25, Mitchells attacked and sank thirteen Japanese ships totaling 41,000 tons, besides damaging four more. It was Captain Bernard B. Harper's courage and fine leadership that made possible the success of the three-day attack. But most of the credit must go to Chou, who led the planes each time to the dodging convoy off the Fukien coast in spite of very bad weather.

"On the second day, while fighting off attacking Japanese Zeros, Captain Harper's plane was badly damaged: the compass was shot away; the radio was put out of commission. Taking a dime compass out of his emergency kit, Chou led the flight back through heavy rain to an advanced base.

"The party went out for another kill the third day. Captain Harper's plane had been patched up during the night, and a compass from another plane was installed. The ceiling was only three hundred feet. All the way the planes flew above heavy overcast. But Chou led the formation through a cloud hole, and they appeared right over the Japanese convoy."

A lieutenant told about the gunners of the CACW bomber

crews. "I watched the Chinese gunners hit their targets every time," he said. "We know they are good." Perhaps the most colorful figure among the CACW gunners is Master Sergeant "Pop" Lo Kwei-sen, a forty-year-old six-footer from Shantung. He was a mechanic in the Chinese Air Force, and a good one, but when he went to India for training and saw the Mitchells, he decided that he preferred to be a gunner. He applied for and got a job as tail gunner. He is easily the oldest man in the outfit, but certainly not the poorest shot. In the Chinese raid on Kiukiang on February 24, "Pop" Lo shot down one Zero confirmed and one probable.

"Pop" Lo has a comrade of whom he is very proud. Master Sergeant Yang Cheng-chun, radio gunner of the same plane, was wounded in the left arm during the Kiukiang fight. But when he saw the turret gunner collapse with a bad wound he climbed into the turret and drove off the attacking Japanese. He accepted first aid only when the running battle was over and after the turret gunner had been treated.

Master Sergeant Wei Ching-chung is the most experienced gunner in the outfit. He was an infantryman before joining the air force in December, 1937. Since then he has participated in no fewer than forty combat missions. He got a Japanese seaplane as "probable" in 1938. He had two forced landings and bailed out twice in his early air career. "The plane we used then was a joke," he said. "If we had had something like the Mitchells we could have done better." During the raid on Kowloon in early December, he shot down a Zero with thirty rounds of ammunition. A few days later, in the heat of the Changteh battle, he shot down one enemy fighter and probably another. He recently was awarded the Chinese air medal by order of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Flying over home territory, Chinese pilots always have an

edge over their American comrades. After a successful sea sweep off the Kwangtung coast, Second Lieutenant Chang Chien-kung discovered that his leading plane, piloted by an American, was heading in the wrong direction. Discipline told him to follow his leader but when he saw he was near Canton over enemy-held territory he called his leader by radio. The radio did not function, and he turned back in time to land at an advanced field.

Captain Li Yen-lo, an old-line pilot, was able to lead his flight of three SB bombers through clouds and rain to bomb Lashio in April, 1942, because he has a steady nerve and a good grasp of topography and instrument flying. The eight Tomahawks, from the Flying Tigers of that day, who were supposed to escort the bombers, failed to get through. The captain's steady nerve is now the talk of the CACW. During the raid on Formosa, his plane was struck six times. The bullet shot away a fuel pipe barely an inch from the captain's toe, but he constantly kept his plane in position in the formation.

When their planes are in trouble, the Chinese pilots, with the tradition of an air force which cannot manufacture its own machines, always hesitate to abandon ship. They would rather make a forced landing than bail out. In a twenty-minute argument, Captain W. P. Carson failed to persuade Captain Lin Chih-yang, his Chinese copilot, to abandon ship. The main fuel pipe of their plane had been shot away, and the gas tanks were nearly empty. One engine was dead, and the other choking. They dropped from 8,000 to 2,000 feet and were throwing out equipment to reduce the weight of the plane. Still Lin refused to jump. He hated to lose his ship on the CACW's first sea sweep. Finally they came down under the overcast through a hole and made a forced landing on a farmer's terrace. Captain Carson said Lin was crazy,

but he was glad they were able to save the plane, knowing every plane counts in China.

The CACW bombardment squadrons have been so short of planes and personnel that ships and men have been used to their capacity. They struck whenever the clouds were high enough for them to clear the hills surrounding their base. "There is no rest for us," said the pilots. "We rest only when it rains hard."

Actually there is hardly any rest on rainy days. When bad weather keeps them indoors, the men use the time for lessons in tactics, radio, navigation, bombardment, gunnery, and mechanics.

While the bomber crews were having little rest, the fighter pilots complained that they had too little to do. "Life is dull," said American-trained Second Lieutenant Chao Tze-ching. "Besides flying over the Hump, I have had only one escort mission over Hong Kong so far. Although I saw some Zeros on that trip, they were way over on the other side. I didn't have a chance to fire a shot. I hope Tojo sends us some 'Tojos' to shoot at. It is no fun to spend the time playing solitaire."

On the average the fighter pilots are shorter and lighter than the bomber men. But they are keen, aggressive, and deadly fighters. When asked his opinion of the Chinese pilots under his command, Colonel T. Alan Bennett, American commander of a fighter group, said:

"Our fighter group—you can't beat it. Yes, sir, you can't beat it! The Chinese pilots here are as good as the best I have had the pleasure of flying with. Of course they make minor mistakes occasionally. But we make the same mistakes, maybe more, in American squadrons. Besides, they are constantly outdoing themselves. In tactical flying and fighting, there is nothing wanting. They are the tops.

"The younger pilots of the group are American-trained. They are eager, aggressive, ready, and willing to accept any new idea and anxious to try it and adopt it. The older Chinese-trained pilots are seasoned fighters and make good leaders. They surprise me the way they pick up new tactics and learn to handle new equipment. Take Major Yuan Ching-han, for instance. He is the Chinese commander of the group. We may have had about the same number of flying hours. But he certainly has had more combat experience. The missing part of his left ear and the eight bullet wounds on his body can testify to that. He test-flew a Tomahawk at Kunming when the former Flying Tigers were using that ship. It was quite a jump from the old E-15. But when I saw him handle a P-40 in India it looked as if he was born in that plane. It is sure a pleasure to work with men like him."

Major Yuan participated in the first aerial attack on Japanese positions at Shanghai on August 14, 1937, when the Chinese Air Force first went into action against a foreign foe. Since then, he has fought over Shanghai, Hankow, Chungking, Lanchow, and a number of other cities and fronts. During one engagement over Lotien near Shanghai, he was shot down with eight wounds, and was captured and bayoneted by the Japanese. He pretended to be dead until he had a chance to slip away and run five miles to safety. His wide experience is a great asset to the group. The younger pilots are able to benefit before and after each mission from the veteran commander's knowledge. He explains to his men the habits of Japanese airmen and their tactical merits and faults, and passes on the "know-how" of air fighting he learned the hard way in six years during which he bagged eight Japanese planes against heavy odds.

The best compliments paid to the fighter pilots of the CACW come from the bomber crews of the CACW and

14th Air Force. "They follow us out and guard us back," said their comrades in the bigger ships. In three months of escort duty, CACW fighters lost only one bomber. Gunners on Mitchells complain that they have little chance to fire at the attacking enemy planes when going out with the P-40's.

While bomber pilots of the CACW are famous for their ability in flying formation, the fighter pilots are known as the men who stick to their charges. Come what may, the P-40's of the CACW are always between the attacking Zeros and the CACW bombers. In a joint mission with the 14th Air Force mission over Canton last December, the CACW fighters alone maintained their formation and doggedly followed the heavy bombers under their care throughout a fight with more than twenty Zeros. "That's where air discipline comes in," said Lieutenant Colonel Strickland. "I am damn proud of them."

Two young Chinese pilots on this mission used to good advantage the training they received in Arizona. Second Lieutenant Chou Shih-lin, of Hunan, caught an enemy plane on the tail of his leader. With one salvo he sent the Zero down in smoke. Pulling up to rejoin his element, he saw another enemy climbing for the bombers from the left. He dived for it. After a few maneuvers he sent the enemy spinning down and claimed it as a probable. One of his wing flaps was shredded, and half of his horizontal rudder shot away during the engagement.

In the same fight, Second Lieutenant Chao Yi-hsin suddenly found a Zero flying in front of him. The Japanese concentrated on Chao's leader and forgot his own position. With forty rounds of ammunition Chao sent the Zero smoking down to destruction.

"But I was as green as my victim on this job," Chao said. "For when I was concentrating on him, another Jap sent six

bullets through my cabin, one foot from my body. I took a sharp right turn and nosed down to safety. Just then I saw one of our bombers falling, the only bomber we have lost so far. Two parachutes mushroomed in the air. So I nosed over and followed them for several hundred feet and chased a Zero away. He was trying to shoot two Americans hanging helplessly under their umbrellas. I sent some bullets into the enemy plane and damaged it. But I got in return two 20-millimeter shells on my right wing.

An old-line Chinese-trained pilot, Lieutenant Meng Chao-yi, who led an element in the Canton job, shot down a Zero trying to break through the formation for an attack on the bombers. In the fifteen-minute air battle, Meng fought four different enemies. He was seen wherever a Jap edged in for an attack. His right wing was drilled by eight bullets and two shells, which made holes about six inches in diameter.

The old-timers are happy to be flying P-40's after all their years in the slow and lightly armed E-15's. They all feel that, after three years of being chased by Zeros, it is a pleasure to be doing the chasing. "It's our turn to shoot at the sitting duck now," they say.

During the surprise attack on the Japanese air field at Haikow on Hainan Island in early March every one of the Chinese fighter pilots on the mission was an old-line pilot. They were chosen so that they might have a chance for revenge after being "sitting ducks" so long. Every one of them destroyed at least two enemy planes on the ground or in the air. Some got as many as six. "Too bad we were allowed only one pass over the targets," one of them said. "Otherwise we could have gotten more." Each agreed that the thirty-second strafing of the Haikow air field was the best moment of his flying career so far.

Many of the American-trained CACW fighter pilots saw

action with the 14th Air Force before they were transferred to the new unit. American fighter pilots of the 14th Air Force still talk about the exploits of Chinese comrades who served with them. Second Lieutenant Cheng Tun-yung had one Japanese bomber and two fighters to his credit, besides one fighter probable, in twenty-two missions during his nine months with the 14th. Second Lieutenant Chung Hung-chiu piled up a record of twelve escort and fighter sweep missions and twenty-six interception missions in nine months with the American outfit. During the escort mission over Hankow last December, he shot down one Japanese Zero confirmed and two probables. He discovered the last Jap on his return journey and chased him all the way from Changsha to Hankow before shooting him down. For an hour Chung flew over enemy-held territory all by himself. When he landed on his home field he had no ammunition and only twenty gallons of gasoline in his tanks.

In a little more than three months from December 1 to March 4, one fighter group made 336 sorties, shot down twenty enemy planes confirmed and eleven probable, besides destroying twelve enemy planes on the ground. They also sank a number of junks and killed a good number of Japanese troops in strafing missions in support of Chinese ground forces during the battle of Changteh.

Comradeship between the Chinese and American personnel of the CACW leaves nothing to be desired. As Major Li Hsueh-yen, Chinese commander of a bombardment group, said: "We work together and help each other like fingers on the same hand. We have to. For we are fighting the same battles in the same planes or formation, and to help our 'brothers' means to help ourselves."

Each group or squadron occupies a hostel run by the War Area Service Corps of the National Military Council. In some

of them the Chinese and Americans live in neighboring rooms. In others they occupy adjoining buildings. They share the same bathrooms. They eat under the same roofs but at different tables. Americans have foreign-style meals served by the War Area Service Corps. The Chinese have Chinese meals. A mixed mess was tried in India in the beginning. Both races found it unsatisfactory because of differences in tastes and eating habits—for instance, the Chinese prefer to have their soup last, and the Americans first. Nevertheless, one sees Chinese and Americans sitting at the same table in restaurants, with the Chinese airmen teaching their American friends the use of chopsticks and the drinking of yellow wine.

Besides three movie shows a week arranged by the American command and weekly leaves in town, there is little amusement for either American or Chinese personnel. Hunting and photography are the two major outdoor pastimes. There is little to shoot except cuckoos. Card games are played indoors. Some of the Americans are amateur artists. The Chinese, when artistically inclined, practice Chinese calligraphy, but the Americans paint pretty girls. Reading, which ranged from the history of Japan and American and British opinions on the postwar world to mystery books, is usually done in the daytime. When the oil lamps flicker in the evenings, the men roast ginkgo nuts on charcoal stoves to while away the hours.

The Americans draw pay in American money. The Chinese are paid by the Chinese National Commission for Aeronautical Affairs.

The main difficulty encountered in training is that of language. The American-trained Chinese pilots know some English. The Americans struggle with Chinese phrases. There are Chinese interpreters for lectures and field work, especially for Chinese enlisted men. But interpretation hinders efficiency. There are words on instruments in the planes that

have to be read and understood by the men themselves, not through interpreters.

But no difficulty is insurmountable to the Chinese. Major Li Hsueh-yen said: "It is hard to step into a foreign plane and read all the foreign signs correctly. But we are now used to it. I started on Americans planes when I was an air cadet. Since then I have gone through French, German, Italian, and Soviet ships. After that maze of continental alphabets, English is easy and familiar now."

Another difficulty is that of supplies. "Everything we use now has to be flown in," said Colonel Bennett. "You know flying over the Hump is no easy task. If we have more ships and more gas, we shall be able to strike more often and with greater strength. But this is a problem too big in scope to be dealt with by us alone."

Both Chinese and Americans think the CACW is a successful venture in United Nations cooperation. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is more than satisfied. He visited the training unit in India last October on his way to Cairo for conferences with President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. He visited the CACW's main base in China in February with Madame Chiang. When the Chinese pilots tried to take his picture during his visits to their bases in India and China, he would stop or slow down and give them a pleasant smile. He recently decorated more than twenty CACW bomber-crew members with the Chinese air medal for their achievements.

Major General Chennault said: "The work of the CACW has been extremely good. The Chinese members of the wing have more than justified the confidence placed in them. They are eager to fight the enemy and have shown good combat discipline and effectiveness both in air combat and in bombing."

But the value of the CACW, in the opinion of Colonel Bennett, is not limited to air combat and bombing alone. He believes the unit has contributed much to understanding and good will between China and America.

"We are here to further the best of international relations," he said. "We are making friends here through fire and blood, and such friendship lasts. We are doing a darn sight better than the diplomats can do. The American boys may cuss because of the shortage of equipment and ships and lack of chances for personal glory. But we know this is a job for unknown heroes. We are making a contribution, and our Chinese friends appreciate us, just as they appreciated us during their training in America. Our Chinese friends may cuss too. But they contribute equally and generously to our ideal of international friendship. The wing confirms my belief that there is no such thing as an insurmountable difficulty in lasting cooperation and understanding between China and the United States."

AMERICAN "KNOW-HOW" FOR CHINESE SOLDIERS

By Samuel M. Chao

THE flat green valley is surrounded by hills of rock shaped like inverted ice-cream cones. On the maps it is known as "Happy Valley." American officers and men of the Infantry Training Center prefer to call it the Rose Bowl.

They do not play football in this "Rose Bowl," although a pigskin is kicked about occasionally. They are teaching Chinese soldiers in olive-drab uniforms to fire Bren guns and Tommy guns on the Bowl's "Little Tokyo" range in preparation for fighting on the Chinese road to Japan. The *rat-tat-tat* of a dozen or more guns firing at the same time gives one the impression of a battle in progress. A model plane suspended from one of the peaks, with two red spots on its wing tips, gives added grimness to the atmosphere.

In a neighboring valley, Chinese officers are firing Boys anti-tank rifles at small dark silhouettes of enemy tanks painted on movable target boards. Not far away other trainees are firing heavy machine guns, Generalissimo rifles and 60-millimeter mortars on hillsides covered with pines. On all the ranges are American officers and enlisted men teaching and supervising the firing. They are passing on American "know-how" to Chinese officers, who are preparing themselves to be more efficient fighters in the forthcoming general counteroffensive against the Japanese.

"This is truly an Allied effort," said Major Bernard J. Hussey, an army veteran who served with the United States

15th Infantry in Tientsin before the war and at present is chief of the weapons section of the center. With the brim of his old army hat pulled down over a pair of thick eyebrows, Major Hussey checked points off on his fingers. "The instructors here are American, with some American-born Chinese and an American-Korean. The students are Chinese. The rifles and heavy machine guns were made in China. The Bren gun is a Czech model made in Canada. The Boys rifle is a Canadian copy of the British original. The Tommy gun and the mortar are American. Ammunition for the small arms is mostly Chinese. But the .55 caliber bullets for the Boys rifle, much 7.92 ammunition for the Generalissimo rifle, and 60-millimeter mortar shells are shipped from the United States and flown into China.

"See those eight Chinese characters on that white billboard: 'Chung-Mei-Ho-Tso, Tseng-Chu-Sheng-Li'? That means 'Sino-American Cooperation for the Winning of Victory.' That and the Chinese and American flags flying side by side in front of the headquarters explain our mission here in the ITC."

The Infantry Training Center was set up by the Chinese and American armies in an effort to give Chinese officers, many of them veterans of seven years of war against the Japanese, additional training in western military science. It is one of the many Sino-American projects to strengthen the Chinese Army as a force for the defeat of Japan.

The ITC is mainly concerned with the training of infantrymen, as indicated by its name. Instruction, however, is also given in medical aid, signaling, veterinary science, and engineering, besides the handling of weapons and the mastery of tactics. Some of the fighting methods and weapons are modified to fit local conditions on the China front.

The center has Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek as its super-

intendent, and General Chang Fa-kwei, commander of the Kwangsi War Area, as its vice superintendent. Actual command is in the hands of Lieutenant General Lo Cho-ying, who led the Chinese forces in the Burma Campaign in 1942. Brigadier General Thomas S. Arms is the senior instructor. Under him are a number of trained American officers and enlisted men who instruct or supervise the instruction of Chinese officers. Training started in the center on November 1, 1943. Since then, thousands of officers have been trained. Each Wednesday and each Saturday see a class graduate in the afternoon and another class move in. "Ours is the American assembly-line system," said General Arms. "It saves time and is efficient."

The trainees are selected by their individual divisions and sent to the center by order of the Generalissimo. They report to a preparatory battalion when arriving at the center to wait their turn for training. Divisional and army commanders are also ordered to the center for training. They serve during the period as administrative officers of the student corps. They attend classes and share barracks with the students.

Some Chinese commanders were skeptical about the program at the beginning. They refused to send their best men for training. After going through the course themselves or seeing the improvement in tactical ability and marksmanship of the trained men, they changed their minds. Many of them promised the American senior instructor that better men would be sent from their units in the future.

Methods of instruction used in the center are the same as those used in service schools in the United States, according to General Arms. Instruction is divided into five steps: the preparation of instructors and preliminary arrangements, explanation of the subject, illustration or demonstration, prac-

tice, and examination. Emphasis is placed on practical training. A strict disciplinarian and an old army man, the hawk-faced American senior instructor believes no good officer can be made in an armchair. He insists that all students must do the work of recruits and enlisted men, and must take turns in giving and carrying out orders. It is by doing that that the students learn. His idea is to teach the student officers both what to do and how to do it, so that they can return to their own units and train the men under their command in the same effective way.

"The students grasp our teaching readily," said General Arms. "Former experience and training do not handicap them to any noticeable extent. Instead, they know by experience what they lack and what they need. Finding in the center the answer to most of their difficulties, the men are most appreciative of the instruction."

The center is divided into five schools, which give training in infantry tactics and weapons, signaling, medical science, veterinary science, and engineering. The signal corps and veterinary science schools have eight-week terms and train both officers and enlisted men. The other three schools give six-week courses for officers.

"We don't have enough time here for all our work," said General Arms. "For instance, mortar training usually requires thirty days, but we have only two. Rifle practice, the most fundamental of all infantry weapon training, gets only six days. However, we make up the lack of time by giving the students plenty of shooting. There is enough ammunition for every student."

Weapons training in the infantry school is concerned with the efficient handling of small arms now used in China and new weapons that can be carried by infantrymen. It includes

marksmanship, nomenclature, assembly, disassembly, and the care and cleaning of weapons.

Students who long have fought a defensive war find that the tactics section of the infantry school satisfies their desire for offensive tactics. Special attention is paid to infantry technique in jungle warfare and street fighting. The recovery of villages and towns now under enemy occupation will require a mastery of street fighting. Night maneuvers also are emphasized, as the Chinese troops have always used darkness and familiar terrain as allies in fighting against the Japanese. The center has a special demonstration regiment under its command which illustrates tactical problems for the benefit of the students. The students are required to command units of the regiment in tactical maneuvers.

The signal school has two sections: one for radio operators, and the other for signal corps officers. Radio operators sit at tables and receive code in English sent from nearby rooms. The signal corps officers learn the most efficient methods of setting up communication systems in tactical situations in the field.

Walkie-talkie sets also are used. Men are seen scattered in the woods near the center exchanging conversation in code and plain language through the portable radiophones.

General Arms has the highest praise for Chinese radio operators. These men, who do not know any English before coming to the center, are supposed to be able to receive fifteen English words a minute after seven weeks of training. "More than 90 per cent of the men make the grade," said the American senior instructor, "although the only English they learn during the period is the alphabet. Back in the States, only 60 per cent of the men make the grade after thirteen weeks of training. They certainly learn the thing damn quick here."

The veterinary science school emphasizes first aid for animals, blacksmith and shop work, and animal management. The school has a complete workshop where students learn to make horseshoes and various implements. The experience is quite new to many of them. The training emphasizes the use of remedies available in China today for animal diseases.

The medical school emphasizes first aid on the battlefield, evacuation of wounded from the front and sanitation. It trains students to recognize some common diseases and how best to combat sickness and infection with remedies available in China. The center has experimented with simple but effective means of disposing of garbage and the construction of latrines. It is hoped that the trainees will take back with them modern ideas of sanitation and adopt systems used by the center to keep barracks clean and men healthy.

The engineering school teaches the students how to solve various engineering problems encountered on the battlefield and behind the front. They are taught rigging, demolition, and bridge building. All work is done in the field with available native materials. A river passes through the center, and pontoon bridges made of bamboo rafts and boards are built across it by students as part of their field work.

The center pays special attention to the use of native materials and the improvement of present Chinese equipment to meet wartime requirements. The veterinary school has devised a minor change in the Chinese pack saddle to decrease its weight and discomfort to the animal and at the same time increase its usefulness in packing. The medical school uses bamboo for the making of splints and stretchers. The engineering school uses bamboo for pontoon bridges. Machine guns used for anti-aircraft purpose are mounted on bamboo stands. These are cheap to buy, easy to procure, and light to carry, but are as effective as metal stands.

Most of the instruction is given in the field. The center uses few maps or sand tables. Six days a week and eight hours a day the students move from range to range and field to field for their lessons. Each student carries a bamboo stool on which to sit, and a wooden writing board. The stool also is carried to lectures, meals, and evening social events.

The layout of the center is most satisfactory, according to General Arms. Everything is within thirty minutes' walking distance from the headquarters. This concentrated arrangement saves time and makes vehicle transportation unnecessary. Classes are arranged to save time and shoe leather by having all classes within a day in the same area. Food is sent to the field at lunchtime so that students need not return to mess halls.

The American general said of the ranges at the center, "They are as good as the best you find in America." They were built by engineer students with the help of American experts. The ranges are well protected and provide good visibility. The terrain embodies many different features and thus is ideal for training purposes.

Most instruction is done through interpreters, who are college boys trained for the job. Before starting work, they go through the same training as the soldier students so that they can understand fully the nature of the teaching. Interpretation wastes time and makes for inefficiency in teaching, so that American instructors who know enough Chinese prefer to give commands in Chinese. It is quite common to hear a southern drawl ordering "Kai-shih-sheh-chi!" which means "Commence fire!" or a distinct New England accent calling "Chien-ching," meaning "Advance!"

The American instructors are assisted by Chinese assistant instructors who are graduates of the center. The assistants are picked from among the best students and serve for two

months before going back to their own units. They are mainly concerned with the demonstration of problems to students.

To facilitate their work, these assistant instructors are required to take English lessons three times a week from the interpreters. The interpreters are also assigned to teach Chinese to Americans.

Lectures and literature are given to new instructors from America by the center's special service office, to familiarize them with Chinese conditions.

There is little recreation at the center for either Chinese or Americans. There are three movie shows a week for the Americans. They also have chess sets, radios, pingpong tables, and books, but often will walk miles of dusty highway to town for a Chinese dinner or a dancing party. After circling the floor the whole evening they hike the weary miles back to the center in the small hours of the morning. The center has a service club known as Ching Ai Shen (Fraternity Club). It serves Chinese food and tea plus American doughnuts. Many Americans visit the club to learn from the Chinese interpreters the use of chopsticks and appreciation of Chinese cooking.

There are a number of American-born Chinese serving as instructors in the center. They are most enthusiastic. One of them, Second Lieutenant Cassar C. Jung of Los Angeles, commented: "I am damn glad to be in China. This is a swell chance to train soldiers of my own blood. I like to visit my own people and see the land of my ancestors. Life here isn't so bad. It is much better than I expected, with the war and all that. What do I have to complain about? I might be stopping German bullets somewhere in Italy if I hadn't been sent out here. My only trouble is that the restaurant owners in town won't believe I am a member of the American army

and that the regular restrictions on food and wine don't apply to me. It's my face I guess. So I am staying home. Maybe I'll come back after the war to visit coastal Kwangtung and enjoy some of the dishes that we Cantonese are famous for."

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is much interested in the progress of the center. He visited it in February to inspect classes in session and the weapons used. General Ho Ying-chin, Chief of Staff to the Generalissimo, visited the center in March.

The students are appreciative. Many of them, like Lieutenant Colonel Yu Tien-chien of Szechwan, are veterans and know what good training means in the real test on the battlefield. Colonel Yu fought the Japanese for seven years without rest. He was glad to be able to improve his military knowledge with new training on his first trip away from the front. The thorough instruction impressed him.

"This is a swell training, considering the short time we spend here," he said. "I am most anxious to return to the front and try out the things I have learned in this center. But I am afraid our American friends will have to give us immediately adequate numbers of weapons and equipment which we have learned to use here, so that we won't forget our training, and so that the weapons don't become obsolete by the time they reach our hands."

The students generally share Colonel Yu's enthusiasm for returning to the front. "This," said General Arms, "is perhaps the greatest difference between a Chinese and an American soldier. The American soldier asks when he is going out to the front. But the Chinese asks when he is going back to the front. When a man has gone through the kind of hell a Chinese soldier has gone through in the last seven years and is still anxious to go back and get even with the enemy, you can't beat him if he has the necessary training and equipment —which we are trying to give him in this center."

CHINESE COURAGE IN THE BURMA JUNGLES

By Hawthorne Cheng

"THE Chinese are the bravest soldiers I have ever seen," said Colonel Rothwell H. Brown. "With the little training they have had, I must take my hat off to them for what they have accomplished. They've got guts. I'm willing to go anywhere with them."

Colonel Brown, American commanding officer at the Forward Headquarters in northern Burma, was describing the Chinese forces fighting on that front to war correspondents.

These soldiers, sometimes referred to as Uncle Joe's Chinese boys, because Lieutenant General Joseph Stilwell commands them in his capacity as Chief of Staff to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, were retrained and equipped by Americans in India and are now fighting in the Burma jungles, through which they were forced to retreat two years ago.

In praising the Chinese soldiers, Colonel Brown had particularly in mind the first tank action in the Hukawng Valley, which made possible the Chinese-American victory in early March in the Maingkwan-Walawbum area, where more than two thousand Japanese were killed and wounded. The colonel, in command of the American engineering and maintenance personnel of the tanks, did much of the tactical planning in the Maingkwan-Walawbum battles.

The northern Burma jungles, where towering trees and entwining vines make progress difficult even for men on foot, are hardly an ideal terrain for tank maneuvers, but Colonel Brown had told Uncle Joe that tanks could fight there. The

colonel did not realize until much later what a tough job he had undertaken.

With two bulldozers cutting the trail, numerous tanks, all manned by Chinese, started out in late February from a point near Shingbwiyang, which had been captured some time before. On March 3 the tanks encountered their first serious resistance from the Japanese north of Ninghku-Ga, which is about five miles north of Walawbum. The enemy opened up with 75-millimeter guns and with machine guns mounted in the trees.

A. D. Gary, of Fort Worth, Texas, a 250-pound American, was at the wheel of the first bulldozer. He drove steadily ahead, breaking a trail for the tanks behind. His bulldozer was hit by a hand grenade and by shrapnel from a 75-millimeter gun. He and the mechanic, Alfred Wooten, of Shelbyville, Texas, were wounded in the legs and hips, and the bulldozer caught fire. The American crawled under it and crouched there until rescuers carried them to a slit trench which had been dug near by. On March 12, at the General Hospital at Ledo, General Stilwell awarded the Silver Star to both Gary and Wooten.

The tanks soon won this action but there was harder fighting on March 7 when they reached Kunmyen-Ga, east of Walawbum, where four enemy anti-tank guns opened fire. At the time the tanks were ahead of their escort of infantry.

Colonel Brown saw the situation was serious and asked Colonel Chao Chen-yu to order a retreat. Colonel Chao, dark-complexioned, short, and stocky, a veteran of many battles near his home town of Shangcheng in China's Honan province, is the commander of the Independent First Tank Battalion.

Before Colonel Chao could comply with the request, Captain Sun Ming-hsueh, leader of the Third Tank Company,

which was the spearhead of the tank column, started an advance. In the gathering dusk he led his company through mine fields against the Japanese guns. His tank was hit and stopped with a jerk. Colonel Chao rushed forward in his own tank and succeeded in placing an infantry platoon, which had just arrived, in a position where it could protect the tanks. The colonel's tank was hit, and he was wounded in the right arm.

During the ensuing battle, the Chinese tank battalion showed its mettle. Yang Shao-an, from the paddies of China's Szechwan province, a Superior Private in the Third Tank Platoon, was wounded in both legs when his tank was hit. He crawled out and killed four Japanese with a Tommy gun before he collapsed from loss of blood.

Liao Yi-hwa, tank driver from Hunan province, was hit three times in the right arm but drove on until he received a fourth and fatal wound. While crossing the Nambyu River from Kunmyen-Ga, a tank driven by Wang Ying-hwa, also from Hunan, struck a mine in midstream. Rather than be captured by the enemy, the tank driver shot himself in the temple.

With his tank on fire, Wang Liang-pu, from Anhwei, crawled out with burns on both his legs and rolled toward the enemy lines. He killed several Japanese with a Tommy gun and made his escape.

Fighting side by side with the tank men were men of the Tank Maintenance Company, whose commander, Liu Kwei-tou, drove a ten-ton wrecker truck. One of Liu's men, Mao Cheng-yu, came running to him, saluted and was about to make a report when he collapsed from the effects of a wound in his chest. The company commander dressed the wound and called first aid. Mao regained consciousness and struggled to speak. "Where is my rifle?" he asked. "Nobody is driving

the truck because both of my comrades have been killed." He died soon afterward.

The Chinese Tank Battalion fought all through the day, through the night, and through the next day in its first battle with the Japanese in the dense Burma jungle. The four Japanese anti-tank guns were silenced, and the enemy gun crews killed.

Among the four hundred Japanese bodies four bore the identification cards of Lieutenant Colonel Isikawa, chief of the Operations Section; Colonel Kimura, Quartermaster General; Colonel Yamazaki, regimental commander; and Major Hara, company commander. The four anti-tank guns were captured together with two armored cars, a big truck, a command car, hundreds of rifles, radio sets, and rations. The two armored cars were repaired by Major Liu's men and used to advantage against the Japanese. The command car, christened "Victory Car," was given as a souvenir to Captain Sun of the Third Tank Company. He was the first man to enter Walawbum, and held it with his company until infantry arrived to relieve him.

The best of all trophies was the official seal of the headquarters of the Japanese 18th Division, crack force of the Imperial Army in Burma. The capture of this seal gave rise to the belief that General Tanaka Siniti, commander of the 18th, might have been killed during the Maingkwan-Walawbum battle.

Two days after the capture of Walawbum, Lieutenant General Stilwell rode in a jeep to the headquarters of the Independent First Tank Battalion, which had been hacked out of the jungle. Bulldozers were still breaking down the thick undergrowth to make a larger clearing when he appeared. The general warmly congratulated Colonel Chao and Captain Sun for their accomplishments.

The Chinese tank battalion which did so much in the Maingkwan-Walawbum drive had had little training, according to Colonel Brown. The colonel started the tank training course for Chinese officers in India in June, 1943; and in October the Independent First Tank Battalion was organized. Colonel Chao, a graduate of Whampoa Military Academy, and other Chinese officers instructed by the Americans in tank tactics, trained the rank and file of the tank men, who were new recruits from the paddies of Szechwan and other farming areas of China. An American staff of seventy-five men was organized to assist in planning, supply, and maintenance.

Colonel Brown had knowledge of the difficult Burma topography. He was with the American Air Corps flyers who dropped food and supplies to the Chinese forces during their epic retreat from Burma in 1942.

The Maingkwan-Walawbum drive was as much a victory for the infantry as it was for the tanks. When the tank battalion encountered its first resistance from the enemy on March 3, the vanguard of the 22nd Division of the Chinese new First Army, sweeping down the left bank of the Chindwin River, had reached Tawngkai, a strategic outpost about two miles north of Maingkwan. The infantry captured the place and held it for two days and nights, during which the Third Battalion of the enemy 56th Regiment made five futile counterattacks.

At Tawngkai the main body of the 22nd Division split into three columns, attacking the enemy 55th and 56th regiments at Maingkwan, at Hpungnye, on the right, and at Ngam-Ga, on the left. Maingkwan was captured on the evening of March 5.

When the tanks were engaging the Japanese near Kunmyen-Ga, part of the 22nd Division was driving from

Shingban to Ngamao-Ga, where there was an artillery duel in which the Chinese 60-millimeter howitzers outshelled the enemy 75's.

Part of one regiment of the 22nd Division made a forced march to Kunmyen-Ga to cover the operations of the tanks, and on the morning of March 9 took over Walawbum from the Third Tank Company under Captain Sun.

During all this time, the 38th Division of the Chinese new First Army, which had distinguished itself in earlier battles in Burma, was the rear guard, while American infantry under Brigadier General Frank Merrill were marching along the crude trails of the Kachin tribes to harass the enemy behind his lines south of Walawbum.

War trophies of various units of the 22nd Division in this campaign included two 47-millimeter and two 37-millimeter field pieces, two 75-millimeter howitzers, five heavy and six light machine guns, more than two hundred rifles and tens of thousands of rounds of ammunition. A supply depot and ammunition dump were abandoned by the Japanese in their hasty retreat from Walawbum.

In the seized documents was a report which showed the Japanese had four battalions at Yawngbang-Ga, a strategic point above Maingkwan, when two battalions of the Chinese 22nd Division attacked the place and captured it on February 23. This revelation surprised Chinese officers. They had believed there had been less than two Japanese battalions defending Yawngbang-Ga.

Before the two Chinese battalions of the 22nd Division set out on their drive for Yawngbang-Ga, Lieutenant General Stilwell announced that the first men to break into Yawngbang-Ga would be given a reward of 50 rupees each. In their enthusiasm for glory and rupees the Chinese soldiers advanced a mile or two beyond the place without realizing

it. When they went back, they found that Yawngbang-Ga had been "captured" by the army cooks.

The Chinese army cooks march through the jungles carrying not only cooking paraphernalia and food but rifles and hand grenades. They abandon cooking and become fighters whenever the occasion requires.

After the Chinese took Maingkwan a group of four enemy stragglers was found by a Chinese cook who killed one with a hand grenade and another with a rifle. The other two escaped.

While carrying food to the battle line, another Chinese cook saw a soldier walking in front of him. The cook put down his load and shouted, "How about helping me carry this?" The soldier turned back and walked up to the food jars. He took out his mess kit and helped himself greedily to the steaming rice and soup. As the cook watched he suddenly realized the man was a Jap. He did not have his rifle at the moment, so he attacked the man with his hands and fought with him for the possession of his weapon. Finally the cook overpowered his opponent and killed him with his own bayonet.

The Japanese soldiers were not underfed. A visit to the forward headquarters of the Chinese 22nd Division at Walawbum, which only a few days before had been the headquarters of the Japanese 18th Division, proved the contrary.

There was an intermittent boom of artillery fighting some five miles away. Under the vine-smothered trees were tents in which army officers and interpreters were poring over documents, maps, and charts. The cool breeze of early spring now and then brought the odor of death, for it would be weeks before all the bodies left in the jungle by the retreating Imperial Army could be found and buried.

Gray-haired, thirty-eight-year-old Major General Liao Yao-hsiang, commander of the 22nd Division, was celebrating his victory. He and his subordinates were eating Japanese rations, including beef, fish, ham, sausages, and sea food. The Japanese 18th Division apparently had planned a long stand at Walawbum. It had in store food supplies sufficient until the end of April. All these were abandoned in the confusion of retreat.

General Liao sat close to the telephone, which tinkled every now and then. Each call was from one of his regimental commanders, reporting progress of the fighting. "Advance," the general would order, or "Concentrate your fire on the enemy gun positions."

For days after the big Maingkwan-Walawbum victory, the general had to content himself with reports of minor successes, while his troops slowly moved forward a mile or two at one point or another. In the thick jungle around his headquarters Japanese stragglers lay hidden, sniping at Chinese and Americans who passed by. Many Japanese were killed by Chinese patrols, and a few were captured alive. These included twenty-four-year-old Private Nabesima. When brought before General Liao, he said that he never wanted to fight in any war again and he hoped to go back to Japan and care for his old mother.

Not all those killed and captured during the mopping-up in the jungle were Japanese. Once a Nepalese was brought before General Liao for questioning.

"I have fought for the Japanese for over a year," he said, "being one of more than a hundred Nepalese who were forced to fight for them. During that period I have received only one month's pay of 25 rupees."

The confession made by the Nepalese prisoner was translated into Chinese by fourteen-year-old Ma Kuo-kwang, the

juvenile interpreter attached to General Liao's headquarters. Little Ma is a linguist. He can converse freely with various Burmese tribespeople, such as the Kachins and Nagas, and has a fair command of several of the Indian languages, including Nepali. He has picked up some of the simpler Japanese words and expressions. He speaks English with a Burmese accent.

He is known as the "precious pearl" of the 22nd Division, just as Li Hsien-yu, a fifteen-year-old orderly, is the "precious pearl" of the members of the Chinese Army still under training in India. The boys have shared the joys and sufferings of the army since the days of the first Burma campaign in 1942.

One recent occasion which reminded General Liao of retreat from Burma was the presentation to him of the Legion of Merit medal, Degree of Officer, by Lieutenant General Stilwell. The presentation was made three days after Walawbum fell into Chinese hands, and the citation read:

Citation for Legion of Merit, Degree of Officer, General Liao Yao-hsiang, commander of the new 22nd Division of the Chinese Army. For exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding service during the 1942 operations in Burma. General Liao displayed high qualities of leadership under most discouraging conditions. With no artillery or air support and against great odds he covered the retirement from Pyinmana to Mandalay and was instrumental in establishing the defense line along the Myinge and Irrawaddy rivers. His services in cooperation with the American command and in the field reflect great credit on Allied arms.

The story of the Chinese Army in Burma and India is the story of boys and men—some of them as young as young Ma, who was only twelve in 1942—who went through incredible hardships and sufferings in the first campaign in

Burma and in the long retreat which followed, but lived to return to the scene of their disaster and kill thousands of the enemy, avenging dead comrades.

It is the story of men who fought with inadequate weapons and supplies in 1942 and found, after making their perilous way through the jungle-clad mountains to India, that they were to be given fine equipment and to be trained in the latest methods of modern warfare by American officers and men.

It is a story which includes coincidences, like that which happened to Wang Chao-lu, Superior Private. During the fighting in 1942 he killed a Japanese on whose body he found a five-rupee note bearing the words, "Issued by the Japanese Government." He planned to send it home and scribbled in the upper right hand corner this message, "Mother, keep this as a souvenir from your loving son on the Burma front."

During the long retreat from Burma he threw away all his possessions, including the note, so that it would be easier to force his way through the tangled underbrush.

In the battle at Maingwan this year Superior Private Wang killed another Japanese and found in his clothes the note which bore the message he had written to his mother two years before.

The Chinese Fifth and Sixth armies, under Lieutenant General Lo Cho-ying, were sent to Burma early in March, 1942, to help the British defend the country against the Japanese. The Fifth Army had four divisions, assigned to different areas, including General Liao's 22nd Division, which at first was stationed at Pyinmana where the rich oil fields of Burma are located.

The 200th Division had to evacuate Toungoo after a twelve-day battle with a stronger enemy force. Part of the

38th Division was rushed to the rescue of 7,000 British troops besieged by the Japanese at Yedashe.

The situation turned critical when the defense line of the Sixth Army, stationed near Lashio and Myitkyina, was penetrated by the enemy following the arrival of strong reinforcements from Thailand. The 22nd Division, therefore, was shifted to Mandalay, leaving the defense of Pyinmana to the 96th Division and an independent artillery regiment equipped with 72- and 75-millimeter howitzers. The battle of Pyinmana lasted four days, ending with the retreat of the 96th and the artillery regiment and with the enemy hot in pursuit.

The Chinese forces retreating from Pyinmana, who were later joined by the 22nd Division, planned to return to Yunnan Province in China via Lashio and Myitkyina. They soon learned that both Lashio and Myitkyina had been captured by the Japanese. The Generalissimo had ordered them to get back to China at any cost, and they turned westward into the jungles, where they were constantly waylaid by Japanese ground troops and bombed from the air.

In their night marches, they had to detour every few miles in order to avoid Japanese units, and after many days' groping in the darkness they found they were not far from where they started.

When they did succeed in getting away from the Japanese detachments they had to fight the jungle, which grew denser and denser as they proceeded. It seemed that the whole universe was overgrown with trees and vines, all bound together in eerie tangles of vegetation. At best the soldiers rarely made ten miles a day, and there was a time when they marched more than seventy miles without finding water. They tried to dig wells in the earth with their fingers whenever they

saw evidence of moisture, but not a drop of water could they find.

The drought at its worst was not as bad as the rain that followed. It was the Burma monsoon, which in 1942 began on April 20. The downpour continued day and night. With knives and the vegetable choppers of their cooks the soldiers cut a narrow path through the swampy jungle. They crossed numerous rivers on bamboo rafts, which often capsized. Scores of the soldiers were drowned. A major general who was the vice commander of the 96th Division was drowned when incessant torrents of rain turned a pond he was crossing into a wave-swept lake.

The rations they started with did not last long. For days on end they lived on bamboo shoots, the roots of grass, and the bark of trees. Horses and mules were used at first to carry howitzers, trench mortars, and heavy machine guns. These weapons finally were shifted to human shoulders so that the horses and mules could be eaten. The last horse and the last mule escaped the cooks, for they were drowned in the Irrawaddy.

In the ever falling rain, it was almost impossible to make fires. Any equipment dry enough to burn was used for fuel, regardless of its value. At night the men were tormented by mosquitoes. Many died of malaria. The army doctors could do nothing because the soldier in the medical corps who carried the quinine tablets had been lost. Dysentery and relapsing fever took heavy toll.

Leeches crawled into socks and pants of the soldiers, buried their heads in flesh and sucked blood. None of the soldiers was free from the attacks of these bloodsuckers. Among those on the trek who were killed by the leeches were a Burmese nurse and an American officer.

The trail the Chinese soldiers followed was strewn with

corpses. The rear guard marched over the bodies of the dead of the advance guard. In many cases only the bones were left when the rear guard arrived: they had been picked clean by the scavengers of the jungle.

The ranks of the marchers grew thinner and thinner during the struggle to cross the Chin and Naga hills. Only men who are well fed and of robust health and physique can cross without distress those towering barriers, which reach 7,500 feet above sea level. Fatigued and hungry, the soldiers struggled over range after range until they felt too weak to breathe, let alone walk.

Chinese planes with food and supplies were sent on twenty occasions in search of the retreating columns, but not until the soldiers reached Taro on the Chindwin River did they receive supplies. British supplies were dropped there from planes of the American Volunteer Group. The sight of the low-flying planes cheered the men, who rushed forward in frenzy as bags of rice and flour and cans of beef, fish, and milk came hurtling down. Several starving men were killed when hit by falling bags.

With food in their stomachs, the weak survivors of the retreat made the eighty-two-mile march from Taro to Shingbwiyang in a month. More food was dropped to them there by A.V.G. planes, which had difficulty in locating the troops because of heavy fog.

From Shingbwiyang, the soldiers marched northwestward fourteen miles to the first of seven troop receiving stations built along the road to Ledo by British authorities.

The other units of the Fifth and Sixth armies which retreated from Burma broke up into many groups during the journey. The groups lost contact and traveled different routes. They all started for Yunnan, found the Japanese had blocked the way, and arrived at various destinations in India

after four to six months. One group of 5,000 men was reduced to 130 when it reached Ledo in early August, 1942. At Tipang, the terminus on the Burma border of a railway through Assam, 7,000 men arrived in the late summer.

There was such confusion in Burma and India in 1942 that no one knows to this day—nor can anyone give a good estimate—how many Chinese died in battle in Burma and on the retreat to India. Only a few of the men wounded at Pyinmana and Mandalay were sent on the last evacuation train to Lashio; the rest fell into the hands of the merciless Japs. Many who became ill on the retreat and could not be carried by their starving comrades were left behind. At Shingbwiyang, 800 sick men dropped out of a retreating column and stayed in a hospital set up by the British.

The head of the Chinese Army Medical Corps was bayoneted and killed by the Japanese. Of the twelve women war area workers sent to Burma by the Political Training Board of the Chinese National Military Council, only four survived. Three of the eight who died hanged themselves.

Although so many lives were lost on the retreat one antitank howitzer, fourteen 81-millimeter trench mortars, one hundred heavy machine guns, and three radio sets reached India in good condition. These were shifted from the shoulders of one group to those of another every few yards of the long march. They were carried by men who had to throw away all their own worldly possessions to keep their luggage light after their horses and mules had been killed for food.

Among the late arrivals in India were the two juvenile "soldiers," Ma Kuo-kwang and Li Hsien-yu. They had stayed behind and lived among the Nagas for many weeks before they had managed to rejoin the retreating armies.

Little Ma was the son of a Chinese restaurateur at Lashio

in Burma. On the day the Japs attacked Lashio he became separated from his parents. He searched in the ruins and inquired of neighbors but found no trace of his mother and father. He cried aloud, but in the din of battle nobody bothered. Everyone was fleeing in a frenzied stampede. Soldiers, group after group, marched past him, and he decided to join them.

Li Hsien-yu was in Burma during the fighting because he didn't want to go to school. He had often run away from school in his native Hankow, and after the family moved to Kweiyang in Kweichow Province in 1938 his father became stern. He took young Li to a school there and asked the teacher not to spare the rod. For three years, little Li was under strict school discipline, and he didn't like it.

He deserted school and went to a recruiting station to join the army. Officers at the station told him he was too young, but he refused to go away.

"If I can't fight with a gun, let me do something else in the army," he begged.

The officers accepted him as an orderly.

Thus small Li was with the army during the worst of the first Burma campaign and during the long and hazardous retreat. On the retreat he was stricken with malaria, and Ma with dysentery. They were laid up for several days and left behind by the soldiers with whom they had traveled.

Li stayed six months in the Naga hills, being fed and cared for by the Nagas. The Naga aborigines, in view of their features, are believed to be Chinese in origin. Centuries ago they migrated to Burma and settled in the hills. They live as hunters and are good marksmen and expert javelin throwers.

Whenever a group of Chinese troops passed the Nagas with whom he lived, Li negotiated with his hosts for food

and other supplies for the soldiers. The natives wanted him to stay with them but he finally managed to escape and rejoined the marchers.

When Ma was left behind and Chinese army officers heard of it they worried lest he be "adopted" by the enemy. Ma had picked up some of the rudiments of the Japanese language, and with this and his other linguistic talents the enemy might use him to advantage. Every effort was made by the officers to find him, and after repeated negotiations with the natives he was located and resumed the march.

Despite all his days of hunger and thirst, the time when he was stricken with disease and the suffering from the leeches, Li does not regret having "joined the army." He considers the training center in India as a school where he has a better chance to learn than in any school in China.

Ma is counting the days until he can be "promoted" from the post of interpreter to that of soldier. He wants to avenge the death of his parents. He is certain that they have been killed by the Japanese.

Chased out of Lashio, Lieutenant General Stilwell, accompanied by General Lo Cho-ying, commander of the Chinese Army, and Major General Sun Li-jen, commander of the 38th Division, and escorted by the garrison battalion of the 38th Division, proceeded to hike toward India. After two weeks, the party arrived at Sitapur, not far from Myitkyina, where three American fighter planes were waiting to transport and protect Uncle Joe. He refused the comfort and safety of a plane and insisted on walking the rest of the way to show "his Chinese boys" that, old as he was, he could walk as well as they could. His party arrived in India two weeks later.

The 1942 defeat in Burma was to General Stilwell what Pearl Harbor had been to the United States as a whole. It

was a humiliation which "Vinegar Joe" would never forget, and which he must avenge. He had seen how the Chinese boys had fought under the most unfavorable circumstances, and despite the defeat he was confident that, if given the training and equipment of a modern army, they could lick the Japanese even worse than they themselves had been licked.

With that idea in mind, he proceeded early in 1943 with preparations to establish a training center in India. Both Generalissimo Chiang and President Roosevelt approved his idea, while the British in India pledged every facility.

An area of about fifty square miles around a small Indian town, which American officers call "Bulltown," was chosen as the site for the training center.

In his capacities as chief of staff to the Generalissimo and commander-in-chief of the American forces in China, Burma, and India, General Stilwell acts as director general of the training center. In the director general's office are his own chief of staff and deputy chief of staff, both Americans, and six departments headed by Chinese army officers.

Brigadier General William E. Bergin, as the chief of staff of the training center, is in direct control. He is held in esteem by Chinese and Americans alike. He is stern with Americans and considerate with Chinese. In handling affairs concerning the Chinese, he invariably consults his Chinese associates.

Chief of the counselors department is Major General Chao Hsueh-yuan, a Japanese-trained veteran of many battles on the China front. He first fought in the Shanghai-Woosung area as commander of an artillery battalion and participated in the drive on Taierhchwang early in 1938. He was teaching at a military college near Chungking when he was ordered to proceed to India.

The other Chinese Army officers working in the director general's office are Colonel Ching Yun-tseng, head of the Military Affairs Department; Colonel Li Yin-po, head of the Adjutants' Department; Colonel Liu Chen-yuan, head of the Commissariat; Colonel Hsiao Ping, head of the Medical Department; and Colonel Wu Hwa-min, head of the Judicial Department.

Brigadier General Frederick McCabe is the executive officer in charge of training. Under him are four different sections each headed by an American officer. Colonel G. W. Sliney, of Wyoming, California, heads the Artillery Section. He was on the Magruder Mission, which arrived in China on September 30, 1941, and later visited the Chinese war fronts. He was attached in an advisory capacity to the Artillery Regiment of the Fifth Army during the Burma campaign in 1942 and walked out of Burma with General Stilwell's party. The other section chiefs are Colonel Joseph H. Hinwood, of the Infantry Section, Colonel C. C. Benson, of the Armored Force Section, and Colonel Campbell Huxley Brown, of the Special Unit Section.

They were responsible for training the survivors of the divisions which retreated from Burma. New recruits from China were flown over the Hump to fill the ranks, and this took months. Various independent units of China's fighting men who had retreated from Burma to India were reorganized and placed under training. These included eight independent regiments and nine independent battalions.

All Chinese Army officers from the rank of platoon leader upward are trained under American instructors, of whom there are hundreds. The Chinese officers, in turn, pass the training on to their own men with the assistance of American officers.

The American training is in three steps: instruction, dem-

onstration, and practice. More emphasis is placed on practice than on theory. To ensure the maximum of efficiency in the training program, material resources are used freely. Men learning to shoot use plenty of ammunition.

On a sunny day in late February, 1944, at a place about ten miles from Bulltown, where flowers were blooming and birds singing, there were a few army trucks and guns in the fields. Now and then the stillness was shattered by the crack of a gun.

"Now this isn't satisfactory," said Captain E. C. Frederickson, American instructor, to a class of artillery observers. "The first shot was a hundred yards too far and eighty yards to the left. The second was closer but still sixty yards to the left, while the third hit a little over the target and to its right. The problem we had was to hit all three sides of that tall tree by the little pond under which was the assumed enemy gun position. We needn't score a direct hit on the position itself, but we have to destroy the emplacement by hitting hard on all sides if possible."

Each student in the class had a turn acting as observer and giving instructions to a gun crew by telephone. The artillery regiments under training in India are equipped with howitzers. To save ammunition, British 25-pounders are used in range practice and target shooting.

The school conducted by the Infantry Section teaches first the movement of the individual and then goes on to the squad, platoon, company, battalion, and regiment. It deals with the technique both of offense and of defense, and instructs in the work of patrol, reconnaissance, rear guard and advance guard. Weapons used for instruction include Thompson submachine guns and heavy machine guns, 60- and 81-millimeter trench mortars, rifles, bayonets, bazookas, flame throwers, and grenades. Instructors teach the use of

these weapons not only under ordinary conditions but in jungles.

The tank battalion which did so well in Burma was the product of the Tank Tactical School run by the Armored Force Section of the training center in India. The tanks used for training were the same as those which smashed the Japanese in the Maingkwan-Walawbum area. Tank men are taught to build bridges and cross them in not more than ten minutes, and to overcome all the obstacles of rough country and jungle terrain. Each tank carries machine guns. The tank commander is equipped with a Tommy gun. Lessons in tank maintenance are given. A tank which has been sliced in two to show the inside of the intricate machinery is used for demonstration purposes.

Courses related to tank tactics include detection of booby traps, anti-aircraft gunnery, and operation and repair of radio equipment.

The Special Unit Section trains veterinarians, horseshoers, army medical personnel, signalmen, and engineers.

By far the most popular instruction at Bulltown is in the motor school under the Special Unit Section. The school is headed by Major H. N. Maidt, who has many lieutenants and sergeants on his faculty.

In three weeks, students are taught to drive and maintain motorcycles, jeeps, automobiles and trucks, and Bren-gun carriers. Vehicles are taken apart and assembled, and the functions of the different parts are explained in relation to the operation of the whole machine.

During the first week, smooth and well-paved roads are used. From these the student drivers turn to rougher roads, and then to the most rugged features of the Indian terrain.

During the term, each student has thirty-six driving hours.

The gas thus consumed averages more than forty gallons per head.

During the year ending in February, 1944, the motor school trained 5,051 truck drivers, 707 motor mechanics, 86 motor transportation post officers, and 29 motorcycle mechanics.

Every Chinese at Bulltown craves to learn to drive. There are so many jeeps lined up in the parking spaces that everyone itches for a try at the wheel. Besides the regular students, the motor school always is attended by volunteers. Those who learn quickly can handle a jeep after a few days' coaching under graduates of the school.

They can't handle one as well as a school graduate, however, and the hospital at Bulltown, which at first had leech-bitten soldiers for the majority of its patients, later had to specialize in treating men injured in motor accidents. After a time amateur driving was frowned upon, and the latest regulations provide that no one shall drive without a license.

After a day's hard work in the classroom and in the field, American instructors spend evenings at the Monsoon Inn chatting, playing chess or cards, or writing love letters to the girls at home. Girls in Bulltown are scarce, and men have to plan far ahead in order to "date" a Red Cross nurse or one of the feminine office workers for the Saturday night dance in the mess hall. There is a movie every night, however, and occasionally a stage show or a concert.

Most of the American instructors have grown fond of their Chinese students. Captain Frederickson, for one, is an admirer of the Chinese artillerymen under his training. Chinese officers, especially those of the junior ranks, he said, impressed him as most attractive people. They have intelligence on a par with the world's best army officers and show

an eagerness to learn that is praiseworthy. They are humble as students and never shrink from admitting their mistakes.

To Captain Wayne C. Cook, one of the liaison officers in artillery training, Bulltown has reminders of America. When he was assigned to the Artillery Section in November, 1943, he was surprised to find four 75-millimeter pack howitzers which had belonged to his own battery at Fort Lewis, Washington, in 1940. The howitzers later were used in North Africa and finally were sent to India for use at the training center. Added to his reunion with his guns was one with a Chinese battalion commander who had been a schoolmate of Captain Cook's in America.

In the training program, the British authorities play an important role. The Chinese eat food and wear clothing supplied by the British to the American Service of Supply on a reverse lend lease basis.

The food and fuel ration per man per day consists of twenty ounces of rice, six ounces of flour, three ounces of dried beans, three ounces of peanuts, six ounces of fresh meat, six ounces of fresh vegetables, one-third ounce of salt, one-third ounce of tea, and three pounds of firewood. Mustard oil is used at the rate of five gallons per thousand men.

Chinese Army officers like the Americans and are grateful to the British for their hospitality. Among the men who impressed Captain Frederickson so favorably is Colonel Yu Lien-yi, commander of the 13th Artillery Battalion, a graduate of the Generalissimo's Whampoa Military Academy. He was wounded in the right arm during the first Shanghai war in 1932 and fought in the famous battle of Kunlunkwan in Kwangsi Province and the third Changsha campaign. The battalion commander is editor of the *Artillery Voice*, an army paper to which his wife in China frequently contributes. She writes a "News on the Home Front" column.

Another Chinese the Americans are fond of is Major General Hsu Mao-hsi, French-educated commander of a heavy mortar regiment. His wife and children live in a small Indian village near Bulltown, but he rarely has time to visit them.

Japanese- and German-trained Major General Chiang Kungchuan, commander of the Fourth Artillery Regiment, is an equally conscientious army leader. He received a severe arm injury in a motor accident but returned to his office and resumed work long before the wound was healed.

Under officers like these, the Chinese troops in India are trained and disciplined. Those flown over the Hump from China begin a new life the moment they arrive at the training center. They discard their cotton-padded uniforms, take baths, have their scabies treated and put on brand-new khaki uniforms.

Their day begins when the "Rise Body Sound" is blown by the buglers at dawn. The day's routine consists of classroom work, military drill, range shooting, and exercises in tactics of modern warfare. The enemy may be represented by objects on a sand table in classroom instruction or by a sandbag in bayonet practice.

After four o'clock a soldier's time is his own, except for those enrolled in the literacy classes conducted by the Y.M.C.A. Emergency Service to Soldiers. The "Y" workers also write letters for enlisted men, show motion pictures every three days and operate a circulating library which includes such Chinese favorites as "Annals of the Three Kingdoms" and "All Men Are Brothers."

Chinese interpreters are the link between the non-English-speaking Chinese and non-Chinese-speaking Americans and British. In classrooms and in the field they listen to the American instruction in modern warfare and pass it on to the Chinese soldiers. As they have been so long on the job, they

usually know beforehand what each American instructor will say on any problem, and they are adept at translating all the technical military terms.

Their value is not entirely in the accuracy of their interpretations. In conversations between hard-working men heated arguments can develop in which uncomplimentary remarks are exchanged. When such arguments occur the interpreters misinterpret, and do so purposely. An American instructor may say to a Chinese, "You are nuts," and the interpreter may translate the remark to mean, "You are a tough guy." Unpleasant remarks by Chinese to Americans are similarly retouched. Disagreeable remarks are not common at the camp—far from it. But occasional altercations do happen, as both the instructors and soldiers are human.

In the post hospital a Chinese sergeant once called a blonde American nurse *huang mao ya tou.* The words meant "a waitress with messy yellow hair." The nurse looked puzzled and asked an interpreter to translate. "He said you are a pretty girl with golden hair," the interpreter told her. She smiled in satisfaction.

Interpreters are in demand in India and northern Burma. An interpreter does three men's work. Besides interpreting, he will give lessons in Chinese to Americans and in English to the Chinese. Almost every American knows a few phrases of Chinese, and every Chinese knows a few words of English. In the artillery school, for instance, many of the American instructors know the familiar expression *pa ti tze* (literally, "climbing the ladder," and idiomatically, "poor marksmanship"). On the Burma front a Chinese phrase frequently used by the American liaison officers is, *chuo huo ti* ("capture 'em alive"). This frequently is said in jest, but on occasion is said seriously.

The Japanese have been told by their officers that they

will be beheaded if captured. They are terribly frightened at the very thought of being taken prisoner, and Chinese at times have been able to scare Japanese into flight merely by yelling, "Chuo huo ti." Until they discover that they are well treated by both Chinese and Americans, captured Japanese shrink in fear of a headman's axe.

Most of the interpreters at the training center are college graduates who have had intensive short-term training in interpreting in China. The majority have left either wives or sweethearts in China. Like the American instructors, they think often of home and are sometimes blue.

Young Cheng, one of the interpreters, nicknamed "Chicken" because he is so thin that his khaki uniform hangs loose on his body, often dreams in his tent at the training center of the young beauty in distress whom he met in Burma in 1942.

It happened shortly after his shop and home at Rangoon had been destroyed by Japanese bombs and he had joined the Chinese Army as an interpreter. It was a fine, sunny day. The force to which he was attached was camping near Myohaung, a small town west of Mandalay. Enemy planes came droning overhead, and he ran for shelter to a tall tree two hundred yards away. Sitting there, were an old Chinese lady and her daughter, a girl about seventeen, with whom he fell into conversation. The mother and daughter told him they had lost their home at Toungoo and intended to go back to China, but had little money and no one to help them.

Cheng took them to his quarters and fed them. They hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours. The next day, he saw them off at the railway station, after he had gone to much trouble to obtain tickets.

"I can never forget the time when we parted," Cheng tells his friends in India. "They were both in tears, thanking me

again and again. The girl's last words are still in my ears. 'Oh,' she said, 'I hate to leave you! I'll be waiting for you and looking forward to meeting you again, if ever I arrive in China. Will you remember me and look me up when you go back to China?' "

Over at Ledo, at a rear headquarters, is Ah Hin. His real name is Liang, and he is a colonel—the highest rank among the interpreters. He was among the few interpreters who joined the Sixth Army before it was sent to Burma in 1942. His nickname Ah Hin came from the long journey through the Burma jungles on which he was captured and detained by one of the wild native tribes. The chieftain (*hin* in Burmese) wanted to adopt him as heir to his properties and to his title, but Ah Hin declined the offer and finally made his escape.

Several divisions of the Chinese new First Army returned to Burma in the autumn of 1943 primarily as a covering force for the construction of the Ledo Road from India to China. Within a few months the drive to open the route of the Ledo Road had assumed the proportions of a formidable offensive against the Japanese.

In their new khaki uniforms and with their new weapons of war, the 2,800 men of the 88th Regiment of the 30th Division passed in review before Chinese and American officers. Major General Hu Chueh, commander of the 30th, said in an address to his troops:

"Now that you have finished the training here, I want you to go to the Burma front and win the war—to do justice to the training you have received."

He was followed by Brigadier General Bergin, who said:

"You men and officers of the 30th Division have impressed us most deeply as a well disciplined unit of the Chinese Army, eager to learn. During the period of training, you have

shown a record of attainment that should be the envy of your comrades. With this training, you are sure to show your mettle in fighting as the men of other divisions have done before you."

Major General Yang Yi, Cantonese-born and Whampoa-trained commander of the 88th Regiment, fought in the Sino-Japanese War from the beginning. He was among the heroic fighters who held the better-equipped Japanese at bay for three months in the Shanghai-Woosung sector.

Men under him had commendable records during the training in India. Most of them previously attended schools of some sort in China. Mu Tze-cheng, platoon leader from Hunan Province, for instance, was a graduate of a senior middle school. He distinguished himself during the battles in the rice-bowl region of Hwajung and Tungting Lake in 1940.

Huang Yun-hsien, a squad leader, also from Hunan, attended a school for the training of gendarmes in Nanking and later fought in the defense of Nanking, during which he was wounded.

Chin Cheng-peng, twenty-year-old private from the paddies in Szechwan, was graduated from a primay school in his home town. Before his departure for the Burma front, he received a letter from his father urging him to fight the Japanese bravely and "drive them out of Burma."

The most popular soldier of the 88th Regiment during the training course was twenty-four-year-old Li Shou-li, native of Harbin in Manchuria. When a student in a middle school in Harbin, he was forced by the Japanese to go to a training camp for puppet troops. There he remained for eight months before he had a chance to escape. He fled to Shantung, where he joined the guerrillas. Two years later, he followed Chinese troops to Fuyang, in Anhwei, where he joined the army as

a volunteer. Many of the rank and file of the 88th Regiment are volunteers.

Early in March, 1944, the Ledo Road on the Burma-Indian border had been pushed through more than 150 miles of the Burma jungles to Maingkwan.

Construction of the road was started in December, 1942, with 15 rock crushers, 5 steam shovels, 50 trucks, a few small bulldozers, and 5,000 Asiatic civilian laborers. The job went at a slow pace, and when the monsoon set in during May, 1943, only thirty-five miles were completed. Last November the road was only halfway through the Naga Hills.

By that time the Chinese troops covering the construction of the road had captured Shingbwiyang. General Stilwell wanted a hard-driving man to speed up the construction and selected Colonel Lewis Ayen Pick, then in command of the construction and supply services in northern Assam. Husky but soft-spoken, Colonel Pick took over the job and accepted without hesitation an order to rush the road through the Hukawng Valley to Shingbwiyang by January 1, 1944. That meant sixty miles of road in sixty days through the 7,500-foot Naga peaks and the tremendous trees of the Burma jungles.

More and larger bulldozers were obtained and put to work. More planes were sent with gasoline, Diesel fuel, food, and clothing to the construction gang, which was reinforced by 3,000 porters. Colonel Pick reached Shingbwiyang with his road on Christmas Eve.

From Shingbwiyang, the construction work forged ahead toward Walawbum, fifty-two miles away. Through the jungle is heard by day and night the roar of 107 bulldozers, which the Chinese call "mountain opening machines." They are of three sizes, ten-ton, seven-ton, and four-ton. By March, 1944, they had moved a total of 30,000,000 yards of dirt.

Working side by side on the construction job with two American general service units and nine construction battalions are two Chinese construction outfits. When the bulldozers and other heavy construction machinery lay idle during the 1943 monsoon they went ahead, building bridges and cutting down trees. It was difficult to set up the framework of bridges with monsoon rain pouring down in torrents. Frameworks were no sooner set up than they would be covered by water and collapse.

The Chinese workman could do far more work than the Indians. Nine hundred Chinese workers finished two miles of road in four days while five hundred Indians completed three miles in two months.

The job of constructing two bridges was first assigned to Indian contractors, who promised to finish the work in sixty days. When they failed to do so the Chinese took over, and completed the bridges in twenty days.

In a year's time, many bridges of cement, iron, and steel were built by the 12th Construction Regiment of the Chinese Army. The 10th Construction Regiment did equally well in trail-blazing work, which consisted of cutting down jungle trees and setting up small wooden bridges for the bulldozers to use.

Colonel Lee Wen-tsun, commander of the 12th Construction Regiment, said it was only after much hard work that the Chinese began to win the confidence of the American engineers. At first, the Chinese were just manual laborers removing dirt or carrying gravel. Every time they volunteered for more difficult jobs that involved the handling of machines, the engineers were hesitant; but each time American inspectors were satisfied with the results. When they first used machinery the Chinese were allowed to handle only

small tractors, cement mixers, and hoists. Later they could have any machine they needed.

In front of the road builders march the troops of the Chinese new First Army. In their advance along the Hukawng Valley in 1944 they followed in reverse the route by which they retreated in the 1942 evacuation. Men of the 22nd Division, in their advance along the left bank of the Chindwin River in January, 1944, saw on the opposite bank the bones of comrades killed during the retreat two years before.

The Chinese troops went back to the familiar Burma front well trained and equipped, thanks to their American allies and particularly to Uncle Joe, whom they made a proud and happy man, prouder and happier than he was downcast two years earlier.

As the men of the tanks and of the 22nd Division fought and won in the Maingkwan-Walawbum battles, so did those of the 38th Division in the earlier stages of the Burma drive. One of the hardest engagements took place on February 1, 1944, at Taihpa-Ga, a small Burmese village midway between Shingbwiyang and Maingkwan. There, the 38th Division fought a house-to-house battle, steadily moving forward, killing Japanese.

Commander of the 38th Division is Major General Sun Li-jen, graduate of American-endowed Tsinghua College and of the Virginia Military Institute. During the 1942 retreat he walked with General Stilwell to India. In the 1944 drive he often sat across the desk from Uncle Joe. They used the same telephone to direct operations on the firing lines.

While General Stilwell sat alternately with General Sun, of the 38th, and General Liao, of the 22nd, at their respective forward headquarters, American officers and enlisted men fought shoulder to shoulder with the Chinese.

Brigadier General Frank Merrill's troops fought with the

22nd Division during the battle of Walawbum. They were American jungle-trained infantry. They arrived in India in October, 1943, and were ordered by General Stilwell to walk all the way from Ledo to the Burma front in February, 1944. They did twenty miles a day down the jungle trails until, by a circuitous route, they reached the rear of the enemy concentrations at Malawbum and killed seven hundred of the Japanese.

The Chinese could not have fought so gallantly without the efficient army medical service, largely manned by Americans. The Chinese wounded are carried on stretchers to Chinese first-aid stations, where they are bandaged. Men with trifling wounds return to their fighting posts at once. More serious cases are sent in ambulances to hospitals near the front or by air to hospitals in the rear, depending on the severity of the injury.

Along the Ledo Road, many American doctors and American nurses give excellent care to the Chinese wounded.

One of these doctors is Lieutenant Colonel Gordon S. Seagrave, former medical missionary in Burma. He treated Chinese patients under most adverse circumstances in the first Burma campaign, both in Burma and in India, where he and his Burmese nurses went with the retreating forces. In the second Burma campaign he had command of a portable surgical unit working close to the firing lines.

Six of Seagrave's diminutive Burmese nurses worked last spring under Major Henry Royster of Raleigh, North Carolina, a University of Pennsylvania man, in a crude hospital housed in bamboo huts and tattered army tents. The major performed operations on bamboo tables under acetylene lamps.

The Burmese nurses, five of them dressed in blue slacks and G.I. shirts and the sixth wearing Burmese dress, stood beside him, watching and helping.

The largest and perhaps the best equipped army hospital along the Ledo Road is a distance of one flying hour from Maingkwan. The superintendent of that hospital, Colonel I. S. Ravdin, is a member of the American Board of Surgery and a former professor in the University of Pennsylvania.

Under him are American doctors and American nurses, most of them former students of his, who work day and night shifts. The nurses use interpreters but soon pick up many Chinese phrases. Quite a few of them are attractive young girls. To the Chinese they are white angels, bringing comfort and bliss to those in distress. Their cordial and amiable manner adds to their charms.

Attached to the General Hospital is a mobile blood collecting team consisting of one doctor, two nurses, and three enlisted technicians. They visit Chinese units to collect blood plasma for the wounded. Supplies may also be drawn from a blood bank in Calcutta.

Besides those working in the army hospitals, there are flying nurses, nurses working in Red Cross ambulances, and nurses at dispatching and receiving stations. These girls not only do the usual work of nurses but they act as stretcher bearers.

There is an extremely low mortality rate in most of the army hospitals. In one large hospital, for instance, the mortality rate among Chinese wounded is as low as 1 per cent.

The work of the doctors and nurses is hard and often disagreeable. The wounded Chinese, brought from the jungles, are filthy and bloody when they arrive—not through any fault of their own, but because of the conditions under which they fight. They are cheerful, however, and this impresses the American doctors and nurses, who respond by giving them superb care.

"The Chinese are good people," say the Americans on the Burma front, "and we like to work with them." This friendly

feeling between the Chinese and Americans is one reason fo. the high quality of the medical service.

To a forward hospital not far behind the Chinese first-aic stations, a Chinese soldier was brought with a bullet wounc in the left arm. The injury was not serious, and the doctor after examining the man's condition, said he should recove in about a week's time. The nurse dressed the wound, tool the man's temperature, told him to rest quietly, and saic good night.

When she went back the next morning to see how he fared, he was no longer there. He had gone back to the front

One of the most difficult cases the American surgeons have had in Burma was that of a soldier whose brain had been injured by a Japanese rifle grenade. It was an operation which even in America, in a fine hospital, would have been serious. When the operation was finished the chief surgeon said it would be a miracle if his patient survived.

The next morning the surgeon found the soldier sitting up and asking the nurse for breakfast. "I am starving," the soldier said.

It is men like these whom the American doctors and nurses praise, and men like these who are trusted by General Stilwell to win victories after being badly defeated.

General Stilwell loves his Chinese boys as much as they love him and as much as he hates the Japanese, whom he hates with vigor. On one trip to the front, the general saw a Japanese prisoner who was being taken to the Chinese divisional headquarters. The prisoner had been well treated and stretched out his hand to be shaken by the American general. He was taking too much for granted.

"Not with you, you bastard," said Stilwell.

To the American army commander, the Japanese in Burma are evil men who once licked him, and whom he must destroy before the war can end.

The general works late into the night and rises early in the morning. He braves danger in order to be as close to his fighting men as possible, and keeps on doing so in spite of quite a few narrow escapes.

He plans with a long-range view that transcends the Burma front. He looks forward to the day when the Chinese troops on the China front turn their earlier defeats into victories as their comrades on the Burma front have done—victories which will mean the beginning of the end for Japan.

That day cannot come until America's weapons of modern warfare, in sufficient quantities, arrive in China. Against that day, General Stilwell began a Special Officers Training Program for officers from the China front at the training center in India, and so far five groups of army officers have gone through the courses.

These officers, from colonels to generals, were selected from the various war areas in China, flown over the Hump to India, and flown back when they completed their courses. In six weeks, they were taught the use of modern weapons of war from the arsenal of the world's democracies and taught advanced fighting tactics.

This training program is independent of the one for the training of Chinese troops for the Burma campaign, though on the same campus and with the same school weapons. It will continue until all the higher army officers fighting on the China front have received the training.

When the Chinese troops in Burma captured Shingbwiyang, they found among the documents left behind by the retreating enemy a slip of paper on which was written the challenge: "Meet us at Maingkwan." The Chinese accepted the challenge. They captured Maingkwan and Walawbum and advanced down the Mogaung valley. They are driving on, and they fight in the expectation that the final meeting place of Chinese and Japanese in this war will be Tokyo.