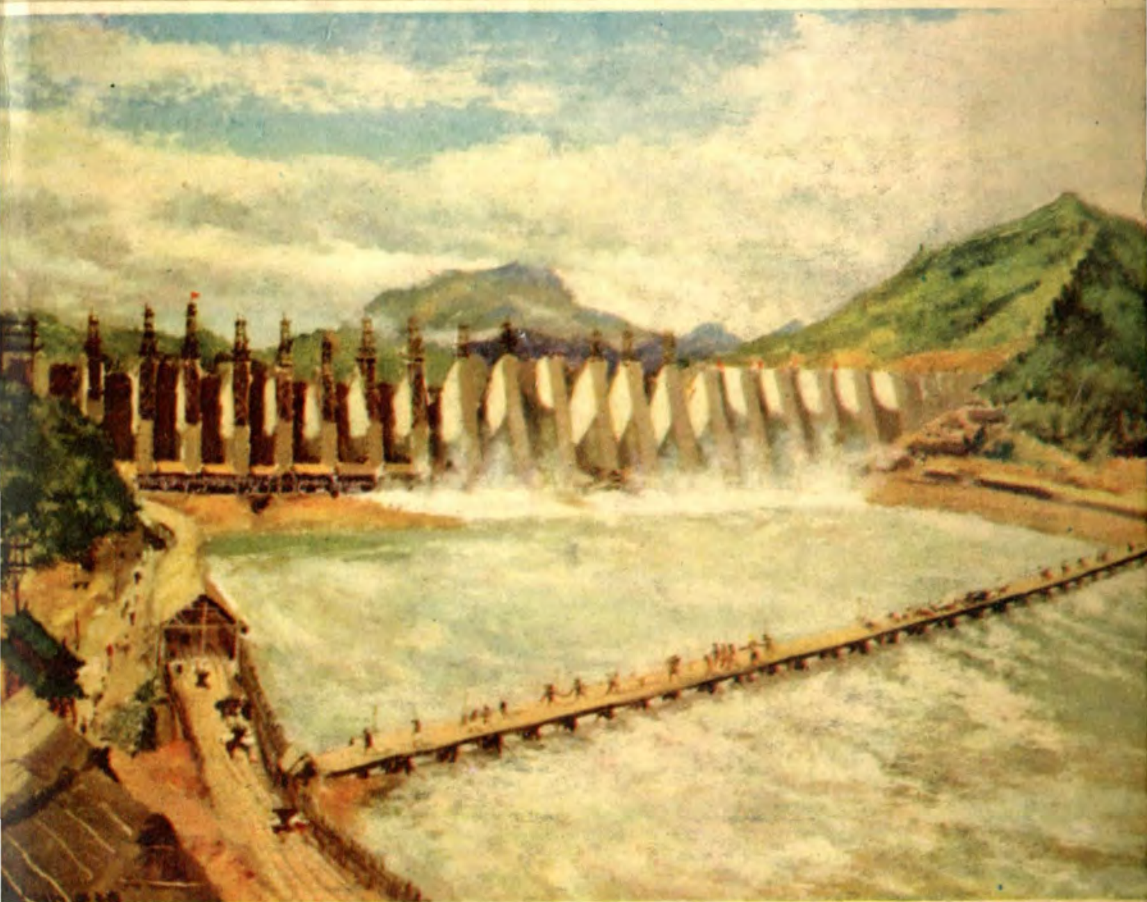
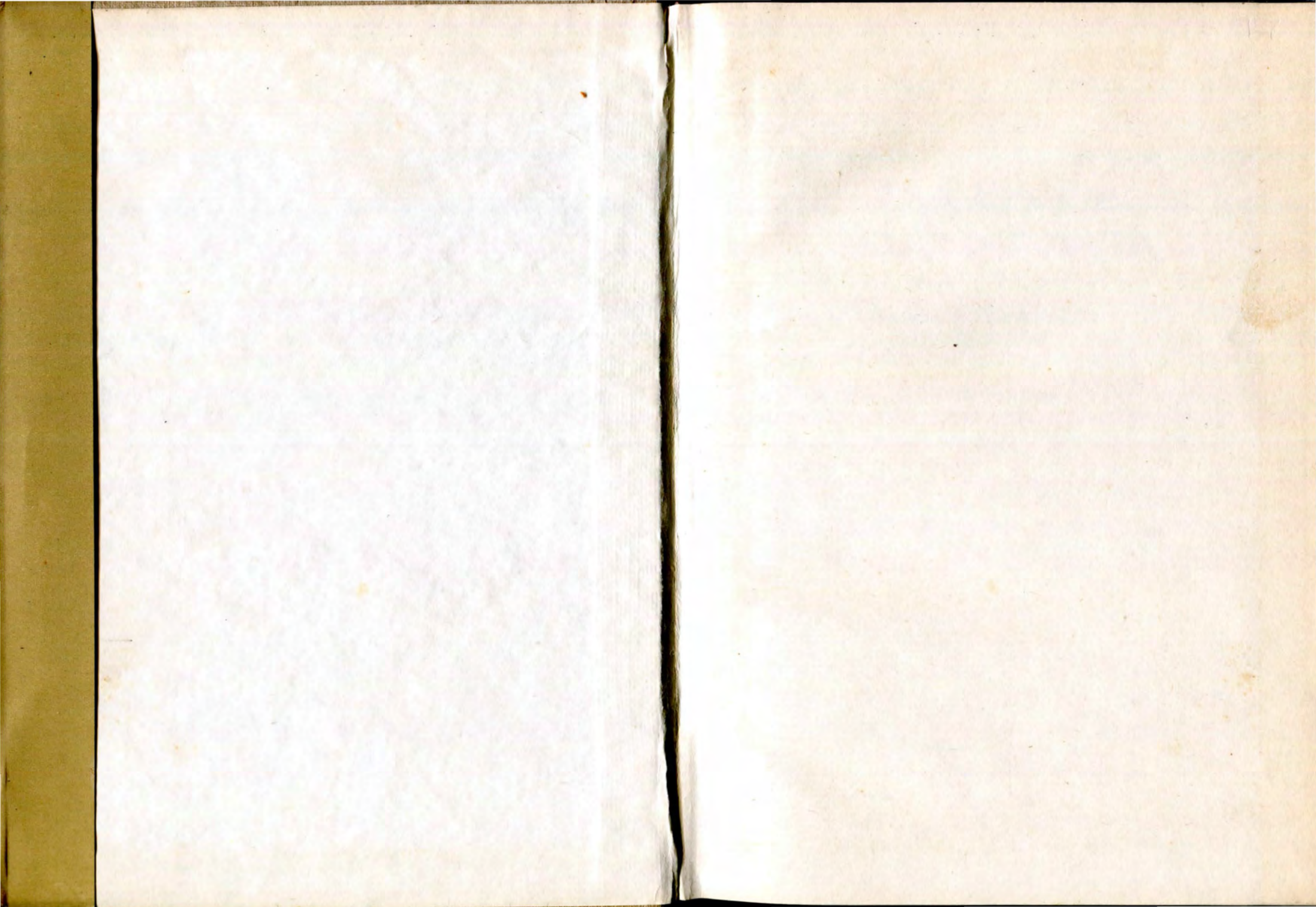
THE PEOPLE HAVE STRENGTH

REWI ALLEY



SEQUEL TO "YO BANFA!"



The People Have Strength

Sequel to "YO BANFA!"

Rewi Alley

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The cover, the Multiple-Arch Dam of the Futseling Reservoir which froms part of the Huai River Project, is an oil painting by Wu Tso-jen.

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PREFACE

China was asleep, and has now awakened. All over the vast expanse of her land, the awakening has come. Every day it becomes more urgent that the peoples of the rest of the world should come to realise this fact. The problem is how to reach their understanding, to bring home to them that the China they felt they knew no longer exists, and that a strong, organised country stands in its place. How to let them know of the industrialisation that swings forward with increasing momentum, a planned industrialisation that will be so great a factor for world peace and stability. How to paint the picture of a new China that is ready to trade with all countries on a basis of equality, peace and friendship; a China that provides an unlimited market for the fruits of the hands of craftsmen of other lands; a China which will no longer take opium or foreign soldiery, but which will take good machinery and pay for it; a world power from which it is no longer possible to wrest concessions, but which with all sincerity promotes a peace movement and cultural exchange; the people of China, so great a section of the total number of all peoples, now decisive and able to speak as an organised nation.

Everywhere there is real change, though to tell of it in any detail would be a stupendous task. All that has been done in these pages is to put together some diary notes to make a sequel to those published in 1952 under the title of "Yo Banfa!", in the hope that they will bring some clarity to those whose future demands that they be clear on this fact—the simple one that now the people have strength in the village, on the farm, and in the factory; the ordinary people of China—organised and sure of themselves as they take the lead in pushing forward to better livelihood, now so sure a hope.

All over the world there must be a growing interest in the sources of this strength, for it is the strength that is inherent not only in the common people of China, but also in the common people of every land. It is a strength that strikes fear into reaction, but which lights up the path of advancing mankind.

The writer is grateful for the help that Shirley Barton has given in the editing of this manuscript. Since it was completed over a year has passed, so that one final entry has been added giving a brief summary of a few of the things that have happened in this time, so as to bring the reader up to date. The tempo of change is so breathless in today's China that statistics of results soon lose their meaning as bigger victories are gained. In the affairs of people, however, the important thing for all to realise is that the change which came in 1949 was a deep and abiding one, and that in the power of their new organisation, the people have strength.

Rewi Alley

Peking, June 5th, 1954

SANDAN, 1951-1952

September 20th It is just two years ago this morning since I sat on the mound at the Lei T'ai and looked over the school roofs to the city gates through which, the previous evening, the last thousand of the warlord Ma's troops, given orders to kill some fifty of our students and demolish the school, had fled with their task unaccomplished. The Liberation Army had cut off their retreat and they had taken to the North Mountains, whence they were routed later.

Two years after, recalling those days, one still feels the strong sense of liberation.

And so today's meeting to open classes for the autumn term also celebrated the coming to Sandan of the new era of people's power.

The boys had decorated the meeting-hall with big pictures of the popular leaders; there were Chairman Mao and General Chu Teh behind the speakers' platform, while at the sides Dr. Sun Yat-sen looked across with the eyes of a dreamer, seeing the China of the future, at Premier Chou En-lai, his decisive, practical face wearing its sure smile.

Our meeting went on through the morning, speakers talking about the different aspects of the new plans for industrialisation and the responsibilities of technical workers. Students were asked to forget the word "I" and to substitute "we" for it, to think in terms of the collective group rather than in terms of the individual; to tie freedom with necessity; and to remember that they were in school as the representatives of the people; to learn new techniques and methods which they would bring back to the people so that the economic freedom of all might be advanced.

Down the long hall, faces took on a more intent look, faces cupped in hands, faces looking out of the open windows, faces staring down at the fingers that could and would do so much in the day that was theirs.

For here we all were, gathered in a crude enough meeting-hall, built with our own hands in the expectancy that such a day would come. Now it was here and around us was all the great Northwest, with its incredible resources, waiting for organized man to reach out and take.

Looking down all those faces, each a window for the struggling, gay, impetuous spirit that lay behind it, I thought of all our toiling together and how all that had been done would now be a basis for appraising the new problems in the new era.

It has been good to have been with them over these years. It is better to know that now the way lies clear in front of them.

It was a magnificent day and in the afternoon I went out to the coal pits; saw the good pile of coal mounting up; saw the keenness of the workers to bathe and clean up as they left the job; just another indication of their new sense of responsibility and of having a place in the scheme of things.

On the way home, just past the village of Wa Yao Kou—the pottery-making village—I got off my bicycle and climbed up on the bank at the side of the road to rest a while and take in the autumn evening.

To the south, the great barrier of the Chi Lien Shan—the South Mountains with their glaciers and everlasting snows; providing a background for the broad sweep of steppe that sloped to the foothills; to the north, directly behind the city, the heights of Lung Shou—the Dragon's Head Mountains—separating us from the Inner Mongolian grasslands of Ningsia Province, lying into the sun dry and hard. On these ridges had once run a spur of the Great Wall which winds through the green oasis of Sandan below me, near the white highway along which stream convoys of trucks to and from the oil wells and from the province of Sinkiang to the west.

The trees around Sandan are changing colour and golds stand against the long yellow walls of the city and against the line of white-washed practice workshops we have erected on the bank of the stream outside the South Gate.

It is all very satisfying to drink in, and as I look there comes a bunch of children returning from school. "Ni kan shu-ma, Lao Ai?"—"What are you doing, Old Ai?"—they ask. "Wo kan ni men,"—"Looking at you,"—I reply. "Kan wo men kan-ma?"—"And why are you looking at us?"—"Ni men na-mo hao kan."—"Because you are so good to look at." And they all laugh and stream off and soon in their wake I hear the song they are singing, *Tung Fang Hung*—"The East is Red" and know that for them it is very happily so.

Then on my bike down the last cutting at good speed, over the stream in a cloud of spray and pushing up the rise the other side and in through the little west gate of our city, down through the avenue of trees and past our students coming and going from their various sections; back to home and supper.

September 21st Last evening, in the bright moonlight, I went on a round of study groups outside the city.

At the first, in the Textile Section, Apprentice Wang was being criticised for breaking tools which he had borrowed without permission and then putting them back in the store without confessing the breakage. He is in the Carpenters' Shop but had spoiled a valuable set of taps and dies taken from the Textile Section's store.

No doubt he had made some mistakes, Wang offered, hoping to escape further criticism, but still the array of accusers kept nailing him down relentlessly to specific faults and pressing that he recognise them clearly and resolve to amend his individualistic ways.

In the next section, Cho Ssu-chen was the centre of the enquiry. He had gone to the Paper Section and had stolen the tomatoes which the boys there had carefully nurtured. The incident had been reported to the editor of the wall-newspaper, Kwang Shing-teh, which put Cho Ssu-chen in such a rage that he hurled a stone at Kwang Shing-teh, hitting him on the leg.

"And what if the stone had hit Kwang Shing-teh on the head and killed him?" The voice was that of Cho Ssu-chu, younger brother of the culprit. (That the younger brother should criticise the elder is a minor revolution in itself in a China where the one

of the chief Confucian virtues was strict obedience to the elder brother.)

Other examples of anti-social behaviour were cited against him. Apparently the score had been mounting up. "And why does he sit with his notebook in front of him but taking no notes of what we are all saying?" One of the girls asks evenly; for it is a rule at criticism meetings that the person criticised should note down what is said and think over it carefully.

At the pottery, a Minlo trader's son is being discussed. He had been assigned to the school coal mine to help produce the coal that was to fire the pottery kilns.

A coal mine worker takes the floor. "He sneered when we said that coal is the property of the people," he says indignantly. "His attitude to the workers is backward."

Another criticises, "He is lazy and sleeps in. He gets to the coal mine late and others have to do his work for him."

The accused, who is sitting next to me, squirms uncomfortably and then, gripping his bare, sandalled foot with one hand tightly, answers, "I know that is all wrong," and then, even more earnestly, "I really will change this time."

Then up go hands of boys and workers. "He said that before," "How do we know he means it this time?"

I push out through the Pottery gates and ride the bike over empty streets, back into the city. One of the two guards at the gate challenges me and I respond, "Bailie School inspecting study," and the two guards grin in understanding for to them, also, daily discussion is part of their lives and a stepping stone to progress.

September 22nd "Criticism and self-criticism" is in full swing; of which Textile technician Chao says, "Why, this is like the locomotive that pulls the train, it's so full of power!"

Chang Sung-tien, an old kiln stoker who has smoked opium for most of his life, says that when he realised that the working class was now the most important class and that he had therefore become a man of responsibilities, he decided to cut out opium and to get up early in the morning, a thing he had not done for years. After the first struggle, he said, he had felt much better and not ashamed of himself any more.

Then came the case of a machine-shop technician who, wrapped up in himself and his individualistic dream, opposed collective working and actually ruined important technical jobs entrusted to him rather than share responsibility with others. When criticised he lost his temper and struck the leader of the group across the face. The leader kept himself in hand and did not retaliate but turned the matter into one for discussion. Now the culprit is writing out his life history, which will go before his group for study, to see what background he has for his non-cooperative attitude, why he will not work with others, why he is, in effect, "against the people".

At the meeting yesterday which reviewed the results from the first stage of this intensive course of study it was explained to all that if this man could realise where his mistakes lay and be prepared to give his technique honestly for the benefit of the people, then the whole group should sincerely accept him as a working comrade and help him to get the best results.

We discussed the first fruits of the past few weeks' study; how one group had set themselves the task of repairing two old Diesels with which to run a generator to provide more power for the various works of the school, staying up till three each morning to fulfil their goal on time; and what this meant in terms of increased production; how the Tannery Section had decided to clean up the whole place, to scrub all the scraping boards, jars, tables, and so on in their spare time and had stood for hours in the frozen stream, barelegged but in the highest spirits; and how two boiler chimneys had been erected this autumn. The second completed in the teeth of a snowstorm.

Everyone realises now that the right way to think is closely allied with the right way to work and the right way to work is that which brings the results planned for.

Later To one who has seen the opium racket battening on the despair of a people it was something to hear an old village worker like Chang Sung-tien get up and tell so breezily how he had changed the habits of a lifetime.

Before liberation, opium was, of course, "prohibited", but though one could not see, as during the Japanese occupation, fields of poppy fringing the railway line, KMT officials and military, linked with the feudal landlords in the back areas, used the law

to their own advantage and profited richly from the secret trade in the drug. Ample supplies had been tucked away in their storehouses and these were augmented from many an illicit field in remote parts of the country.

The chief gangster of Sandan county had plenty of connections with the opium ring and saw to it that those dependent on him got sufficient supplies of the drug to keep them dependent.

Chang Sung-tien was one of these and did not realise the extent of his exploitation until liberation gave him a chance to think and analyse in company with others.

Now, of course, the abolition of opium is tackled from many angles as well as the legal one.

Firstly, the whole organisation of a people's society is against it so that any who had the temerity to even talk of growing, selling or smoking the drug would be severely criticised.

In Sandan, the selling of opium, which had become quite open in that distant area, disappeared like magic right after the liberation. The second-hand dealers who had exploited the opium-smoking families, seizing the chance to sell up their furniture and belongings, must have joined in public work or found other jobs; anyhow they were no longer seen going down the street with a big painted vase under one arm and some old clothes under the other.

Secondly, who among the ordinary people would want to grow opium? No need to run away from conscription and hide in the mountains, making a living from growing the poisonous weed as many tried to do during the KMT terror, when no man was safe in his home.

The total result is that nowhere in the whole of the northwest —the once poor and exploited, run-down and backward northwest —does one smell the sickly reek in inns, down village streets, or on the clothes of those in the markets.

The real has come to stay and drugs and dreams are at a discount.

September 23rd She stood defiantly and with a toss of her head said that while she had been wrong to curse the technician his attitude to her had not been correct. He had behaved like a factory manager. He had told her to use a machine that was not

as good as the others, and when she had refused he had told her to pad cotton and when she had refused that told her to do hand sewing. She felt she had been quite justified in refusing all—and said so in so many words, with all the assurance of a sixteen-year-old.

The leader of the study group, which had been discussing the problems of "Individualism and Personal Freedom", gently asked her to continue with her statement; to say all that she had to say as long as she wanted to say it.

Then the time came for questions. One lad asked the technician if the machine would really run. Yes, it would—not so well as the other machines, but somebody had to use it. And the girl in charge of the Padding Section had said that she was short-handed that day and could not keep up with the padding. One by one the props that the individualist had put up around her were deftly removed until finally there was very little she had to say, and I left Group I, in the Tailoring and Knitting Section, to go across the compound to Group II, where the same process was being undergone.

In this case the individual hero had been stealing soap, paying off private debts with it. And the flashy fountain pen, the nice notebook in which he entered the various criticisms of the meeting, had been purchased from the same "personal freedom" income.

He was a good, decisive speaker, direct and hard-hitting. But the group was not impressed. Even as in Group I, his props were one by one skilfully removed and his bluster deflated as proof after proof was brought forward.

One girl said, "He wants to live in the new society but can't let go of the old. He tries to stand in the middle. Though we try to make a comrade of him he still wants to profit from the group as no one else can. His thinking is against the group."

At this point I retreated as matters were evidently very well in hand and passed on to still another discussion meeting.

It was being pointed out by the group leader how the masses get their strength—from collective action, with each unit understanding the whys and wherefores of the struggle. Whether in economic planning or in production, in study or in play, if the problem has been thoroughly discussed and each member under-

stands all about the issue at hand, the group will get the results aimed for.

It is something that in the most populous country of our world, in every village, in every factory, in every school, in every organization, there is clear understanding that in such collective action is power greater than that of any obscene bomb the crazed minds of greedy men may invent.

In pre-liberation times, without the strength of the awakened masses giving our struggle both support and direction, it was impossible to progress as now.

In those days our cooperative group was one of the small progressive islands trying to defend its shores and build up democratic livelihood in the sea of corruption that was Kuomintang society held in place by all the might of American imperialism.

Time and time again, as was inevitable, corruption seeped through. Today, looking through an old diary of mine, I came across the following entry, dated May 7th, 1943, which gives some picture of the times:

"What are we to do about the case of the Co-op Federation Chairman of Paochi? He has stolen nine bales of cotton yarn. He is a member of the same secret society as top KMT officials, so we could not arrest him in Paochi. We tried in Sian, but the gang leaders there told the KMT police to have nothing to do with the case.

"The whole group controlling the cotton yarn, on which so many thousands of weavers and their families depend, on which the war efforts depend, are gangsters. They organise the loafers, the squeezers, the bandits against the people. They wear smart uniforms or long silk gowns, they give themselves high-sounding titles, but they are a bunch of maggots on a festering wound. Demoralisation follows in their wake. Cooperative members say: 'What's the use?' Cooperative promoters say, 'We might as well be in on this also. After all, we have families. After all, these racketeers are trusted government men. After all, what chance have we? Meiyo banfa! (Nothing we can do!)'"

Again, on May 9th of the same year: "Lying by the roadside near the railway, in the rain that fell sullenly, as I was coming home from Imenchen last evening, was an old Honan peasant. He would not talk, but just lay there. No one bothered to even

look at him. Tragedy is too common these days, with the Japanese wolves in Honan and profiteering wolves on our side of the lines. I continued to beg him to get up and out of the rain, but he just looked at me and said quietly, 'I must die,' and refused either to budge or to say any more.

"Probably his family had died and there was no longer any way in which he could live. No use telling anyone. No one would be interested enough to do anything. There were too many dead Szechuanese soldiers lying by grave mounds, being torn to bits by dogs—a new kind of offering to bygone ancestors. This is the national tragedy of the gangster Kuomintang leadership of today, backed now by the brand-new American armies that fly so gaily 'over the Hump'. The war as a new branch of business to be expanded for all it is worth, with the real Chinese people, the conscripts who stand in oversized clothes, being lectured by a gangster officer, covered with pistols and wristwatches, fountain pens and badges, his gold teeth glittering in the sun as he opens his trap and shouts: 'If you attempt to run away you will be shot! No question of that!'

"These pitiful kids will have nothing to gain from the new armies, the new aeroplanes. Their hope lies with those who are of their own kind, who fight in the new way they have learned, and of whom the Japanese are most fearful. Hungry little faces under peaked caps, staring wistfully into food stops where fat traders belch and spit contentedly; thin backs accustomed to beatings; the soul of China, dragged through the mud, harried by greedy profiteers on both sides of the lines; yet the China that will one day win—no question of that!"

And again, on May 10th, 1943, the following bit: "On the way to Shwangshihpu village from Paochi, passed two old men living in one of the redoubts built by KMT armies, which dot the countryside without rhyme or reason. Two very old men, skinning a dead dog they had found. So very old were these two men, with large goitrous necks and skinny arms. They had collected some wild greens and had an earthenware pot boiling, into which they dropped bits of the dog. Their watery eyes looked at me, and they said in answer to my protest, 'Nothing else to eat. Meiyo banfa. No way out.' A grisly sight on a

bright May day, with blossom on the hills, the willows green and wheat caressed by the wind that blew so softly." . . .

September 25th Today Land Reform has started in Sandan. The streets are lined with the National Flag, brilliant crimson starred with gold. Every house is decorated with it except the deserted townhouses of the old landlords, shuttered and quiet. They have now become the property of the people and await their new uses. The families of the old landlords will be given enough land to work themselves and to provide enough for them to live on.

Outside the city one may see the little groups going from field to field, each carrying a red flag, which is planted firmly in the centre of the area being dealt with, while the peasants concerned and the land reform cadres go on with the measuring. Some of the cadres have come from distant cities, from universities and law schools, and though they come to help and to teach, they, too, are getting their first basic training in the problems of the countryside, and beginning to realise how much they have to learn from the peasants and farmers who make up 80 per cent of their country's population.

This land reform is another stage in the great battle being fought over the length and breadth of all China, cleaning up the oppression, the tragedy of the past and giving the common man a completely new deal.

It is against such reform that the money of the American taxpayer has been poured into armaments, into the support of vicious and corrupt administrations of the past.

Yet here is victory in full swing and with it the whole country is alive and eager. The worst of the old landlords, the *orh-pa* —"rotten eggs"—who have killed and oppressed the people, will come before people's courts and sentences will be meted out in accordance with their crimes.

In the cases where convicted killers are sentenced to death, the western reactionary press will scream with all its might—that press which was silent during the long years of Kuomintang terror and mass "executions", right up to the mass murder, before they fled the Liberation Army, of prisoners in hundreds of jails. In Sandan we knew that the KMT was on the way out when we

heard, beyond the city walls, the shooting of all the prisoners in the local jail. No fuss was made in any capitalist newspaper about that, but for the execution of those proved to have committed the most fiendish crimes the world reactionary press weeps tears of sympathy, circulating fantastic lies in the attempt to back up its claim of "red terror".

As I write this, there marches past our school gate with shovels on their shoulders, singing, a batch of prisoners from the local jail. They are those who have persecuted the people in the last stage and who have been sentenced by the people's court to periods of detention. They look a cheerful enough lot now, brown with work under the sun, bodies free of the accumulated fat of sloth.

"Reform through constructive work" is the slogan of the local house of detention. There is no doubt that these will come back into society with a new viewpoint and a new attitude towards the rest of the community.

When one looks at the former gang leaders, their finery of silk gowns and satin shoes gone, their faces become hard and brown like those of the other peasants, the skin of their chests and backs a healthy colour, one wonders anew at the system that gave them the power to destroy themselves and others in the old society, to destroy the people's hope and pull men backward. All they needed then was a brain a little more cunning than the rest, the right kind of friends and relatives, and a complete lack of scruples. Today the Land Reform movement, in which so many people, from schools, from administrative organs, from peasant associations, join, can see through the glib words, the greedy motives of the old. The land has returned to the tillers thereof, progress is underway for the cooperative working of the soil for the benefit of the producers who make society.

The success of land reform wherever it has been carried out is an enormous victory for the Chinese people, in the history of the common man's advance along the road of peaceful construction. Even the landlords who have been brought back amongst the people will be grateful for the change; for the old class society in the villages was a hideous distortion which harmed all taking part in it.

September 27th "Yes, the blue, eared pheasant,"—or did he say the "blue-*eared* pheasant"?

"Dr. H. H. Kung gave us an aeroplane to fly over the Chi Lien Mountains but we could not get through to Lake Selanor, the place where the pheasant is. The mountains were too high." "On the previous expedition I took two dead specimens back to our Museum, but this time we were out to get live ones. . . ." "And did you get them?" "No, we had to call the expedition off. . . ."

The speaker was a tall, military-looking man who was staying at the hostel in Kweiyang where our truck had pulled in for the night, on its way from Burma to Chungking.

Other voices chimed in: "Yes, we have been in the villages, measuring the heads of the Miao tribes. We have measured a great many now. They are very interesting."

The speakers were women, members of another American expedition, operating from Kweichow.

The voices rose and fell—"blue, eared pheasants", or "blue-*eared* pheasants", I wondered which. . . . My sky-high malarial fever as I squirmed around on the bed made the sound of voices which came through the open door of the living room even more unreal than they were. . . . The measurements of the skulls of the Miao people . . . mixed with the sights one had sent on the Burma Road, the recent Japanese advances, the problems of production in Gung Ho, the wild, tangled political situation where those who really fought the Japanese were being stabbed in the back by those whom the world believed were fighting the Japanese. . . . All this mixed up in a feverish dream with pheasants' ears and Miao skull measurements.

This morning we went out to look at some houses, now the property of the Peasants' Association, which had once been the haunts of the most profligate landlords in this area. Now we proposed to rent some for technicians' housing and other school uses.

On the rounds, we dropped in on the county party secretary. "Come and see my Chi Lien Shan pheasant!" he cried, and his wife threw out some grain and a big, blue bird emerged from the backyard with tall, beautiful white tufted ears. A farmer had brought it from the South Mountains, which is the local name for

Chi Lien Shan, and had sold it on the street in Wuwei as a wild chicken.

The problem is now solved. The pheasant is blue. It has tall, white ears. Any Museum or Zoological Gardens in the world, provided they can make the necessary arrangements with the People's Government, can come to the home of the party secretary in Sandan and inspect it for themselves.

This one is a female. I shall ask the peasants, when possible, if they have one to sell. Chang Ping-kwei, the lad who looks after the affairs of the Lei T'ai, has just come in and says that the farmers in other counties backing on the South Mountains often catch this nearly extinct pheasant and that several have been raised in captivity.

So the chances of the true scientists of the world knowing more of this bird will still be with us.

September 28th Tonight when I visited the study groups outside the city walls I found the workers discussing how the two years of liberation had affected each and all of them.

One said that when he worked for landlord Tu he got very little to eat, had one ragged sheepskin coat for clothing and bedding, and when he wanted to leave found that he owed Tu money and had no wages coming to him at all. Now, in these two years since liberation, he had already been able to take a wife.

A Minchin County man talked of what new irrigation had done for the peasants of Minchin in these two years.

Another worker said that a great thing was that everybody now knew who was his friend and who was his enemy; that it was really very simple; there were people who would construct the country and people who were against construction because they were greedy for themselves.

A small fat boy sitting on the *kang* (heated bed platform) with his chin on his knees said that he was once nearly murdered by the Hasa (Kazakh) nomads. Now these people come down to the cities and are friends with everyone.

Another told how in his old home the enmity between the Mohammedan people and the Han people was so great that they were frightened to go down to the river at night to get water for fear of attack. All of this had disappeared. The minority peo-

ples knew that they were welcome members of the Chinese nation and that actually the minorities were favored rather than exploited.

One worker said that in the time of the Ma bandits the only thing country people could do was to stay at home. Women had to be kept indoors when strangers came past. Goods had to be exchanged at night. The county cities were places to keep away from at all costs. Often enough a peasant had his produce and his horse and cart seized either by KMT soldiers or the warlord's henchmen, and there was no redress and no court of appeal. And in the peasants' houses any bedding or clothing must be hidden away or any passing soldier would take them. There were always demands for grain and animals. If none were forthcoming, women would be demanded. It was no joke to be living anywhere near a garrison.

In this short time, people have learned to like the soldiers of the Liberation Army and to welcome them around. A soldier will pay for anything he needs. He will help with the work. He is polite to women. The organised soldier will make water flow, increase production, bring in drama and singing, help to organise the people and make them stronger.

Another lad went on to say how in the old days conscripts were roped together and beaten as they were hauled away, weeping. But how the other day he saw a young man weeping because he had applied to join the Liberation Army and his application had been refused.

Another said that if volunteers were needed for Korea everyone would go if they could. They knew that the thing that was trying to creep up to the Yalu River and across it was the same old imperialism, once with the flag of the rising sun and now with the stars and stripes. And that it was the business of all the people to stop it.

September 29th Last night a hundred of the leading students held a meeting to discuss the case of a local district worker whose mistakes were so many that some definite action had to be taken about him.

The man was one T'ang. He had joined the revolution in 1934 when the Red Army was formed in his district, though he

was the son of a landlord. In 1937 he entered the party but some years later he broke off relations and joined the KMT and was with them in the attack on Yenan in the post-Japanese war era.

He was in a fort captured by a group which included our local party secretary and when taken prisoner, was sent with others to a school for re-education.

When the liberation forces swept through the northwest he was given a minor post in the civil administration at Sandan, where he betrayed the trust reposed in him and not only ill-treated peasants but also took bribes from landlords.

All this was not discovered immediately but it was seen that his work was poor and he was given a still lower job, measuring in wheat to the *hsien* (county) granary. His attitude was so bad that the people asked for his arrest and investigation.

Every move he had made had been thoroughly investigated but he was given every chance to say all he wanted to say. The facts, however, stuck out like a sore thumb, and he now sits in the Bureau of Public Safety while his life and each phase of it is reviewed and commented on by people's organisations.

One group came to the opinion that he was always an opportunist, without any real belief in the revolution. That he was in it for what he could get out of it for himself and not because of any change in his attitude. Several speakers said how dangerous such an opportunist could be to the people among whom he worked—how this was the material of which traitors were made. Others said he must have hated and despised the people in his heart though outwardly conforming to the view around him.

One man remarked that in the old regime such a person would have been thought a big success. Was not his way just like that of Kung Hsiang-hsi (Dr. H. H. Kung) or Chiang Kai-shek? They were cunning, ruthless persons using the revolution for their own ends. But that in our society we did not need such persons as leaders, and the mere possession of loot entitled a man to contempt, not admiration.

One thought back to the KMT regime, when every leading official in the country made money through his office. When in the highest circles, the children of H. H. Kung would boast that they could engage in all sorts of doubtful enterprises because their father was premier—and say so clearly, insultingly and with

pride. Where politics were business and profit for the middle class. Where who grabbed most was most admired.

September 30th Among other things in Sandan we do learn something about working class internationalism, even though we are in an isolated hinterland village.

Our Japanese pottery engineer has a son, Ikeru, who, when he came a year ago, was determined to get on with other kids, but at the same time nervous of what they might say about Japan.

After a year, Ikeru knows that the Chinese revolution is for the people of the world as well as for the Chinese people and that there is no hate for the Japanese people, or the American people, as such.

Though only eleven, he is anxious to play his part in everything, and these few days has been pleading to go to the Transport Section and work there carrying tools and doing other small jobs for the older lads.

The Personnel Department finally agreed and signed him on for practical work, and his first day was spent rushing around and helping everyone who would let him and getting gloriously black with grease.

On the evening of the first day he could be seen coming out of the transport yard gate smothered with it, and to add a final touch someone had plastered half his face black, too. But his smile was a dazzling one at this proof, apparent to all, of his acceptance as a working member of a working group.

Last night a drama group of the kind that many big organisations support these days, drove into Sandan. Its three trucks entered the city gates at 4 p.m. and by nine the curtain had gone up on a big-scale theatrical performance that would have done credit to any theatre in the world.

The first number was a very spirited Mongol dance, giving everyone new light on Mongol culture, and the next was an Uzbek dance from Sinkiang.

Both numbers were splendidly costumed with the technical details and the music carried out to perfection. They were eye-openers for the students, soldiers and townsfolk and there were gasps of admiration and astonishment on all sides.

Then came the Yenan play of the loafer and his family. How

the loafer who had begun by stealing his wife's cotton yarn, woven for the cooperative, to buy himself opium, had been changed into a shock worker, was re-united with his wife who had left him and became a respectable member of society. This play was one of the many which have gone through the countryside since liberation. All such drama these days has a strong social message and is very well understood by the students and local people who see it.

No matter how cold the night is, the audience in their padded clothes and a sheepskin coat thrown over them, will sit on the little wooden stools they carry for meetings and take in the entertainment with rapt attention. And the subject-matter of the play will be discussed for long afterwards by a great many people.

After they had sat entranced through this play everyone agreed that its lesson was badly needed in Sandan where the opium habit amongst the city people has been of such long standing.

The final offering was a scene from Peking classical opera with gorgeously attired court ladies, generals and soldiery going through the intricate, skilled movements of dance and battle.

The performance ended at two in the morning. I got up late, just in time to have my breakfast before work started at 8 . . . but the three trucks had long since packed up and departed, the artists having swept out their rooms and left new ideas only.

October 4th It's not a very big bookshop, but it's Sandan's first. It is filled with country boys from village schools, looking at the pictures, greedy for new knowledge of what is going on in the world.

I find that books are the same prices as they would be in Shanghai or Peking and that people are very keen to buy. That rank and file people should have money to buy bare necessities, let alone books, is something new here.

Among the stock are scientific charts for schools, kids' story-picture books, Chairman Mao's essay "On Practice", several books on Land Reform (of intense current interest) and stories translated from many foreign languages, from Gorky to Dickens.

The picture magazines are in great demand. They are in color and embrace pretty well every subject, from how to raise

chickens or protect public health to the exploits of Liberation Army heroes and stories from the latest films and plays. The bookshop manager is rather chary of lending them to the avid clutches of the smaller fry in the shop.

When we first came to Sandan in the winter of 1944, there were one or two stands selling frozen pears and dried apricots. The shops were barred and shuttered, not having been opened for many years.

Today, on all streets, people are starting to trade again, shops are well stocked with both local and Shanghai goods, business begins to hum.

On October 1st, the city was crowded—literally crowded. The first time I have seen it this way in the six years I have been here. Procession after procession came down the main street as various village organisations marched to the parade ground with flags flying gaily in the wind, portraits of Chairman Mao and General Chu Teh carried aloft and *yangko* and *yao-ko* dancers in bright silks beating scarlet and green drums and stepping out to the lively rhythms. The old people had prepared little triangular flags which they carried aloft—grandmothers and grandfathers, "small feet" and "big feet", all wending their way to the public square to join the army garrison, the schools, town and village leaders and all the local people gathered there.

November 3rd Our trucks are an important part of our production section. Yesterday a group of them drove off, the boys in new winter padded uniforms, the trucks as clean as they could be made, all very proud of themselves.

The previous evening we held a ceremony in the transport yard to honour the transport and pottery sections for their shock work over the past few weeks—the transport section for assembling old trucks that had lain in our yard for some years and doing it in record time—reboring engine blocks, grinding crankshafts, bringing order from chaos—and the pottery group for erecting their new chimney and shock work in preparing their whole department for increased production.

Both sections had worked right through holidays and through the worst snowstorm of any autumn, not allowing cold fingers and numbed feet to interfere with their enthusiasm. In the transport

yard the whole place was festooned with electric bulbs till ten each evening while work went merrily ahead.

Then suddenly the job was completed and at the meeting to celebrate, before pictures of Chairman Mao and General Chu Teh, flanked by bright banners and slogans, we sat watching the gay dance put on by the Young Pioneers. The leader was a lively lass of about fifteen who led the dance from one intricate step to another, green and yellow, red and blue silks all a-swirl, till she simply stopped, saying quietly, "That's all we've got"—and they sat down amid a burst of clapping.

Then came the speeches. We talked of how the first truck was bought in Hongkong before its fall to the Japanese; how it came in with a convoy up from Rangoon, with the Japanese pressing on behind; how it was considered too important to other parts of Gung Ho to be allowed to come to the school at all until it had done some tens of thousands of miles on Northwest roads on various jobs; how the truck had finally reached us, a bit the worse for wear but still a proud possession, laying the foundation of our transport section; how from this one truck, we had found ways and means of expanding our fleet; how the fleet was depleted sometimes when we had to sell a truck to pay for food; how it would be replaced by another, sometimes with the help of friends.

How we had had to depend on our transport boys to bring in all the wheat the school needed, as the KMT and the landlords, speculating in wheat deals, would not allow us to buy locally; so what wheat to feed our community of five hundred had to be hauled from Wuwei, 180 kilometres east; hauled in 30 truckloads, in late autumn weather, through a freezing mountain pass and all the hazards of the road at that time of anarchy; and so on through all those bad years up to liberation; how when the KMT began to stream westward we feared that they would take our little fleet along too, so hauled our gasoline and oil out to the country and buried it, put engines, tyres and parts into separate storehouses and left the chassis lying about the yard like naked skeletons.

How the Liberation Army men helped the transport boys put trucks together and how the boys volunteered to help transport troops to liberate the Army Remount station across the steppe from the school; how the first two trucks came back with bullet-

holes and happily excited student drivers relating how a handful of Liberation Army men, against terrific odds, had forced the KMT remnants to surrender, attacking with such speed and dash that they were completely routed. Then, working day and night, the assembly of more trucks by boys eager to help the Liberation Army in the drive west to the oil wells; and when peace in the area had been won, how with the help of the new people's government enough parts and tyres had been provided to rehabilitate the whole fleet.

Of these and many other successes and difficulties we talked till late in the evening, and also about the future ahead and the part transport would play in the development of China's great Northwest; a northwest which had been beggared by centuries of misrule plus the evil advent of foreign imperialism to the coast, with ruin to the productive economy of the interior. And the need now to lay the basis for that better livelihood which must come quickly.

A northwest developing its heavy industry would need creative technicians who had what it took to repair trucks on frozen roads and who could also work out new and beter methods by collective study and practice.

Later, after the meeting It is with some pride that one looks back on the accomplishments of these country lads who have carried the transport work for so long. Transport in a city with repair stations close at hand is one thing. Trucking in the northwest—often on poor oil and second grade gasoline—over great expanses of steppe or desert where no living thing may be seen and water is not available; over snowy roads and freezing mountain passes, where a long halt means death, where repairs must be made with speed and accuracy, often using ingenuity in place of spare parts—transport of this sort is another thing altogether and calls for ability of a kind it was once thought country lads could never provide.

I think of T'ang Shen-tsai, who was a naked shepherd boy when he came to school, his mother dead, his father a runaway soldier, himself wanted by no one much. How quickly he grasped technical theory and how well a truck responded to his care.

I think of the many evenings I have spent in the transport

repair shop where the boys would often be working on rush jobs till midnight, fitting bearings neatly and accurately into spare engines, grinding in valves, fitting piston rings, completely absorbed in their work and determined that the trucks should remain on the road.

Here, amongst the peasants of far villages is creative genius enough, ability and endurance, enough, when·developed, to amaze the world.

November 5th Outside the city this afternoon with one of the engineers, looking for a better spot to put our little power house. We stood near a row of houses, once the property of an old and very avaricious landlord who had once been a Lieutenant-General in one of the feudal armies that arose at the end of the Manchu Dynasty.

Land Reform had overtaken the old landlord and his surplus property is now divided among the peasants who are the new landowners around him.

It was interesting to see two very poor peasants come out of his gate taking their portion—a very tall kitchen cupboard that stood up in the bullock cart somewhat unsteadily, and a 1912 vintage general's sword with a gilt handle, which the younger of the peasants, a lad of about eighteen, swung unconcernedly over his shoulder.

"What are you going to do with that?" one asked. "Make three good kitchen knives from it," came the answer. A new version of swords into ploughshares.

November 6th On my desk today with the mail is a report on "Cooperatives in the Caribbean" from the Food and Agriculture Organisation of "UNO".

One wishes that those of their members who are honestly struggling to make democracy work in the old society could see new China now where every cooperator has the power of the whole government behind him and is part of movement which spreads here with incredible swiftness now that unnecessary obstructions have been removed from its path.

The summed-up conclusions of this FAO report might have been written of pre-liberation China, in fact this sort of thing

frequently *was* written, in as many words, by various visiting "experts":

"The low standard of living, resulting from pressure of population on resources, is indicated by poor, inadequate diet, poor housing, illiteracy and low educational status. It tends to be associated with improvidence, indebtedness, low credit-worthiness, and to increase the difficulty in obtaining capital for cooperative enterprises. These conditions are associated with lack of knowledge of cooperative principles and business methods, the opposition of vested interests, and difficulties in finding personnel with the necessary qualifications for managing the affairs of primary societies."

It goes on to talk of "the importance of the promotion of greater loyalty among members and officials, and the necessity of overcoming distrust and suspicion amongst members of cooperative" of the "paucity of research in the cooperative field" and to complain that the "financing of such research presents difficulties".

The imposing list of observers at the conference, headed by representatives of the Holy See, could apparently think of no way in which they might assist this "necessary research". And no one suggested that some tiny fraction of the vast sums spent on army, air or naval bases in the Caribbean might be spent in helping the people in their first steps towards cooperation. It was easier to talk of the "improvidence" and "indebtedness" of the suffering masses.

Not the least of the blessings new China has brought is complete delivery from such cant.

November 7th These days we have been studying "Loyalty and Honesty" and have just had a mass meeting to talk over results gained in our collective thinking and discussions.

We have a new understanding of the need to serve the people honestly and loyally and we begin to acquire more simplicity and humility in the face of mass needs.

The words "good" and "bad" take on new meaning. "Good" is whatever is good for the people, good for production and for the organisation that means better and quicker production and better livelihood for everyone as soon as humanly possible. "Good" is

tied up with material progress and is no longer an abstract ideal in Christian Sunday schools or Confucian classics.

It is "good" to believe in national independence and the ability of common people to make what they need, using the most modern method. It is "good" to be clean, because cleanliness and health are associated with better production, better livelihood. It is "good" to be cooperative, because the strength of the many is so much greater than the strength of the individual in getting things done. It is "good" to learn technique, because without technique there can be no production. It is "good" to study and progress with group thinking, because without clear understanding of and agreement upon what is to be done, effective action cannot be taken.

It is "bad" to be individualistic, to be full of oneself, to be vain, to dwell on one's own virtues, one's own contribution. "Bad" to cut oneself off from the common man, "bad" to waste the people's property, "bad" to be anarchistic, to demand more than one's share of personal freedom, to be addicted to personal heroism, "bad" to have an attitude of middle-class superiority to workers, "bad" to be subjective, dogmatic, "bad" not to change, to progress.

Looking over mass meetings it is always fascinating to me to watch faces light up as understanding comes. Especially so in this course of study, as the points raised and the examples quoted really hit home. In the old society, people at the best were expected to be loyal to their families only, adhering to outworn traditions in the Confucian style, and things recognised two years after liberation as definitely anti-social, were then the accepted social pattern. In those days the man who won admiration was the one who had grafted enough cash to buy himself a beautiful home and car, who had become a powerful landlord, got his sons into high official positions with the KMT. Public property was something for the most powerful to snatch at will, and the people were cattle.

November 8th Coming back from the coal mine this afternoon, I saw streaming across the countryside a long line of red banners with groups of peasants in animated conversation as they stood together on eminences. The procession crossed a gully down which I rode and I noticed that one of the banner bearers was a

middle-aged peasant woman, keeping her flag aloft in fine style as she made her way over a small stream. She was smiling rapturously, like one bent on a great mission. It is the new day for these, well and truly. It touches every cottage, every hut.

At the mine, Chung Shing-ling of our Hospital was explaining to a group of workers the nature of body-lice. With the winter coming on, he felt it necessary to give this lecture to the miners, who had grown up in the old society in which they had been regarded as little better than animals. "Black-faces" they were then, those who had managed to survive the horrors of an exploited childhood.

"Lice are a part of people's bodies," one said. "They take away the bad odours," said another. "And was there not a king once who kept three precious lice on his body?" offered a third.

But when Chung Shing-ling produced a microscope and they all looked at a wriggling body-louse under the lens, they gasped with wonder. "Looks like a big pig!" one hazarded. "No, it's like a horse," another said. They all agreed that it was an ugly thing to have as a guest on the body, however, and especially when it was explained that it took diseased blood from one person and left it in another.

In the pre-liberation Sandan, the local County Health Service was a joke and there was no such thing as a public health programme. The old incumbent was a drug addict, always trying to get morphia from our school hospital. There was no drugs, no sera for inoculations, not even smallpox vaccine except in infinitesimal quantity.

Soon after the liberation, however, the County Health Service was put on its feet, with new buildings on the main street, new assistants brought in, and the whole business of having everyone inoculated, vaccinated and treated for outstanding sickness, got underway.

Our school hospital will now fall back into its proper place, with the lads who have been trained for this work giving more attention to our own students and staff, rather than trying to deal with the varied sicknesses of this vast area. And with public health campaigns conducted on the lines of mass movements, with all the people mobilised and taking an intelligent and enthusiastic part in them, there can be no doubt that the humble but sinister

louse will share the fate of all other parasites and spreaders of disease, physical and mental.

November 10th Just heard a blasphemous programme delivered from the "Christian Broadcasting Station" of Manila, Philippine Islands. Interspersed with hymns and demands that one should wash in the blood of the Lamb, comes the news, from the United Press; how many bombs were dropped yesterday in Korea, how successful the new atom bomb tests have been, what a pity it is that Eisenhower cannot scrape up those sixty divisions in Europe for his projected war, and so on.

"What are they saying?" Chang Ping-kwei, a student, asks. "They have just said that MacArthur has been given a gold medal for his work for humanity." "*Tamadi!*"* says Chang, "turn the thing off. Why do you listen to such nonsense!" "Huh," says Chen, the lad who helps in the house, "they're all *huli hutu*—muddle-headed—just like the Kuomintang. *Meiyo i-ssu*—no meaning. No meaning at all."

And we all bustle off to the work of the day, sure that what we have here is something that will stay, something solid and real that will outlast the dreams of atom maniacs.

November 17th Last night the old temple bells of the city sounded the alarm for fire. Our lads seized wash basins, shovels and anything likely to be useful and streamed over the fallow land at the back of the school to the east street of the city where flames could be seen shooting high.

The fire was soon put under control but not before one of our lads was slightly injured by a mud wall falling on his leg. He was taken back to the hospital where he was ordered to rest up for a week and that, we thought, ended the matter. But today there marched up our street a small procession of the people who lived in the houses that have been saved from the fire, the front rank bearing in their hands baskets of eggs and other goodies for the hurt lad. They were singing, and had made it an occasion for rejoicing in solidarity. It was a touching thing to see old and

* Common expletive.

young swinging along together. Later we heard that the fire was a bit of sabotage by some disgruntled landlord elements.

November 22nd Coming down through the after-blizzard snow in the south suburb today, we saw outside the former Chamber of Commerce a line of stock animals—horses, donkeys, bullocks, together with carts of the wide type used here, and farm implements.

Every now and then, two or three peasants would emerge triumphantly, take hold of a portion of this wealth and go off down the road.

Shopkeepers, small boys, passers-by, looked at them with broad grins of appreciation. It was the poor and the downtrodden, coming into their own, with land to till, stock to work it, and wheat for the spring sowing.

One of the county districts, richer than the one in which this city is located, had sent in some wheat, animals and equipment to this one for distribution, which made everyone happy.

Now, every day, passing through the countryside, I see meetings going on. Peasants who in former times would never have come to meetings, let alone raise their voices at such, can be heard talking in big and small groups everywhere. They have all climbed on the freedom train, freedom that is real, that brings them organised life, land, stock and the means to improve livelihood not as a distant dream, but here and now. Freedom that has pulled the mighty from their seats and exalted the humble and meek.

November 27th Yesterday there was a public meeting to consider the crimes of various feudal elements, once the pride of the KMT.

One, an old man called Ma Tsai, who was very rich and had many wives, had been responsible for the murder of some 14 persons, and had also, after the liberation, sent arms and cash to bandit remnants.

Another, known locally as the "Woman Tiger", had killed her younger daughter-in-law, burned a slave-girl to death and instigated the murder of five other people of the village.

Another old landlord had killed Red Army men when they

sheltered in the village in former years, and had a total of six murders against him.

These were only a part of their proven crimes against the people. The list is too long and too horrifying to put down here. Sufficient to state that, under the rule of the Kuomintang, all three were "highly respectable citizens" and Ma Tsai's feasts, which all KMT officials attended, were famous. To us in the school he was chiefly noted for daily visits to our hospital, bringing along VD cases for cure—but remaining uncured himself. He dealt in opium and had amassed a large fortune. As villages such as ours grew more and more backward and the people more poverty-stricken, so did the landlord class grow richer and more fierce, more inhuman, and more depraved in their private lives.

After the meeting, at which all the people unanimously demanded their execution these were taken outside the city and the stench of their being removed from the community.

In Kuomintang days the executed were mainly political suspects, clean-living young people who rebelled against all of this and sought some way to alter it. Their executions were often secretly done, after long torture. They were the flower of the community, these three of yesterday, the scum.

December 1st The second County Representatives' meeting is now starting here. Some three hundred delegates will meet to discuss problems of reconstruction, the progress of land reform and the plans for the future.

The meeting will last three days and five representatives have been chosen from the school. The workers have chosen old Chao, the weaving technician, quiet and responsible. The women have chosen Miss Chang who is in charge of our Personnel Section; the students have chosen their representative and the staff theirs. Our Assistant-Headmaster is a permanent member.

The new society believes in mutual support, and the school is very much part of the community. Just as each part of our training centre helps the other—the coal mine provides firing for pottery kilns, the pottery plates and teapots for the coal mine section, the electrical department serves the textile plant and the textile workers clothe and provide blankets for the electricians—

so is the work of the school linked with the lives of the people outside it so that it becomes an integrated part of the community.

As plans are made for the reconstruction to follow land reform solidarity increases between the working people of the whole country, and this leads to a feeling of solidarity with all the working people of the world. This is internationalism on a solid basis.

These meetings are not empty pretenses of democracy as were those organised by the KMT—with "representatives" in long silk gowns and *ma kwa* (short jackets), pork pie hats and unctuous manners—who would wine and dine together and go home happily drunk.

These are meetings of ordinary people, mostly in rough peasant clothing, led by organisation which has been born in struggle and which has learnt through struggle, which has been given the determination of steel and iron through struggle. So every problem is met with realism, as part of the necessary struggle, and overcome as such. The bitter cold of winter has to be overcome. People's own individualistic natures have to be overcome. The grasping fingers of the old family system have to be overcome. Lack of technique and organisational deficiencies must be overcome.

To deal with these, the new thinking of the new age is the best weapon. It is the weapon pressed into the eager hands of the new youth.

December 5th With today's mail from America came a new book—Dr. Du Bois' "The World and Africa", in which this great scholar says, "If a world of ultimate democracy, reaching across the colour line and abolishing race discrimination, can only be accomplished by the method laid down by Karl Marx, then that method deserves to be triumphant."

One looks back on some of the effects seen in pre-liberation China of the fetish of "white supremacy"; the crude and savage attitude it engendered, the sickening hypocrisy. The missionaries who would retire to that part of Hongkong Island where no Chinese were allowed to live, to a house with no Chinese servants—for a "complete rest from Chinese faces"—the faces of those they had taken upon themselves to "save for the Lord".

The pious lifting of eyes when they spoke of "the heathen

woman I met today", their prayers of thanks for the British gunboats that shelled Wanhsien, these are just a few revolting memories.

As for the more blatant superiority of the ignorant policeman or official of the International Settlements, there were too many crude and savage examples to be enumerated. In the eyes of any decent Chinese these people were ogres past understanding, real *yang-kwei-tze*—foreign devils—difficult for any human being to associate with.

Then there was the sweeping and contemptuous treatment meted out to the Tibetan or Mongol by the KMT official or trader.

Yet, in these two years of liberation, we have seen sudden change. The sort of acts committed by a Ku Klux Klan in the USA, or the daily practices of snobbish whites in Hongkong and Singapore are unimaginable on "this side". Already a society has been evolved in which all men and women, no matter what their race or the colour of their skin, are accorded equal respect; a respect and interest based on their own intrinsic worth as human beings and the extent of the contribution they are able and willing to make to human society.

People's liberation has lifted many curses, not the least of which has been the curse of racism, the hall-mark of fascism.

Change has come "from the top down" and "from the bottom up" as they describe the dual process of new education here; it has come through hundreds of thousands of discussions in small groups, so that now, for instance, our Han (Chinese) lads think twice before they poke fun at the Mongol boys in the school as they were guilty of doing in the pre-liberation period.

It is too much to expect that, in the capitalist countries, racists will just change their attitudes out of kindliness of heart or sweet reasonableness; the old diehards of the southern states of America, the retired officials from British colonial services, the young louts who ape Hitler and want to live easily, the uniformed maniacs who drop high explosive on Korean villages with a "disinfected some more goddam gooks!"; all of these sick children will need something like the dictatorship of the common man for a while to administer a few well-directed slaps to the softest places to bring them to their senses.

December 7th Yesterday we went on a jeep to the North Mountains to bring back iron and limestone samples for our chemical lab to analyse.

The geological survey lads pioneered the climb and as we picked up samples along a hillcrest we saw the great moat that had been dug right along the top of the range in some ancient dynasty, to keep out the Mongols; a moat dug at a height of some ten thousand feet, much of it through hard iron ore, in a place where there was no water, no food—one of three lines of defences before the Great Wall, that runs down the centre of the plain, was reached.

I wonder what terrific sacrifices the ordinary people of those days endured to erect these vast fortifications.

As we came down the mountainside to the jeep, long lines of Mongols with their camels swung past. The walls are in ruins, the moats being filled up. The problems of the Mongol and the Han have at long last been settled, to the benefit of both sides.

Other peoples in today's fear-driven world could perhaps find a little lesson in this.

December 8th Coming into the city the other day I was halted by a peasant demonstration. It was an exciting thing to stop on the bridge at the small crossroads and watch it pass; the sellers of frozen vegetables, the old man who makes wheatcakes and the butcher all came away from their stands and looked admiringly at the representatives of all villages, who had come for the County meeting, went past. Each carried a tool—a spade, a rake or something, on which were stuck slogans written in bold black characters on red paper.

Old women rode on donkeys with red silk tied between the donk's ears. Small boys led cattle with something red tied to their horns. Peasant families came in ox carts, the children singing *Tung Fang Hung* lustily. The village schools had a band of *yangko* dancers which led the procession.

The procession was entirely of peasants, old and young, men and women, carrying their own old means of production, parading in their own city, watched by their own Sandan fellow-commoners. It was a sight to remember—the long line of marchers and the

forest of farm tools raised aloft, the sun on the red banners and stickers.

A bit over two years since the first people's procession came down that same road—the long line of the People's Liberation Army, giving to all, as it swept through, a sense of the power of the people to bring in the change awaited so long.

That our poorest peasants can today lift up their heads, organise for better livelihood, march and sing together in their own city, is due to that new power the liberation brought in so gaily and so resolutely.

December 9th In our political study classes, the application of the principle of criticism and self-criticism continues.

Some of the younger section leaders, who are now beginning to see the effects of all this study, some of them startling indeed, in improved cooperation and production, admit that the hours spent are not "a waste of time" as, impatient to get on with the "practical work", they charged earlier. They say now that their own work has benefited by the time spent and they see that to try to take shortcuts, to rush action ahead of understanding, is the real way to waste time in the long run.

"Political study" is the study of the new social science which provides a way in which human society, working for the first time in history collectively, and without exploitation of one section by another, can ensure a rising standard of living for all and can wipe out forever the ancient miseries of poverty, insecurity and war; the economic theory worked out by Marx and Engels, added to and carried into triumphant practice by Lenin and Stalin in the Soviet Union and by the different countries of the New Democracies, and adapted to the needs of the great country of China by the genius of Mao Tse-tung.

Boiled down to its simplest terms, "political study" means a clear understanding of how to organise to improve livelihood, how to mobilise both resources and people to realise together their common aims; and bound up with this, a clear understanding of which forces, from the personal life to the international scene, fight on the side of these aims and which forces fight against them. As clear understanding is the foundation stone of all planned action, "political study" is a first priority.

In some cases, products as we are of a bad old society, a good deal of rubbish has to be cleared away before new foundations can be laid.

Yesterday we listened to the history of a young man who had come to the school as a teacher soon after liberation. He disclosed why he had wanted to get out of the university at Lanchow and come to some distant place.

He had been a special agent of the KMT and was afraid he would be apprehended in that city by someone who had known him. He had not taken advantage of the special amnesty proclaimed by the people's government for special agents but had hoped to go on using his nimble wits and scheming brain for his own advantage.

The story of his life, rendered with a good deal of breast-beating and an obvious attempt to impress by his oratory, was received unemotionally by the group. To me it was annoying because his attitude was so obviously that of the old KMT middle-class student-intellectual who thought he was dealing with simple, peasant fools—dumb enough to be taken in by his polished language and histrionics—eyes raised to heaven, occasional tears, thumping of the table, etc.

It was, however, a pretty sordid story of life under the old regime, a typical enough story, and a tremendous indictment of the KMT education system.

His father was an opium dealer and his brother became, like himself, a KMT agent. He went through one school after another. When he needed a certificate he forged it, teachers aiding and abetting. A loafer, who always passed his exams but never studied, invited him to become a special agent, after which life became even more interesting and profitable. He did not have to pay when going to the movies. He could carry a pistol. He had power. All he had to do was to report students who seemed to be in favour of change, and carry out any work assigned to him by his superiors.

During the recital, which took several hours, the rottenness of the whole "educational" system was exposed; its complete divorce from its supposed functions; how it took the sons of the worst elements and gave them power to ride the ordinary people for more profit, to live on the ordinary people and steal from them.

And to expect the ordinary people to be grateful to them always, to look up to them and admire them.

The smattering of elementary education received was worthless —little more than how to read and write, in a limited way; the contempt for all manual work complete; the lust for position and profit, intense. To look back at the system exposed in this life story was like looking at the exposed insides of some out-of-date finery lying on a rubbish heap.

December 12th Some kids have just come in, full of excitement.

"Do you know what?"

"No, of course I don't know. I don't know anything," I reply.

"The railway to Lanchow will be finished next year! It's in the paper; it really will be done! Then, when it comes to Lanchow, it will surely come on to Sandan!" they cry.

"But it's a very difficult piece of country between Tienshui and Lanchow; those rugged loess hills and deep gorges."

"Never mind that," they chorus. "When we say we'll build a railway, we'll build it. Nothing will hold us back!"

"Good!" I answer. "It'll be much better than sitting on the tops of trucks going over Hua Chia Ling." (The highest mountain pass between Tienshui and Lanchow.)

And one thinks back over the years—a quarter of a century, almost, of KMT "plans", newspaper announcements, bombastic speeches, that always ended in nothing being done except some strategic roads to try and hedge in the Red Armies—which never succeeded in their purpose and which are now being used for their own livelihood, by the people who were forced to build them.

December 14th The analysis of the personal history of leading members of our group brings to light much of the history of the past twenty-five years—the struggles, mistakes and defeats, the courage and determination of those who have made the revolution succeed; the vacillation and selfishness of those who have done their best to hold it back.

Today we have been listening to the life story of a little bespectacled old woman, short-sighted, with slight, nervous hands gathering up her papers and tossing back her thick greying hair as she recalls various parts of her revolutionary life.

It began in Hankow in 1926, in the days when the Communist Party was still struggling to work together with the Kuomintang. She told of her life underground after Chiang Kai-shek betrayed the revolution as conceived by Dr. Sun Yat-sen and the wholesale massacre and persecution of communists and many other progressives started.

She told of the frequent arrests, the tortures that left her crippled, the interrogation by foreign as well as Kuomintang police when she came to Shanghai. Of the pressures brought upon her to recant, to join the KMT Youth Corps. Of the death of her two children, the husband who became a loafer; how her old family, feudal landlords, disowned her.

She told of her struggles to get women out of Hankow in 1938 when the Japanese were advancing. One of the problems in Hankow at that time was that factory owners and managing staff, many of whom were also KMT officials, did not want to move their factories inland. Carrying on business under Japanese occupation held no terrors for them, but the Chinese northwest, with the power of the Chinese people strengthening daily, did. So a drive was begun to get cotton mill workers themselves to go to the northwest to make some base for the cotton mills we were trying to evacuate and start up again there.

To this end, meetings of the cotton mill women were held; it was explained to them by the advanced workers, of which Chang Yu-hen was one, what Japanese occupation meant and many hundreds were persuaded to escape before it was too late. The Japanese were then almost at the gates of Hankow.

She told how she brought the women to Paochi, joining the Women's Department of Gung Ho and helping to organise these and other local women into production groups to maintain themselves and strengthen resistance to the enemy.

She told the story of the orphanages set up there for refugee children flocking in from Honan, the struggle to feed the children and the donated cash that dwindled and disappeared as it passed through the hands of this and that official on the way to the Paochi orphanages; of the final closing down of the orphanages by the KMT who preferred to set up show places in Nanking which would bring them greater credit.

She told how she was left with a band of homeless girls for

whom she must find some place or turn them out on the street; at a time when a girl found on the street was a marketable commodity for any loafer who happened along.

And so she brought the forty girls to Sandan where they made history by showing, very soon, that they could do anything the boys could do; and she herself remained at their head, also working as a staff member on the production section.

As this nervous little woman brought back her past struggles, told us about her failures, her loneliness and bitterness, her determination to stick to the revolution . . . even when her own husband deserted to the KMT and entered their service, one caught a glimpse of some of the grandeur of progressive struggle; realised afresh that the Chinese revolution was made by the growing consciousness of a great many people over a very long time; the groping of a great many people to find a way that would work; and when they found it, the faith in that way that made them strong enough to resist all the efforts of the ruling classes, domestic and foreign, to root out and drive under by any and every means, these new ideas that threatened their economy of profits.

December 17th Yesterday, with a group of students from the Geological Survey Section, I went off to the mountains on the south side of the Kansu corridor to bring back specimens for analysis.

The road went through long valleys and over frozen rivers, rising from Sandan's six thousand feet above the sea to some nine thousand.

As the ancient and battered jeep swung over ruts and ploughed through loess dust we entered country that had been left completely bankrupt by the KMT and which was now beginning to stir and take stock of the situation.

The extent of the bankruptcy has to be seen to be realised; houses pulled down for firewood, leaving gaping walls, people out in the fields scraping up bits of grass for fuel; watercourses which have been allowed to run dry; the huge horse farm where, in the T'ang Dynasty, on a great sweep of irrigated and fertile land, 80,000 cavalry horses were kept, and where by the end of the KMT, the whole area impoverished by neglect, a bare 8,000 were left, poorly kept and half-starved.

Coal pits had been left flooded so that the people had to depend on vegetation for fuel which they razed from the hills, walking miles also to collect horse dung from the pasture, so as to keep themselves and their naked children alive in the cold winters. On top of these ills, the KMT army took over the whole area and the bandits of the Ma warlords followed. Always there were exactions, always new demands on the struggling people.

Today land reform is underway and in all the villages we passed through meetings were going on. There were peasant militia on guard at the village gates and wherever we stopped the peasants came over to exchange friendly greetings, poke around the jeep, sit their babies on the front and laugh.

As we got higher up the mountain side, villages became scarcer, until at last we turned a corner and swung into a tiny settlement built mostly of stone.

To get the head of the jeep out of the bitter wind we turned it into a doorway, whereupon the big doors swung back and an old peasant with dignified and imperturbable mien, shouted in a voice of welcome, "Ni lai la ma!"—"So you've come!" as though strange jeeps were in the habit of calling often. But some girls rushed down the stone steps crying "An aeroplane has come, an aeroplane. . .!" And the small fry clustered round in great excitement. It was the first motor vehicle they had ever seen at close hand.

The view as we looked over the broad expanse of the horse farm—much of which we could see had been ploughed up by tractors in the autumn—was breathtaking. A grand, rugged pioneer country where men will soon walk as free as kings, their worries for fuel and food forgotten, along with all the other terrors of the dreary past.

It was dusk when we got back to Sandan, to the transport yard, full of bustle with the mending of trucks underway, the power generator throbbing and the place full of light.

"Chia-li hao!"—"Home's good!" said one of the lads thankfully, as we hauled out the specimens and went in search of food.

December 30th Seven years ago, when we came to Sandan in the pit of the coldest winter the village had known for half a century, a bright local lad came along to the dark old house on the

main street where we began our work and offered his services as general assistant.

We engaged him and he proved so able and willing that a few months later we agreed that he should become a student.

As the years went on Chen Fa-shing proved his worth both as a textile technician and as an administrator. After liberation he became a staff member of the Business Section and was given a great deal of the work of purchasing raw materials and supplies—a worrying job in those days of insecurity, skyrocketing inflation and "squeeze"—and proved himself resourceful and incorruptible.

After the liberation, he was one of the first to join the League of Democratic Youth when this was set up, and to take responsibility in organising youth for the tasks of the new day.

As a result of this he progressed politically very quickly while his father, a small trader in the town, stayed in his old rut, neglecting no opportunity to make a bit of extra cash for himself as before.

In the bad old days, trade in rifles was one of the more lucrative things a small trader could get into. This, the traffic in opium and the marketing of girl children were some of the blights on the decadent society of the KMT era in West Kansu. Chen Fa-shing was put in a quandary when he found that his father was secreting arms in the house, intending to sell them to KMT remnants still lurking in the hills. His duty to society was in conflict with loyalty to the family. He knew he must report the matter to his organisation, and he did so. One can imagine the shaking of heads that went on among the older people. What was the world coming to when a son would take such action against his own father?

Chen Fa-shing did not have too good a time himself—especially after his father was sentenced by the people's court and went off to a reform-through-labour squad in the area, leaving the boy to support a sick stepmother out of his small earnings.

Today one of his friends came around for a subscription to help Chen bury the stepmother, who had died. I asked about the father and Chen's friend told me, with quiet satisfaction, that the father had changed—in fact he had become a model worker in his production squad! Instead of feeling resentful he now felt proud of his son's courage in putting him straight! Moreover it

was possible that his sentence would be reviewed favourably before long and he would be allowed to return to his home.

This little story seemed to show the complete acceptance of the new society by Chinese mass life, and their realisation that the limited morality which cared only for the family, "right or wrong," did not fit the changed conditions in which the family has become the whole of society. The old man Chen emerges realising that a trader has a responsibility to something wider than just himself and his blood relatives. His becoming a model worker is a matter for satisfaction on all sides and when he comes back into the community he will have gained a new respect for it and will no longer want to be a gun runner for feudalists and imperialists. He will be grateful to the new group spirit that has enabled his long ailing wife to be buried decently. Under the old society the son would have committed an outrage against filial piety. Now everywhere people say that he did the right thing, and his younger brother, a Young Pioneer, is very proud of him.

January 5th, 1952 Our period of discussing personal histories has just ended. In the process much of the old history of the school in the pre-liberation period has come to light, causing one to think back over what was then an experiment in education for cooperative industry; and to wonder how far the experiment succeeded.

We came to Sandan in 1944, moving our school from Shwangshihpu in Shensi, where our existence was threatened both by the Japanese advance and by KMT persecution.

Suspicion followed us here and the then county magistrate referred to us contemptuously as "a bunch of red hats". But Sandan is an isolated place, mountains to the south and to the north, surrounded by wasteland. Because of this and because of our international connections we were left pretty much alone except for various KMT agents who came and went, some as teachers, some as visitors, some as students.

Under these conditions we had a good chance to work out our ideas in education; how to make a productive school under the toughest conditions.

Sandan is 6,000 feet above the sea. The climate, though healthy, is bitterly cold in winter. The city was little more than

a decayed village then. Few shops, many empty houses. All seemed dead.

Our first sixty students were those who hiked with us over the thousand odd kilometers of roads to Sandan in West Kansu. They were mostly Honan refugees. We had a few simple tools, a lathe, an old boiler and steam engine and some pieces of textile equipment.

We engaged what administrative staff were available. From our almost non-existent funds they bought the wheat supply for a whole year, but the thing was a racket and no wheat was forthcoming. They squeezed and they made personnel problems until all were got rid of and the older boys called in to take their places.

We then started what was, to my mind, a significant thing—the operation of an industrial production-training centre with the administration carried on by the students themselves as a part of their training. Those in charge of the purchasing of food and raw materials, of the school stores, the kitchen superintendents, the managers of the production sections, were all students. The paid staff consisted of a handful of teachers for theoretical class work.

A great problem in those days was the widespread custom of squeeze. Every official, every trader expected some kind of personal rake-off from each deal, and did their best to draw our student-traders into the racket. A boy would go to buy material and the shopkeeper would look inquiringly at him and ask, "How much shall I make out the receipt for?"

If he were buying hemp sandals the shopkeeper would add a couple of good pairs for the buyer. If he were buying hides or wool the seller would slip in a present or invite him to a meal. If the boy was in charge of stores, outside friends would urge him to bring a little something with him when visiting. All kinds of temptations would be pressed on him to put his personal gain before the interests of the organisation he was serving. It was inevitable that a few would succumb, especially as these practices were the norm in the old society, but looking back it is surprising how few did, in relation to the opportunity. What collective strength our old organisation had then did give backing to those who wanted to resist, and the desire to make the work succeed did in most cases override the more personal considerations.

The school did not keep any one student too long on administration unless it was in a production section where administration and technique went hand in hand. Training in large-scale office administration was not the object but the sort of experience that would enable each small industry to manage its own affairs and market its own products without bringing in outside administrators.

We spent as little as possible on buildings, on clothing, and as much as possible on food and tools. Our trainees became practical people, yet in the old society, where practical people were despised by the intellectuals, our boys were often made to feel inferior when some graduate of a KMT school would visit and talk down to them.

Today this has changed. A lad who can operate a coal mine or a paper plant is beginning to have the status that should be his. Today the man who can create and produce, not the glib talker, is becoming the natural leader. The old intellectual, if he changes, becomes the promoter for the new society. If he does not change, he drops out. In the old society, too, a natural fault was that lads doing administrative work should become somewhat proud and tend to ape the official attitudes they saw around them.

In the new day, however, few sins are regarded with more impatience than an attitude which is not humble enough to learn.

After liberation, with the strong interest and backing of the new government we went on to a regular short-term training centre basis, boys in administration were promoted to the staff and we entered a new stage. We were no longer an orphan unit battling for a cooperative way of living, cut off from our friends and battling with corrupting influences just outside our gates. Now we had the strength of the whole new society, its mass movements, its youth organisations to help make our work effective.

With all our difficulties and drawbacks, the fact remains that our experiment in building a centre for many kinds of industry in the years from 1944 to 1949, was done mainly by a group of schoolboys, taken from the poorest peasant class, many of whom had had no previous education. This fact stands and embodies, perhaps, some lessons for the future.

The difficulties of a rotten society, of a bankrupt locality, of lack of materials, of little technical tuition, of a climate in which

the temperature dropped to 30 and 40 below zero in the long winters, all were, to an extent, surmounted. And pottery, glass, paper, textiles, leather, made, machine shops, transport system and farms maintained, by lads whom the old society did not want, lads left as refugees on the roads. Our teachers and group leaders mostly come from their ranks also. It was an interesting experiment.

January 18th We have started a campaign against waste, squeeze and bureaucracy, as part of the big mass movement now sweeping the country—a necessary housecleaning to prepare the way for the united drive for production that will follow.

Our first step was to hold two mass meetings on successive nights to consider the mistakes of the past and what they had cost the people.

On the second night, study groups began a discussion, with the help of what literature was available, on "frugality"—the need to practise economy in daily life with a view to putting the great bulk of our efforts into the building of basic industry.

Inspecting study groups last night I found many lively arguments in progress. In a preparatory student group, led by a girl member of the Democratic Youth League, questions showered in thick and fast. There was the pingpong controversy; playing pingpong so hard that balls were broken. The cinders problem: was it waste to throw out cinders instead of collecting and burning them again? If we threw them out, wouldn't the poor people outside benefit, and weren't we here to help the people? Finally it was decided that if we saved on coal we could use less ourselves and sell more outside and also buy tools with the money earned and help to start industries which would help the people a great deal more.

Then the foundry problem came up. The foundry made parts in duplicate for a coal mine winch. When one part was not wanted it was broken up for scrap. The boy who had used his best technique in making the moulds felt aggrieved and that it was a tragic waste. The group decided that while the boy was right to bring up the matter for discussion there may have been some reason for the casting of duplicate parts and the engineer should be asked for an explanation.

One bright imp claimed he had been the victim of a bad case of "squeeze". Someone had drawn from the store the pencil due to him while he was away on farm work but had never handed it over. Now this pencil was important to him. If he had no pencil, how could he write down and remember things? And if a comrade did this sort of thing when young and it remained unchecked, what would he be capable of when he grew up and had more responsibility? This was not the way to live together.

January 30th This Chinese New Year in our village has seen some changes from the traditional one.

The great gates of the City Temple have remained shut, and the ancestors of the landlords go unworshipped. Peasants with money in their hands have come into the city buying paper strips to paste down the sides of the big doors. The familiar black characters on red paper are there, but instead of invoking some god of luck to bring prosperity and official appointments for the sons of the middle class, they read, "Study more and then we will understand how to work together", "Lift livelihood and the people will be lifted too".

Yesterday afternoon we went out into the country and saw the various bands of *yao-ko* dancers with their drums and banners crossing the winter farmland from homestead to homestead, dancing and singing.

In the pottery area, a performance was being given in front of every kiln.

In former times a troupe of professional stilt dancers would come into the city and perform in front of various official places, demanding cash payment at the end of the act; the whole thing on a strictly commercial basis.

This year, even in this poor and backward part of the country there are literally dozens of dancing and musical groups, very much of the people and very much for the people.

February 7th In our study group today we have been considering various government workers who are true servants of the people and their example for other responsible leaders. One mentioned was Wang Shih-tai, who was made Assistant-Governor of Kansu after the liberation and was later responsible for the important construction job of extending the railway to Lanchow. Wang Shih-tai was a political worker from Yenan without technical training but because of his close identification with the masses and his clear understanding of *how* to best serve the people he was able to meet the needs of his difficult job and carry it out efficiently and without bureaucracy.

Many other examples were quoted and analysed and then the group began to compare this new kind of people's servant with the old type of KMT government official who fought for position only in order to become a little king, feather his own nest and gratify every kind of lust. I found myself looking back over all the governors and their courts, all the ministers and all the Very Great and thinking what a cheap bunch they were in contrast with what we have today. I remembered the warlord—Governor of Shensi, a dull, ignorant man who wiled away his days in feasting and mah-jong, interspersed with little schemes for better business for his own family.

His brother was busily erecting factories, with government help, for the perpetuation of the family fortunes, in case the Governor's job did not hold out.

Once, when we had to pay him an official call there was a Japanese air raid and we had to sit with him in a dug-out for a couple of hours. We politely tried to make conversation but the dull, wooden, arrogant face never unbent, answering in insulted monosyllables until the whole group relapsed into complete silence; glad when the ordeal was over and we could escape his presence.

Stories about his "generalship" later became popular jokes—each little Japanese advance providing the excuse for him to commandeer all transport available and move to the more profitable rear taking with him everything of value that could be moved.

With all his dullness he well understood the principles of big business, and well understood the need to employ gangsters and loafers to catch, imprison and torture, on the ground that they might be "communists", all strong anti-Japanese elements.

The only safe things to discuss with him were money-making projects in which he could figure out some way of getting a fat personal rake-off.

The stagnant old society certainly did bring the scum to the surface. Little can collect on the top of the clear running stream

that is society today. Part may break off and eddy for a while in some tiny backwater but sooner or later there comes the flood of some new movement, such as we are seeing in the movement against waste, squeeze and bureaucracy today, and dislodges it, throwing it back into the broad stream of effort once more.

February 8th Yesterday a special call to meeting came early in the morning and the whole school trooped over to the county offices to a mass meeting of all the organisations of the city. There were representatives of the Peasants' Unions from various sections, the schools, the local government workers, the women's organisations and others.

I took up my seat in a sunny corner of the courtyard and was busy reading when the meeting was called to order. In rural districts like Sandan, peasant customs make it best to carry a book or else one will be left waiting for a time. The industrial punctuality of Shanghai has not reached Sandan yet.

As the whistle blew, I put away my spectacles and placed a marker in my book, preparing to sit and listen. But after a short speech by the *hsien* magistrate my hopes for maintaining myself in a quiet corner were dashed. I was invited to be a member of the county committee on the movement against waste, squeeze and bureaucracy and so came to the middle and sat with the party secretary, our assistant headmaster and county people.

The meeting was to discuss cases of squeeze and malpractice and one was from our own school, a party member and head of our business section. Feng's was a somewhat pathetic tale of a lad who had come in the flush of liberation, after a hard life in the army and who, given responsibility too great for him to bear, had squeezed the people's money.

Faced with his accusers, many of them local people outside the school, he had little to say. Group leaders from many sides demanded that he be punished strictly, pointing out that as a party member his responsibility to the people was even greater than that of others and his abuse of trust therefore all the more serious.

The party secretary suspended his membership as is customary in such cases and he, at the wish of the meeting, was committed to the ordinary civil courts for trial, and along with other

such cases would be given a period of "reform through labour" and re-education.

The next on the list was a typical KMT-type small official, with the pallor of an opium smoker. He had been in charge of checking in grain at one of the grain stores.

When the PLA came in they asked all officials to stay at their posts and gave them a good chance to re-educate themselves. This one did not learn fast. He went on with his opium-smoking and other habits.

"What were you feeding to that fat pig you had in your yard?" shouted one peasant.

"You say you stole only 40 *dan* (of wheat). Think again!" came other angry voices.

He thought again, sat down and figured on a piece of paper. He then thought that he had stolen 70 *dan*. But it was noted that his confessed thefts concerned only two sections, whereas he was in charge of several other sections as well.

One could almost see the estimates being made in the audience and soon they were produced . . . "At least 200 *dan*." It had mainly been spent on luxuries for himself, and he, too, was committed to the courts for trial.

The next on the list was also a KMT remnant who had not made good. A tough, well-dressed, arrogant little man, he had grafted from individual peasants in the name of the government. Angry voices came from all sides to accuse him and bring forward proof. Old men in sheepskin coats with quavering voices and straggly beards told of his impositions. There was little he could say. Everywhere there was indignation. His case finished, he squatted down moodily and spat into the dust, turning to bark at small children playing near him for raising dust, then brushing it off his nice overcoat carefully.

And so the cases, one by one, were reviewed in detail before all the people, the more serious committed to the courts and the milder ones left for the organisations concerned to deal with.

At last the whole great meeting rose and the air was filled with yellow northwest dust as they stamped their feet and surged out of the compound back to their homes. All around old and young were saying, "*Ai-ya*, they take the food out of the people's mouths." "*Ai-ya*, so many rats at the wheat and we didn't know

even a little bit." "*Ai-ya*, how many more of such people do we have?"

The movement is one which catches the imagination of the people and those who are still clinging to old ways will come in for thorough investigation if they do not come forward and admit their faults so that progress can be got on with. There are few ultimate secrets in a collective society where, as far as livelihood is concerned, one man's business is everyone's business.

During the last few days we have had school meetings to consider the failings of the headmasters and now we are examining the various section heads. "The worker in charge of the kitchens does not do his work well," complains one small lad from the preparatory section. "And if we complain about the food, he just says, 'Nonsense, go away!' "

"I'm in the farm," pipes up another boy. "The farm manager has just got a wife and wants to stay home. When we went to ask him what we should do, he said, 'Nothing today.' When there is so much work that ought to be done, this answer shows that he does not mind waste or bureaucracy."

February 18th The waves that have been gathering strength in the first few weeks of our movement against waste, squeeze and bureaucracy are now beginning to crash against the shore.

Evidence from amongst our own group, from peasant association meetings, from all other people's organisations, begins to point the finger at the chief offenders.

In spite of the heaviest fall of snow this winter our group has met together, the whole six hundred of them, to hear the evidence presented and to listen to the answers.

So the housecleaning process goes on all round and people begin to sit up and feel their responsibility for everything that has happened and for the future ahead.

The people's organisations begin to look on the school as their own, not as a curiosity belonging to some curious foreigners.

They begin to say, "Hey, Lao Wang, that steel shovel belongs to our Bailie School, not to you, and you know it! How did you get it?"

And Lao Wang confesses that a certain student sold it to him for candy or eggs, or that he got it in return for some favour,

or that, profiting by the negligence of the person in charge of the work, he had just taken it home.

Later As we get deeper into the movement against waste, squeeze and bureaucracy, we realise how necessary the whole process is. Self-complacency everywhere is well and truly shaken up and those faults of the best workers which would in time have prevented their advance to more usefulness are shown to them clearly.

Not everything said, of course, is proved evidence, but at least everyone can get all grievances that rankle and prevent cooperation off their chests and the air will be cleared for later work.

Each stage of the new day has its tasks and the task of this movement is to clean out the corruption of all kinds bred in a society in decay and to show up to many workers shortcomings that would stand in the way of progress into the new one. It will also show up to the group for later attention in the stages that follow the kind of people who talk glibly, nurse resentment because their own childish pride has been hurt and who are better at sowing discord than they are at producing constructive results.

The first stages of this vast social change have all been passed through successfully, with minor defeats but major victories, and the struggle entailed has brought home to everyone the fact that the future of society is in their hands and the part of each and every individual is a responsible one.

March 26th An interesting thing these days, when spring planting is in progress, is the new enthusiasm in bringing into cultivation bits of land which have lain idle during the seven years we have been here.

Whole families, men, women and children, come down into riverbeds to cultivate areas that can be easily watered.

People were poorer in KMT times than they are now. Why didn't they get together then and grow wheat wherever possible?

Today they are sure that if they grow more they will eat more. Then, they were sure that if they grew more, more would be taken from them. We saw another party marking fields of old brick-drying yards, of bits of hillside, of disused road.

There will be more wheat in Sandan at the next harvest, that

is sure. For these new patches are watered by the existing irrigation schemes which will bring in the wheat, drought or no drought.

Yesterday two of us went to a place some distance from the city where legend has it that Yu the Great, the Hsia Dynasty emperor of about 2,000 years B.C., made a dam to save the water which, in winter and in summer floods, goes to waste, so that great glory came to him as new fields brought in new wheat.

I remember my old Chinese teacher putting me through the Thousand Character Classic in which the story runs that Yu the Great was so devoted to his task of irrigation that though he passed his home three times on his travels back and forth he never entered the door (*san tse kuo men, pu chin ih ru*).

A toothless old peasant in a clean-washed jacket, open down the front to admit the spring sunshine, came and asked why we were looking at this particular place. We told him about Yu the Great and asked him what he thought a dam would mean. He thought for a minute and looked carefully upstream to where the salt marsh glinted white in the sun and said, "wheat," and after a moment, "more to eat," and smiled radiantly.

So we guessed that this dam would come into being again one day and that there would certainly be more fish from the lake to eat, more trees by its edges, more power from the overflow, more work in the construction of it, more wheat from new lands it would irrigate.

There must be many, many a site, so easy to develop yet neglected as the old-time officials passed their days at the feast tables with their smug little band of landlords, scarcely moving outside their frowzy *yamens*, appointing as their agents the dregs of society, the loafers and brutal despots that were such a part of every old-time rural centre.

April 5th The other day our *hsien* magistrate got married. The bride was an old student of the school's who had become a government worker.

One could not help contrasting the ceremony with the kind that would have been held in KMT days. The magistrate's landlord family and friends, with all their hangers-on, would have made the wedding-feast into a long, riotous debauch. The cost of all this hospitality and much more would have been covered by

the gifts of cash and goods received from all over the countryside. Custom demanded this sort of tribute from the poorest family and none dared to withhold it.

Even for less important family occasions such as the birthday of a magistrate's mother or the death of a grandmother, tribute in the form of presents of cash value was always exacted—and the magistrate never neglected to celebrate all such occasions.

At the wedding feast there would have been long empty speeches, including the speech of the matchmaker, who would be congratulating herself on a profitable deal; for the marriage would have been an arranged one and the bride would probably be seeing her husband for the first time. (Now, with the elevation of women to a very real equality, no union would be possible without full consent on both sides, and a magistrate's marriage in particular, would serve as an example to the rest of the village.)

There would have been masses of gold characters on red satin, invoking all the gods of prosperity and luck; brocaded silks would have swished past each other; there would have been many bows and oily smiles and much drunken laughter.

At the wedding of our magistrate today, however, the whole thing passed swiftly at the end of a working afternoon. In the *hsien* meeting hall, the *hsien* district workers had assembled. The platform was decorated with flowers and there were melon seeds in dishes and glasses of steaming tea. The bride's mother, a Honan refugee peasant who had come west down the Lunghai Railway during the anti-Japanese war and had supported herself and her child by sewing and washing and all the things her hardy peasant type was able to meet adversity with, sat demurely, in a neat blue jacket with hair primly done. The party secretary, in his best serge uniform and medals, stood on the platform with the magistrate-bridegroom in like clothing while the bride wore a new summer uniform of blue.

After the marriage ceremony—the exchange of a simple declaration and the signing of the *hsien* register, the couple bowed to each other, to the mother and to their fellow-workers, after which there was half an hour of the usual banter and teasing. The couple are begged to sing a love song, to tell the story of how they fell in love with each other. The bride replies, in like manner, that she can't understand it at all. At first she wouldn't con-

sider him—he was much too old for her; then she made enquiries and found the difference was only a matter of seven or eight years, so it didn't seem worthwhile to refuse on this score. The bridegroom says he can't imagine, either, how he could have been attracted to such an ordinary-looking girl, but it is too late to repent it now. . . . The group breaks up with much laughter and many parting quips and a few of us join the couple at a simple meal in the magistrate's rooms, with a few extra dishes added to the ordinary fare and a lot of good humour. Then we guests shake hands with our hosts and go back to our work.

Gone were the elaborate bows, the scurrying servants and soldiers of KMT times. The guards at the main gate seemed quite unconcerned and our simple, friendly handshake at the magistrate's door had ended our part in the matter.

Before going, we three headmasters had had a discussion on what we should give as a present. "If it's expensive, they won't take it," said one. In the end we went to our marketing and supply store and bought a piece of flowered cotton, very red and with large chrysanthemums on it, for a bed cover, which, when the price was divided up, cost us each very little. Even then, it was probably the most expensive gift received.

April 16th It is with amazement that I turn on the radio these days and listen to the insane Voice of America, to the BBC following gallantly in its footsteps, on the news of South Africa, of Egypt, of Tunis, of Korea and Vietnam and Malaya.

Listening to the wildness of a bankrupt system cursing social change, cursing the peace movement, one wonders what people are so afraid of.

Only one thing could frighten the Chinese—and that would be a return to the hopelessness of the old society.

Why does the state ownership of the means of production in North Korea and in new China create such panic?

People in New Zealand, for example, would hardly expect to be made the target of American bombing because the state there owns the railways. Our forefathers, with a vision of the socialist state, made them that way. State insurance, state coal mines should also be cursed by America for existing in New Zealand. Workers' compensation, collective bargaining for wages, compulsory

education, have all been with the New Zealand people so long that no one would consider them good cause to napalm-bomb children, as in Korea, because the Korean people prefer state ownership of the means of production. Neither would the popular demand for socialised medicine and land reforms be considered an excuse for attempts to wipe out whole populations with bacteria bombs.

When New Zealand grew up and made the effort to throw off colonial status to become an independent nation, no foreign country made it an occasion for re-armament.

By what kind of racist theory could the people of New Zealand convince themselves that what is good for them the people of other countries should not have?

Must these other peoples of our world, as soon as they start to stand up on their own feet, claiming the right as the equals their history and civilisation prove them to be, to express themselves in their own way, must these people then be feared and trampled down? A triumph for subjective thinking, this—the subjective thinking that chains man close to his forbears in the prehistoric forests of antiquity.

Equal opportunities for people? How dare they! One answer: exterminate them. A simple, animal answer.

New Zealand is now, in fear, turning her back on the way of the future and clings blindly to the old and reactionary. "Where America goes—we go"—the government has said.

As for China, she has thrown the old into the garbage heap and walks fearlessly into the new, contemptuous of the maniacal screams of the controllers of the old world through their bought press and radio.

May 4th These days—the warm days and cool nights of a Central Asian summer—have had more than their usual quota of interest.

The May Day celebrations filled the roads with colour and movement, with singing and the smiling faces of a people on the upsurge.

But the thing that has fascinated me more than most others has been the tree planting.

In the KMT times there was a day set each year for tree

planting and hirelings of each organisation stuck in a few saplings which were promptly eaten by the goats and donkeys or else pulled up for fuel—as peasants could not afford to buy the coal in which this district abounds.

In those days we were the only organisation that seemed to be able to go ahead and get a few trees to live, though our success also was very limited. Of the many hundreds of trees planted in the area of our irrigation work out on the steppe, only one survived. We had more success in the yards of the industrial divisions of the school near the city, but the total number of trees we were able to add to this eroded and treeless country was pathetically small.

This year we have planted some more, but I am ashamed to say that we have planted fewer than most organisations. Yesterday we passed the staff of the post office. They had been out in their noon hour of rest planting some of the area of marsh which has always been considered wasteland. The local primary schools have planted large areas and have protected the bark of the saplings with thorns. The policemen have been out for days planting and everywhere one sees the peasants planting alongside ditches, in front of their homes and on waste bits of land.

It is as if a magic wand had been waved and suddenly the people had been converted to a belief in the things scientists had for the past fifty years told the administrators were essential for the continued life of the old Northwest.

I remember when I was a newcomer in Shanghai in the late twenties, going to a meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society where a scientist, waving both hands in the air, said in portentous accents, "North China is doomed. In a hundred years' time sands will cover those areas where now man plants crops. North China will become a desert. Custom will prevent the people from doing the only thing that would save the land—spreading irrigation and planting countless millions of trees. It is too late!"

But it is not so late as he thought. The miracle has happened. The planting of trees has begun and in the years to come the movement will gather force until our climate changes, our waters be saved and a new and limitless day dawns for our people who have fought so well.

May 20th We have just had some very heavy rains which have brought green to the browns and the yellows of the steppe and the hillsides. The rains have been a mixed blessing, however, as due to the eroded nature of the country the rush of water has been so great that many of the farmers' dams have been swept away.

In the past, this happened very often and would be followed by landlords' agents, village heads and police driving the people out to do repairs. There would be beatings, cursings, appeals, and the better-off would be excused. The poorest would be herded off to do the job which, of course, would be skimped as much as possible.

In our today, however, what a difference! Peasants' associations met, work was apportioned and everywhere one saw people streaming across the countryside with shovels.

The dams went back in record time and a day or two later irrigation channels were running as before. Not only that, but taking advantage of the heavy soaking of the steppe the people combined in groups for collective sowing of millet. Many thousands of *mou* have thus been sown which should result in more food for next winter. Sowing was done over a big area for the steppe has so far been wasteland and free to everyone. I could see masses of people with their animals, with their women and children, their tools flashing in the summer sun, in huge groups, working in this way.

Land reform has brought a holding to everyone able to use it; but in this pioneer country the collective spirit has been given a free rein and is showing what it can do.

The first essential steps towards collectivisation, towards the industrialisation of agriculture, have been taken with the removal of the fetters which prevented the ordinary people from coming together in a natural way to work out their common problems of livelihood.

May 22nd These days when the creative practical man is coming into his own, when the teaching is to "examine the objective situation" before tackling a problem of either production or of human relations and then set to work realistically to solve it; when the innovator and the man who works with his hands are

honoured and set up as examples to youth; in these days one realises more fully than ever the hopelessness and deadness of the old education system.

In China the hard core of it had become the great mission schools, with their drive to capture the middle class and make them their willing tools. To the people of China crying out for industrialisation they responded with the production of neatly dressed, ambitious officials, compradores for foreign firms and professional people for the cities that were to hold the villages in check.

With their magnificent campuses and their lavish endowments they crippled initiative and made for imitation throughout the country, putting an end to any hope for the emergence, as the Confucian formalist tradition fell into decay, of a practical educational system fitted to the cultural and economic needs of China. The foreign schools were imitated in the big cities, and what the big cities did the hinterland did also.

From the ritualistic memorising of the classics that killed initiative in the Imperial days, Chinese students passed to the memorising of higher forms of modern learning, which they wore merely as the ornament of a superior class, and which unaccompanied by any practice had much the same result as before—making them followers of the new culture of western capitalism, rather than believers in and promoters of the creative potentialities of their own people.

Naturally, the very brilliant men were still brilliant men. The Chinese people are as able as any, and have many who are more able than most. So prominent scientists, men of letters and of the arts, of medicine and research, certainly did come from those centres of learning and were hailed by the world.

But so did the whole host of scamps, of ineffectuals who lay like a dead weight on the people and prevented change. Jokes about how unpractical the Chinese were cropped up in all the comfortable houses of foreign diplomats, missionaries and business men. . . . "They will never be able to manage their own affairs," these cried with satisfaction. "They will never industrialise China unless we do it for them." The imposed educational system had done its work well.

At the beginning of the anti-Japanese war when we started

Gung Ho, many of these impractical intellectuals came to help. "Came to help" is polite language. At the best, this kind gave little or no help. At the worst, they introduced that bane of reactionary educational institutions, "small politics," and so served as wreckers.

To actually get behind any worker or peasant group and help it to produce was beyond them entirely. They wanted to command, but knew nothing of what it takes to make industrial production.

"Why, these fools don't know what logarithms are. I made an algebraic equation for them the other day and they could not understand," one said to me after a visit to a cooperative. The cooperative, of refugee workers, had made eight sets of printing machinery for eight new cooperatives and was engaged in the manufacture of rice-hulling mills for others. The gap between them and the intellectual was a million miles wide. He was contemptuous of them, they of him. Yet in the quality of the contempt there was a difference. The intellectual did not want to learn practice. The workers wanted to learn more theory and opened a school to do so. They invited the intellectual to come and teach in it—but he did not accept.

In their hearts, most of the people produced by the old educational system hated the village and despised workers. When they did come into contact, in their long silk gowns or smart foreign clothes, with workers covered with grease, with peasants struggling along in poverty, they were infinitely condescending. Their education had given them little principle, and only petty ambition in its place.

There were the progressive intellectuals, of course, to whom the whole system was a challenge, whose faith and hope in the future of their great country never wavered and who played a magnificent role in its liberation.

In Gung Ho's ranks, too, were intellectuals who were willing to devote their gifts to the service of the people. But it is of the typical product of the system rather than those exceptional people who were strong enough to challenge it, that I am speaking now.

Of these, most who joined Gung Ho in the villages or small provincial centres, felt that their talents were being wasted. At the best, they wanted to do research and gain "face" that way.

They always felt they were making a sacrifice, and that they were entitled to the adoration of the "little learned" for their great wisdom. They instinctively hated and intrigued against the practical man who could get practical results. Their brittle, superior laughter dominated meetings and made producers feel small and ineffectual. It is easy to kill creative effort. The old intellectual did his job well, and, for the time being, the mission school triumphed.

So much for the old. It was bad, and it will take a lot of hard work and straight thinking to eliminate all its influences. But there is no doubt that it will now be done.

Our experiment at Sandan came about as an attempt to find some way of combatting the deadening results of the old type of teaching and of releasing some of the creative power lying latent in the villages.

What kind of leaders would be most useful to the people of the future? How were they to be trained so that they would have confidence in their own ability to actually do and to actually create—so that, coming from the ranks of ordinary men they would retain confidence in and love for the ordinary man and be able to provide the bridge between the mass of industrial man-power and the highly specialised expert?

Such training is no simple matter. It is easy to follow in old established forms—some classrooms, four walls, a gateman, a book of rules, morning exercises, neat uniforms. No trouble—and few results. Creative training needs scope for experiment. The way to get results has to be discovered, within the sort of environment that can produce the results. An environment where theory and practice are not divided but linked into one whole.

Visiting "experts" had taught us the utter uselessness of theory divorced from practice. The highly trained geologist, for instance, reared in the city, could not cope with the rough environment in which he must search for his mineral deposits, the environment which should have been his natural one, in which he should have spent his early formative years. He did not have what it took—the sweat, ability to face hard conditions, the local knowledge of them, and many other things the higher centre of learning does not teach. The highly trained animal-husbandry "expert" did not know how to care for and properly shepherd a flock of stud

sheep. An engineer who had passed an incredible number of exams would not be able to make a Diesel engine run or turn out an exact piece of work on a lathe.

In short, the environment itself must produce the creative response to its problems, and the theory and practice must be as inseparable as the mind and the body, for real understanding of how to deal with the problems and exploit the riches of the environment.

The problem in our experimentation over these years has been how to make the theoretical and the practical work side by side.

We learned that to bring 13-14 age-group children from the villages into an industrialised training centre, letting them work in small plants of various kinds half-time through the primary and middle school stage, brought certain definite results.

First we learned that, apparently because of the daily relation between theory and practice, children learned more swiftly and thoroughly in their half-day of class work than they did in a whole day spent in the classroom. In the half day spent in the small production units, actually using machines and industrial processes, theory was applied and produced concrete objects—warm blankets, paper to write on, glazed dishes to eat from and to delight the eye, fine tools that increased everyone's powers. Theory was no longer abstract and boring, something to be crammed into the resisting memory. Theory was one of the tools that made living objects that could be seen and handled, and the strength to make them grow daily with the theory.

The work became fun—as absorbing as any game. It did not matter what practical work was tried in the first years—pottery, cotton spinning, beet sugar making—the main point was that theory and practice together equalled interest.

It was found that such training produced creative youth who actually liked work, could face pioneer surroundings with confidence and could contribute to each other's education on a broad practical basis. That is, spending their collective life among many types of training and production units, with many friends in each, interest and curiosity would lead to talk and experimentation and general exchange of knowledge and appreciation of the links between one industry and another, with the result that the background of technical and industrial experience was very much

broadened. The need for the whole group to struggle, to contribute to their own livelihood, to master the contradictions of the environment, enforced action.

Everyone learned something of irrigation, of some of the problems of bringing back wasteland to cultivation; the problems of transport—broken-down trucks, burnt-out bearings, etc. were a familiar problem. Most trainees knew what went into the erection of a factory chimney—how bricks were burnt, boiler and water problems—as well as the techniques of paper-making, leather-tanning and textiles—all useful working knowledge learned easily and providing a base for whatever specialisation was decided on later.

We found, for instance, that all our hospital trainees were better surgeons because they had learned to use their hands in some of the practical sections before coming into the hospital—as well as learning something about the practical working conditions of patients who came to them later.

Our geological survey lads were better equipped because of their working knowledge of the needs of the pottery kilns, the glass works, the coal-mine sections.

We learned that specialisation could come faster and more naturally at the end of such a training period, with its broad base of general practical knowledge and the habit of relating theory to practice ingrained since childhood in a realistic environment.

We found the village child, especially if caught at the receptive age of 12-14, to be very creative. Perhaps because of his early mastering of the techniques of jobs to be done about the farm he was already competent and able to take responsibility, and at the same time eager to learn improved ways of doing things. His approach was simple and realistic, and we found him able to master complicated mechanical processes without difficulty. We tried in our collective living to bring in a new family spirit that would replace the old—girls and boys, old and young, all learning from each other.

After three years of work in almost any section, we found that in the final two years or so of specialisation, a very great deal could be absorbed and absorbed swiftly.

Our little experiment was a laboratory specimen in the educational field, with many shortcomings and many mistakes but one

With Ma Hai-teh at the Lei T'ai, Sandan

Survey group at Sandan school

Bridge for new railways in the Northwest

New office construction, Peking

Survey student at Sandan

Peking fireworks, the Lunar New Year

Dancing at the school for national minorities, Peking

that was full of interest and from which all that took part in it learned a great deal.

The main objects of our struggle against the methods of the dead old society of that time were to produce a bright and inquiring mind instead of dumb worship for authority, knowledge with a basis instead of knowledge in a vacuum and production as an enjoyable social activity instead of production as bitter drudgery I-must-try-to-avoid-by-using-my-wits-and-becoming-an-official. In our little corner we learned from the people of the villages and like many others then and later found here the solid foundation that could be built upon. Of all the many lessons learned over the years the greatest was that the potential of the common man is a potential which need stop at nothing.

The most complicated machines, the most difficult processes, the hardest administrative responsibilities can be undertaken by youth which a few short years before stood dumbly and wearily under the feudal conditions imposed on them for so long.

As this lesson came home to me, I thought more and more of the other countries of Asia where valuable resources go to waste, and realised what an immense power the liberated peoples of Asia will have for peace and construction, for the good of all mankind.

For here in these countries, called "industrially backward", made by those who would keep them backward the recipients of their much-vaunted "aid", lies the power to develop all the barren places of the world, using all the most advanced techniques that the world has discovered.

Sandan taught many of us that the village people of Asia have the strength to banish insecurity and want for all time from the new world of tomorrow.

PEKING, 1952

May 25th Five days ago Courtney Archer and I were busy with our various jobs at Sandan when we received a telegram asking us to go to Peking to represent the New Zealand Peace Movement at the Preparatory Conference for the Asian and Pacific Regional Conference.

As New Zealanders we felt honoured that our friends at home had shown us this mark of confidence and early next morning we were on the road to Lanchow in the school's very efficient Soviet jeep.

We drove all day and in the evening, we pulled up beside the road, took out our bedding and went to sleep under the stars. Next day we drove into Lanchow and there took air passage on the very speedy China-Soviet line to Peking.

Lanchow was full of excitement about the coming of the new railway, and we could actually hear the blasts of earthwork removal to the east, along that old road one had travelled so often in old trucks that were always breaking down. Lanchow, placed right in the centre of China, will be a great people's city in the future.

Passing through Sian, Taiyuan and the other cities on the way to Peking we saw new buildings, new roads, new sewers and new airport facilities that had not been in existence when I passed this way a year ago; new construction was going on everywhere.

Now looking back on the time before liberation, the slow rate of growth then, seems ridiculous. With many people, much can be done. The more people, the better. Such is the cry of the new day.

June 11th The change in China needs some background to be

realised, I feel, looking across from my Peking Hotel window to a construction job on the opposite side of the road.

A bunch of transport men are moving a pile of bricks with a rubber-tyred handcart. Stripped to the waist and wearing shorts, sandals and the wide-brimmed straw hat the Hopei peasants make, to the casual observer they may look much the same as workers always looked.

But to me there is a whole world of difference. The change is in their very bearing. Waiting to cross the street tramway lines they stand erect and the leader, a magnificent bronzed figure of a man, stands in unconsciously heroic pose. I think that is the answer. They stand up. No longer do they work all day for a grasping contractor who exploits them, tossing them a few coppers at the end of a day's sweating. Now they have their own unions, their own organisation. What they earn they get.

The worker's wife belongs to some women's or residents' organisation also. His children are going to school and his three meals a day are secure.

He knows that though he works with a handcart now and is proud of its new rubber tyres, his sons will be driving motor trucks or other mechanised transport.

He shouts with cheery confidence, "Get out of the way, comrade," and the traffic control policeman, when he shouts directions to him, says "comrade" also. He is no longer a pair of hands, a toiling body easy to replace with a million others. He is a man, and his organisation provides educational classes so that he can learn to read in the evenings. On May 1st and October 1st, he and his family join the great parade, dressed in their best, to march past Chairman Mao. They wave to him and he waves back.

No longer are they hungry, thin, with bloodshot eyes staring out of wild-looking faces. Now they are transport workers, sweating as all workers sweat on a summer's day, sweating for a purpose they understand.

No group of contractors dare combine to exploit them as in that other day. They do an honest job and are paid for it and all of their wages are their own.

June 12th Today we went to a state farm, looking at various kinds of harvester-combines being used for demonstration to the

farmers; and at the prize milk cattle, the huge pigs and the well-kept buildings. An air of bustle and efficiency permeated the place.

Among other state farms already working or being organised this one does a valuable educational job for local people as well as for government workers who come from many parts of the country. Here they can see new types of machinery and implements in action, stock being tended, farm business conducted with modern efficiency.

The change from individual farming to the farm cooperative, the farm cooperative to the industrialised collective, will owe much of its success to the better ways being evolved and demonstrated by the state farms all over the country.

One reflects how great will be their role in the eroded country of the Northwest—demonstrating how waters may be held, and the barren steppe brought back into use as man's servant. There can be no doubt that this job will be tackled in the very near future, judging by the determination and the ability seen in the conduct of this state farm we have just visited.

A very different proposition from the state farms of the pre-liberation days. I remember visiting one in Suiyuan province. Great amounts of money had been appropriated, herds of stud cattle and sheep had been brought in, tractors and other implements bought.

Some of the first people I encountered, however, were famine refugees—their good land having been confiscated to make the state farm. On the state farm the cattle had all died of some disease. The sheep, which had been haphazardly crossed with some half-starved local sheep, were ready to follow. Most of the pigs, brought from abroad, had also died, but some of their descendants rooted among offal around the place.

The implements were all stacked away in a shed. "Not suitable for China," was the manager's explanation. The tractors were hired out to irrigation works and someone was making quite a profit. The farm itself had become an ordinary landlord holding with the manager as a kind of landlord-official, helping himself to whatever he could. From time to time he would contribute an article to the warlord press, praising the progressiveness of the warlord governor of the area and saying what a lot was being

learned on the "state farm". In actual fact the whole thing was a cruel hoax, fooling the people into the conviction that nothing new was any good.

Liberation has brought change there as in other places. Now like the farmer of this province, the farmer of Suiyuan can go to his own state farm, see and talk over the new methods being demonstrated, then go back home and talk them all over with his neighbours.

On our way back to Peking we stopped at a railway crossing to let a train pass. A long line of rubber-tyred coal carts were also waiting, so we went over to talk to the carters. One was a bright-eyed boy, while driving the cart behind him was his maternal grandfather.

Yes, they were taking the coal to Peking. The father and some of the regular carters were attending an important meeting that day so the kids and the old men had combined to do their work. What was he going to be when he grew up? Without a moment's hesitation he answered, "Truck driver!" His grandfather broke in with the story of another grandson, aged five, who had already decided to be a tank driver and push out the imperialists if they tried to come in again.

I suggested to the grandfather—who had told us that he was already seventy—that he would be good for ten years' work yet. He threw up a leg in Chinese boxing pose, flung out his arms and said, "I'll work for twenty-five more years in the new China!"

The belief of kids everywhere that they will grow up into an age of industrialisation in which they will do more and exciting work is very marked.

The new government has certainly taken on a huge responsibility, but there is no doubt in the minds of the people whose government it is and that it will be as good as its word.

June 17th Today, U Hla, the Burmese peace delegate, and I talked to two of the newly-great people of today's China.

The first is Liu Ying-yuan, now manager of the power plant in the nation's capital. His father was a stoker in a bathhouse furnace. He himself went to work at the age of eleven, for the British-American Tobacco Company. When this job finished he got one looking after the baby of a Japanese. The baby had the

unpleasant habit of continually urinating on him and the parents did not believe in diapers. So young Liu went off to look after pigs and sheep for a couple of years.

At the age of fifteen, he got a real job. Forty cents a day, part of which he had to pay to the foreman. A cloth pedlar found him this job and he stayed in it for ten years, receiving at the end the magnificent salary of twenty-seven dollars a month, of which he had to give the foreman six. To get this job he had had to leave Hopei and go to Harbin, in Manchuria.

His next job was as boiler attendant in the Harbin Power Plant, at $1.65 a day. At that time four Chinese dollars went to one US dollar. He continued to render tribute from his wages to the general manager, overcoming his youthful objection to this practice, as failure to comply always brought dire results.

Under the rule of the Japanese Imperial Army life was scarcely worth living. Food was pig's swill and the workers were always hungry. Sick and dead workers were tossed down old coal mine shafts. There were continual beatings, and sometimes hounds were set on to workers and strips of flesh torn from their bodies. Clothing was made out of old cement bags. These were years once he himself was nearly arrested for standing and looking at the flag over the Soviet Consulate in Harbin.

And then suddenly the Japanese began to arm their civilians and they went off to fight the Red Army of the USSR which had begun to advance into Manchuria.

The Red Army entered the city and stationed soldiers in the power plant to protect it. Gone now were the fears. The workers found they could go to the guards at the gates, handle their weapons and have them explained to them. There was no more bowing to sentries who could beat them at will. The Red Army men took the workers to warehouses and saw to the distribution of food and clothing. "It's all yours, anyway," they would explain.

Then came the withdrawal of the Red Army and the arrival of the American-transported Kuomintang. Here was a new situation. Get-rich politicians who scrambled for gold, took little interest in the power plant and refused to give the workers any better quarters than they had been forced to accept under the Japanese—wet, stinking, over-crowded alleyways.

The KMT brought in many relations and friends who were paid by the power plant, but who did no work.

But now stories of the People's Liberation Army began to filter in to the workers, and suddenly the KMT all left and the people's army came in.

The workers had heard many stories—rumour spread by KMT agents—which painted the PLA as the worst kind of terrorists, but they had also heard that the PLA always fulfilled its duty.

But no one was actually prepared for an army which came in quietly, sweeping the streets, cleaning up the houses in which they were billeted, paying cash for every tiny thing they wanted, taking second place before the people.

In the bathhouse men saw that some of the PLA men had four or five wounds on their bodies.

With the coming of the liberation army came discussion groups. The history of Manchuria—now called simply, "the Northeast"—was analysed. Because the KMT would not struggle and always wanted to make money for corrupt officials, the country was lost to the Japanese, and untold sufferings were the result. The people became lower than slaves, less than beasts of burden.

Soon after liberation, an Army Council representative came to the power plant and showed the workers how to organise to protect it and to study the new political economy so that work could be done better.

They had a hard struggle at first, especially when part of their plant was wrecked by a saboteur in the pay of the KMT. Some of the conservative old engineers and technicians were ready to give up and called the workers fools for thinking that they could put the plant back into running order, but the workers persisted. They held meetings and discussed the problems and many who had not spoken before had new and useful ideas. And when they began to succeed they won the old engineers over too and by their united efforts the damage was made good and the plant was able to put out the necessary number of kilowatts to keep going.

In this work Liu Ying-yuan came more and more into the lead. For the first time in his life he saw the way ahead clear and he put everything he had into his work. It was not long

before he found himself, rather to his surprise, elected a model worker.

The Mayor of Harbin came to see the plant and talked over the various problems with the workers. In KMT times, said Liu, they would never have got to see the mayor, much less have him come and talk over the work with them. And when reorganisation of their power plant had been completed by the workers, the city gave them a banquet.

Then as the rest of the Northeast was liberated, Liu was asked to go and manage the Changchun Power Plant, which he did. The people of Changchun had been living in a terrible state of starvation and misery, eating rats and tree leaves. Now they were given access to the vast supplies of food the KMT troops had hoarded for themselves. Work went ahead in Changchun, and Comrade Liu was sent to Fusan to do the same sort of job there, finally coming to take charge of the power plant in Peking.

A film has been made based on his life and work. The meaning of the Chinese title in English is "Glory" or "Brightness", and "Brightness" seems to describe the quality that comes from Liu Ying-yuan, aged fifty-four today, a North China peasant, once illiterate, as he clasps the hands of the Burmese delegate and mine and says, "Let's bring our peoples together and make unity our strength."

Prior to the official interview I sat with him for a while and was surprised at what an intimate grasp he had of all the matters the executive of a big concern has to deal with. He could talk swiftly and confidently of the various BTU values of the different coals, the impurities of water supply, how to deal with apprentice training, the maintenance of boilers, and all of those essential matters of theory which bring practical work to fruition.

To me he was another example of the incredibly high potential still hardly tapped in the Chinese peasant.

Wang Mei-li is just twenty-three. She is a worker in the Army Clothing Factory, in a department that makes shoes for soldiers.

She was born in Shanghai, but her father died when she was a baby and her mother took her to the country, to her grandfather.

When her grandfather died a little later, family quarrels

drove the mother and her baby off to Peking to the home of another relative.

However, in Peking the relative complained daily of the extra mouths to feed so the mother managed to get work in a factory cleaning glass jars for face cream.

The child went to school for half-days and then went home to cook what food could be bought. When she was 12, she graduated from the primary school and went to work with the mother.

When she was fifteen she got work at a private clothing factory and two years later at the Army Clothing Factory at Tien Chao.

The first thing she, as an over-worked woman worker, knew of the liberation was when she came to the factory one winter's day to find different soldiers there and to find the road through the snow to the workrooms swept clean. But as for the new heads she just kept clear of them. Life under the KMT had taught her one thing and that was to keep clear of soldiers or officials. She and her mother were as confused as many others. They thought the 8th Route Army was one thing and the PLA another and they also believed many of the street rumours the KMT had spread so carefully.

Then a woman comrade came to the factory to talk to the workers and explain to them the meaning of the change. She managed to put into words what was in the heart of Wang Mei-li and many of her fellows.

It was then that her political education began and with it her grasp of the new life. She became a member of the Youth League and new understanding came so fast that she felt she was a completely changed person. She struggled to bring understanding to her comrades also, and her application to join the Party was approved, giving her more scope to do the things she had set herself to do and to pass on to others what she herself had discovered.

She studied the principles of the emulation drive of the model worker Ma Hung-chang and thought they could be applied to her own factory but the manager and even friends outside the factory all laughed at her.

"Yours is only a part of a clothing factory with a hundred

or so workers. Ma Hung-chang was in big industry. You would be like a beetle trying to emulate a motor car," they laughed, or, at the best, were polite but distant.

But slowly she got the idea over to her workmates until all but two were ready to join in the struggle. The job of winning over these two was not so easy. It took a great deal of persuasion—especially as one of them was a woman whose production record was low. But in the end it was done—and the whole work went ahead with a will. Average production of shoes per worker rose from fifteen to twenty pairs. Losses from waste were cut from five per cent to one per cent.

Looking at her face as she told this story was to me a fascinating thing, for it was the face of many I had seen over the years. In repose it wore the look that overwork in childhood paints on the face of any human being, but when she began to talk of the new day it changed and became alive.

She had been given, like the other members of her shock brigade, a wristwatch as a prize. She had been sent with other labour heroes for a holiday to what was once the old Empress Dowager's Summer Palace. She was an honoured person whose opinion was sought and respected. Men of the people's armies had not died for nothing. She, as a child of the poor and as a creative worker of the future, was entering into her heritage.

She knew all about personnel problems and other human difficulties that go to make up struggle. She had had her share of the petty jealousies of the still unawakened. A lifetime of struggle was still before her. Yet, looking at her sturdy figure sitting bolt upright in her chair, one did not doubt that she would go on meeting situations until the end of her days, solving their problems and making the way smoother for the progress of all of her kind.

June 18th Last night we saw an opera performed in the open-air theatre in the Public Gardens.

The great amphitheatre was packed, and sitting below us we saw many people of the national minorities, including Lamas from Tibet, in their orange robes and, in front of us, a tall man with open-air features, in the uniform of a government worker, who, when he removed his cap, revealed a typical Mongolian head.

The classic opera, an old favourite, was magnificently costumed and played and it was particularly notable in that a well-known and loved veteran both of the theatre and of the progressive movement was back on the stage.

Dr. Mei Lan-fang is a great artist. Twenty years ago I saw and admired him in Shanghai's theatre for traditional opera. Fifty-eight now, he is still slim and plays through long scenes without any apparent tiredness. His coming on the stage is welcomed with prolonged clapping, as is that of other famous actors who have come out of retirement to give their talent for the people in our today.

It has been good, during this stay in Peking, to see how the theatre has advanced. It was noticeable last year but still more so this year. The performance of Gogol's "Inspector-General" rendered the spirit of the thing well and the audience chuckled at points of similarity with the county magistrates of old China. The progress in the technique of the theatre is very marked. Formerly attempts to portray another culture usually failed because of some technical absurdity.

One of China's new dances, Tai Ai-lien's "Dance of the National Minorities", put the people's policy into colour and movement while in the "Dance of the Young Pioneers", one saw well-developed creative art taking as its theme the part of youth in the grim struggle that is being waged in Korea.

June 19th I have just come from a maternity hospital in the north part of the city.

New Zealanders, with their Truby King-Karitane tradition, would be especially interested in this place, for in a quiet, unassuming way, from a centre set in an old-fashioned, beautiful Peking courtyard, the advanced methods in mother and child care of which New Zealanders have been justifiably proud are being put into practice on a mass basis.

The district which the centre serves is a thickly populated section of the city. Families in it are divided into groups of ten, and each group has a chairman who connects with the training programme of the hospital. The affairs of the women in the ward are therefore pretty well known and each day maternity cases come in for instruction, treatment, and in the end, confine-

ment. Should they prefer to have their babies at home, nurses from the hospital centre will attend them.

The wards are very well laid out and in the post-confinement wards the patients looked cheerful and rested. They were mostly the wives of workers or were workers themselves. Should they not have enough money to pay for services, expenses are met from public funds.

The centre also maintains a training class for midwives with a hundred students in it at the time of our inspection. Some ten thousand cases are dealt with by the hospital each year.

In the old KMT days, this was one of the sinecure jobs of the city government, the only real work being done for the wives of local officials. No poor person could get entry.

Today the centre is not only a place where the actual obstetrical needs of the womenfolk of the ward are met; it is a cultural and a health training centre and has a small theatre in the main waiting room where one-act plays are put on for the people waiting there in the morning.

What impressed me most was the quiet, unassuming, confident way the women who operate the centre carry through their work. When China's women get going, mountains will move.

June 22nd I have just come back from a few days in Tientsin. It was an experience so amazing, so breathtaking, that even the marvel of being brought back on a fast express manned entirely by Chinese women—the train spick and span, swept, polished and disinfected, and running exactly on time—failed to sink in properly. My mind was too full of all the changes I had seen, and the overwhelming contrast between the new and the old. But to go back to the beginning.

We stepped off the local from Peking—Saroso, my Indonesian friend, Huang, our Chinese comrade, and I, on to the Tientsin railway platform.

A line of peasants were waiting quietly to board the returning train, and at their head was a tiny woman, with two magnificent brown babies, one on each arm, gurgling across to each other in delight. The little woman's face fairly shone with joy and that look was the best welcome one could have had.

Then swept past us a crowd of workers returning from some

construction job outside the city. In that other day there would have been policemen watching them, there would have been long batons, freely used. There would have been downcast heads, hunted, furtive looks at one another, anxiety to get clear of the place before something worse happened.

Today the picture is different. Heads are erect, eyes meet one's eyes calmly, inquiringly. Tools are firmly gripped and the masses move forward as though they meant it, knowing that today's Tientsin of two million two hundred thousand people is theirs—that they belong as they have never through all the centuries of labour and suffering belonged anywhere.

The smile on the face of that peasant mother and the strong faces of the workers, still wearing the determined set brought on by the day's struggle under the sun, the sweep of their advance as they went up the stairs and crossed the overhead bridge—such was our introduction to new Tientsin.

After supper on our first evening we went downtown, under the neon lights, and entered the government department store which was crowded to capacity with workers buying all sorts of things—bicycles, wristwatches, radios, toys; all counters seemed to be busy.

Five tall youths who by their conversation revealed that they were from machine shops, were looking at a motor-bike from Czechoslovakia. In trim shorts and shirts they looked like the privileged upper-class youth of that other day. It was hard to realise that in three short years society had taken such a turn that the once despised apprentices—the lads I had seen beaten, starved, dying of beri-beri in the sweatshop factories of Shanghai —were now able to live as constructive human beings.

The range of locally made goods on sale was surprisingly wide; there were bicycles, tyres, radios, sewing machines and all the other consumer goods ordinary people need in their daily living. As we walked around that first evening the calm voice of the local government worker who came with us spoke of the main problems of the year. The first, to get all the children into school. At liberation there were 160,000 who had never been to school. By the end of August of this year there would be no child out of school.

Then slum clearance and the provision of adequate housing

for all. Seventy thousand new houses were under construction and would be finished this year. Forty kilometers of new sewers would be laid inside the next few months. I asked about the old problem of epidemics—those dreaded scourges of former years. There had not been a single case of smallpox or meningitis this year, no cholera either this year or last.

Where had the fine new trackless trolleys come from? We'd heard that they had been ordered from Japan but that America had forbidden their export to China. Yes, that was true. So the Tientsin workers had applied themselves to the problem and had made their own trackless trolleys. The new harbour would be built this summer, before October. The new road and the new factories would stretch out to meet it. All this, and very much more, in a city which such a short time ago had been looted and fought over, in which trade had come to a standstill and the people to the point of despair.

The next morning we set out on a real tour of inspection. First we visited the training school of the All-China Federation of Trade Unions. We entered a compound of houses built in the old German style. These had been put up in the old "German Concession" days, then had passed into the hands of a private trader, then had been used as barracks by the Japanese invaders. After that the American army had occupied them until shortly before liberation.

There were about three hundred students in this labour union school. As with the reorganisation of factories in all the cities and the rapid setting up of new ones the call for trade union organisers was urgent, there were short intensive courses in the main practical aspects of the work so that a maximum number of trained men could be sent out as speedily as possible. At the same time there was a two-year course providing higher training for men who came from all over the country, and this took in political science, the history of the Chinese Revolution and Chinese labour unions, the study of international trade unionism and labour union organisation in the Soviet Union.

Workers' safety, workers' insurance and related subjects are given great stress. Peking's best labour experts are brought in as lecturers, as the training of trade union organisers is considered of high importance in the building up of new China's labour power.

These young men and women—for at least half of them are women and girls—are well housed in large, airy rooms and have all sorts of facilities at hand including a good library, their own hospital recreational gear and playing grounds. As in all other organisations in today's China, group discussion in the small study group is the most important factor in bringing up the student, whatever his background, into full understanding of the lessons learned in the big lecture hall. Students I saw looked keen and alert and asked intelligent questions about the trade union movements in our countries.

The Fourth State Cotton Mill, our next call, was once a Japanese concern. At that time the managers and technical heads had lived in a magnificent park-like compound among trees and gardens opposite the mill, with a small army of servants at their beck and call. The workers had lived—if it could be called living —in whatever matsheds or shacks they could manage to put up for themselves on wasteland as near as possible to the mill. They had worked a 12-hour day on a starvation wage. Stagnant ponds and the lack of any kind of sanitation, combined with severe malnutrition, spread disease. Child mortality was high. Exploited to the uttermost, they worked as badly as they dared. Their own old society was in decay and there was no one they could turn to for protection. The Japanese, like imperialists everywhere, were only too ready to take full advantage of this fact.

When the Kuomintang first came back to Tientsin and the Japanese went away, the workers still had no other housing than their miserable straw hovels and still went hungry most of the time. They were subjected to beatings, to police search, to denial of most basic human rights.

Today we were welcomed by a lively group consisting of the manager of the mill, representatives of the labour union, and workers from various parts of the plant. We looked at the big charts and graphs, beautifully executed in colour, that show the progress of the work in detail, and which are such a feature in all factories and organisations today. In this factory production had risen, since liberation, to, in some cases, three times the former figure, though working hours had been cut to eight. For

example, in the hemp mill, taking the 1949 figure as 100, production of hemp bags rose to 175.34 in 1950, to 323.66 in 1951, while the 1952 figure is expected to exceed 500.

Though most of the workers were illiterate before liberation, 76 per cent have now passed the fourth year primary standard. The aim is to bring all workers to primary school graduating standard and to carry those who wish to go further on to middle school standard. Evening schools for technical training were also being developed.

We went across to the old compound where the Japanese and the Kuomintang masters had lived in state. Now the houses are filled with workers' families. The great three-storied modern residence once occupied by the general manager is a workers' convalescent home. Here any worker who, in the opinion of the factory hospital staff, needs a rest, is sent to relax, with whatever special foods or medical attention may be needed. Outside, by the well-kept flower beds and under the trees, workers' children romp. On the land outside the mill, the filthy matshed hovels and stagnant ponds have gone like a bad dream. Instead, rising from what was wasteland are the frames of 600 new homes for workers.

One of the most cheerful sights of all was the big nursery attached to this factory. In the old days when a woman worker had a baby she had either to leave it with any neighbours who would take it or give it away, unless she wanted to lose her job. Today a modern, scientific nursery stands on the mill grounds. The working mother hands over her baby with confidence to nurses trained in the care of children, who have chosen the job because they like looking after children, as girls these days are not restricted in their choice of occupation.

As we talked over the new and the old days, one of the union members broke in: "When one of our labour heroes was sent to the seaside at Peitaiho for a holiday, he was sent in the manager's car. In the old days, who would ever have thought it possible to ride in the manager's car? Why, if the police saw a worker even looking at the car too closely, something bad might happen!"

Another worker chimed in: "In the old days we were all second to the machines. Now we boss the machines."

Then they went on to tell how, after the liberation, the

workers had come, bit by bit, to realise that they had indeed become the masters of their own house; how they brought back into the machine shops lathe cutters and parts that had been stolen and how they began to think up ways of strengthening the total effort of the plant. How they joined in the movement to "aid Korea and resist American aggression" coming more closely together in the common determination to safeguard all they had won with the liberation. A mill with a considerable future, one felt.

The next place we visited was like coming home again to Gung Ho. Five hundred old-timers who had learned rug weaving in their villages had now come together, each with his 30 catties of flour as his bit towards share capital, to make a producers' cooperative. Yes, the state helped, for all their rugs were bought by the state trading company for export and internal sale. The premises had been converted from an old Japanese factory. Three hundred of the members were weavers while the rest did washing, dyeing, etc. They had 95 looms, some of which were loaned by the members themselves. This cooperative had started work after the liberation with only 16 looms.

As we sat around the cooperative chairman's table the confident hope was voiced that the peace movement would succeed and that still more world markets would be opened up to their products. One looked at the results of their skill—the beautiful carpets in their rich reds and blues and soft pale colours, the exquisite patterns, some new, and some as old as China's history, and hoped that such craftsmanship would be perpetuated; for as living standards are raised through all the country many will want to have in their homes the work of these artists' hands.

As we discussed the division of profits, we learned that a sum was set apart to compensate workers in their old age. This, in Gung Ho days, was never possible. Society was too unsettled, living too precarious to even think of such a thing.

One evening we visited the Tientsin Sailors' Home, operated by the Seamen's Union. The building was on the Tientsin Bund and had once been the "French Concession" Chamber of Commerce. Then it had been a Japanese factory, then the office of some Kuomintang bureaucrats. Today it has been renovated and

has become one of the most alive of the many vigorous labour unions.

The men in charge were proud of their work. They showed us the library, the rooms for games, the dance floor and small theatre, the dormitory for transient sailors. On the walls were pictures of international labour gatherings, and there was evidence of the true sailor's international spirit when we were asked about the dockworkers' strike in New Zealand, about conditions in Indonesia, and so on.

On the new road that will lead to the new port there is a breathtaking piece of work in operation—a construction job that has already, inside of two months, erected 7,000 workers' houses and will complete the next 3,000, together with schools, clinics, nurseries, cooperative shops and all the other needs of such a community, in a month. A workers' park will also be completed in the same time. The project of 10,000 houses is one-seventh of the plan for 70,000 houses for workers inside this year.

The whole place was crowded with workers, with peasants hauling bricks in their carts, with men laying pipe for high pressure water, big cement pipes for sewers, and so on. "Nothing to what it is on a Sunday!" the engineer said. "Then the people come to do voluntary work and things really move!"

The houses are of red brick, simply constructed, with glass windows and good fittings, but designed to last only about ten years, during which time it is expected that such advances will have been made that they can be replaced with even better and more up-to-date ones. Communal dining rooms and nurseries are all in the present plan.

Within the next few months the old ramshackle village will be a thing of the past and the city worker will begin to take his place with ever-increasing ability and confidence as a member of the leading class.

One of the slogans on this job reads, "No need for us to smash a single brick in transport." There is a new spirit of efficiency in today's China.

June 23rd There was once a traitor who worked with the Japanese. He profited greatly and built himself a magnificent residence. Not only one residence, but several, all in a row, for his wives and relatives were many.

Then the Japanese lost out in their bid for domination. Today the place is as beautifully kept—perhaps more beautifully. But the people who live there are different. They are workers who need care in a sanatorium.

There are workers in plaster casts, workers who are overtired and need a rest. There are workers playing cards or chess on the sun porches, workers sleeping in lounge chairs.

Chen Wen-I, a weaver, who was crushed under a heavy machine he was moving and is now recovering after bone grafts, says, "If it had not been for Chairman Mao I should have been a crippled beggar, searching in the garbage cans for bits to eat. Soon I shall go back to work."

Chen Ho, a postman, has to have some of his intestine removed. He worried about his work but realising that he had to rest he started to think up a way of rationalising the delivery job. The result was that he made a plan which was adopted and in consequence he was given the title of "model worker" while still in the sanatorium.

In this sanatorium the success of the Filotov tissue treatment for many kinds of ailments has been demonstrated. Stomach ulcers and nervous complaints, in particular, have responded well.

Just walking through this place filled one with hope, somehow, for here were fears removed, the power of the new day demonstrated and confidence to deal with the future established.

June 24th This morning we visited a compound adjoining a large Catholic church. The building was in the spacious, French colonial style. There were gardens with Madonnas in niches and Chinese nuns with enormous starched headdresses walking around with their hands demurely up their sleeves.

The government worker who met us, however, was from another age. A matronly woman, with a calm, efficient face, she led us into a long, cool room where we sat while she explained the nature of the work and some of its problems.

As we sat we could look through the window into the courtyard where sturdy girls with well-turned bare legs and neat black

skirts were practising a Sinkiang dance—one of the presents that the newly liberated minorities have bestowed on new Peking.

"Yes, things are different now. Very different. The place was passed over to us some seven months ago and the French nuns went home.

"We found the children to be a scared lot. They were frightened to say if they were sick, because if sick they were given three days without food. If they were naughty they were put into a cold bath or shut in a small, dark room. They were never allowed outside the compound and were filled with silly stories about the outside world. They were scared when they saw a donkey, even."

I asked what had been the future of these girls, and found that it was much the same as that of other orphanage children. Anyone who could bring sixty silver dollars could get a girl for a wife—blind men, old men, diseased men. If these did not have the ready cash they could pay for the girls by bringing silk, cloth, etc. When the place was passed over to the government some of the old staff thought to take away such material for their own use, but after a process of re-education they returned it—to the value of eight hundred million yuan.

Parents who because of poverty had put their children in the orphanage were not allowed to see them again.

(Today, efforts are being made to locate parents and of the six hundred girls, parents of two hundred have been found, who now come once a week to see their children.)

In that other day, the milk was put through the separator, the cream and butter kept for the use of the foreign sisters and the skim fed to the babies.

In the church there were seats in the middle for the nuns but the orphans sat on the cold stone floor.

Children started to do productive work at the age of five and 48 per cent of the revenue of the orphanage came from the work of the children. They did fine embroidery as they grew older and the long hours at this had ruined the eyesight of some. Food was poor and insufficient, so that children suffered from many of the diseases of malnutrition. The rate of recovery during the past seven months of scientific feeding, proper rest and exercise in the fresh air has been startling.

All children have put on weight and have now learned to greet people naturally. Some of the older girls have become junior staff, and the nursery and kindergarten have started to take boys as well as girls. Expansion is being planned to take eight hundred children.

Those who want to attend Mass are given every facility but no one is forced to go.

The girls are now a bright, cheerful, forward-looking lot of kids, many of whom think in terms of being tractor drivers, technicians or of getting into some of the other occupations now lying ahead for China's new women.

June 26th Yesterday we visited the Film Studios—a place full of activity, befitting what in this society is a people's educational centre.

New buildings have sprung up on the site of what was, during the years of Japanese occupation, a studio for making movies that would help to drug the people and keep them from thinking about change.

When Peking was liberated the studios had only 160 rooms and many of these were constructed out of old scenery. Now there are over 1,000 rooms of modern construction, and the most modern equipment in the world has been brought in, mainly from England and the Soviet Union. There are four small theatres in the studios for showing test films.

Everywhere we saw activity; in developing, editing, making the films themselves, scenery, models. One great plaster model represented what the Huai River would be like in ten years' time, with hydro-electric works, forests, modern canal transport, and so on.

Newsreels and documentary films are in great demand today as the educational level rises and as all the people take more and more conscious part in the reconstruction of the country. In the making of the films original thinking is encouraged and in all departments one sees small discussion groups talking eagerly over their ideas and problems. Some of the leading workers have come from the old liberated areas where they had to meet many of the problems that today face the whole country and which the film can help to clarify.

In the evening we went to see the most popular current film—about the Young Pioneer guerillas in Korea, shown to mark the second anniversary of the American invasion of North Korea.

The film showed a North Korean industrial town, first destroyed and then occupied by American and puppet troops; the ruthless destruction of life and the contemptuous, savage treatment meted out by the invaders; the organisation of high school boys into guerilla band to resist the occupation, and their eventual success when the Americans are forced to retreat.

This film is being shown to packed houses all over China. It is so popular that long lines of people can be seen waiting in queues from 5 o'clock in the morning in order to get tickets. Peace in Korea is very much the business of these awakened people of China and the young Korean resisters as well as the Chinese Volunteers, are the popular heroes of the day.

One thing shows up clearly—the criminal folly of the Americans, blinded by their industrial superiority into the belief that they could march against Asia.

They have ruined the credit of America today by their own folly. The utter hopelessness of the war to achieve their aims and the moral defeat of America stand out as the accomplishments of the past two years.

The newsreel which preceded the main film dealt with the current movement to reduce prices of essential commodities, and showed leading workers in the state department stores changing the price cards on these staple goods. As each price was replaced with a lower one there was a burst of clapping from the audience. This was something real in the lives of all and easily understood. For the first time in decades prices have begun to fall as production catches up with need. And with the fall, so does the credit of the people's government rise.

June 28th The village head stood up and made a speech. A wiry, definite-looking man in blue peasants' clothing. It was a hot day and at times he started to remove his jacket, then remembering that he was entertaining guests on behalf of the village, checked himself.

The guests, delegates to the Peace Conference, were mainly from Latin-American countries—Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa

Rica, Colombia and others. It surely had meaning for the peace of the world to see people from these countries sitting together in a village in China, learning from the mouths of the people themselves what they are doing and what they plan to do to build up a peaceful, constructive China.

The translations were in Spanish, but it was interesting to see how quickly the delegates grasped the points of similarity with village conditions in their own countries. They, too, knew much about landlords, taxes, exploitation and denial to the people of all ordinary human rights.

We were introduced to the school teacher, a quizzical, thoughtful man, the head of the village militia, a young peasant whose open jacket revealed a magnificent torso, the cooperative chairman, the vice-head of the village, who was a woman, and two labour heroes, both elderly men with grey hair, lean and wrinkled and very obviously respected. One of these had raised 13,000 catties of tomatoes from one *mou* of his land. For the village, one of many like it on the outskirts of a big city, is one that lives on market gardening.

Production had gone up sharply, they told us, since Land Reform. More wells had been sunk, more irrigation pumps installed. We went to see a well in the making. Men were hauling up the water and silt with rope and pulley and terrific shouts went up each time the great bucket was raised.

The village chairman told us of the new laboratory the ministry of agriculture had established nearby, where they could get advice on the types of spray to be used to preserve vegetables from the ravages of pests.

Since Land Reform they had already put up 79 new houses. The village night schools were discussed—arising out of the unanimous decision to put an end to illiteracy. They told us about the illiterate elder who set himself the task of learning 300 characters in the first year, 500 more in the next, and now, in the third year he has got to the stages where the average newspapers are no trouble to him.

We drank toasts to all Asian and Pacific peace, to world peace, and to Chairman Mao and the people of New China—and then, farewelled by the drums of the primary school children, we went back towards the city, thinking of the terrific force for construc-

tion that has been released now that the peasant people of China stand firmly on their own feet.

July 2nd These have been days of summer heat which lies over the city heavily, yet does not seem to halt in the least the momentum of its new activity.

Yesterday two of us—a bearded Sikh and myself—went to see a women's embroidery cooperative whose headquarters were in a village some miles out of the city.

The cooperative had as members some thousands of country women. In its headquarters the preparatory and the finishing work were done by a hundred or so members. They took the grass linen, which came from Szechuan, and cut it into the required lengths. They sorted silk thread. They repaired cross-stitch designs that were not up to standard, they ironed and packed the finished articles.

They had their stage for plays, facilities for recreation, wide, clean courtyards and airy houses to work in. They looked the picture of happiness and content. The little woman who was their leader gave us, on parting, a table napkin embroidered with a peace dove. They sent their regards to the working women of India and New Zealand.

Their output is taken entirely by the Commission of Foreign Trade, whence it is sent to China's new markets. The supply cannot keep up with the demand.

A working day of eight hours is observed at the headquarters, but the work done in homes is, of course, done when the women of the family have time for it.

Wages are high in comparison with anything paid in pre-liberation days.

I myself got particular satisfaction out of seeing those rolls of grass linen being put into use so swiftly. In our old Gung Ho cooperatives of the anti-Japanese war days, we had difficulty in marketing the beautiful grass linen of Szechuan and the members of the grass linen cooperatives had to disband because there was noway to use what they had made. Today, they, as well as the members of the embroidery cooperatives, are besieged by demands for more production.

But of the old memories that this happy bunch of people

call up, perhaps the saddest is of Shanghai in the first months of the Japanese invasion when the people were being slaughtered wholesale and many were fleeing for refuge from one part of the city to another.

In those days the embroidery trade was in the hands of compradores and entrepreneurs of one kind or another, who lived in great style in elegant hotels in Shanghai and made great fortunes out of the business. The workers, usually the poorer women, ruined their eyesight stitching for long hours and were paid the tiniest pittance for the beautiful stuff they produced.

As chief factory inspector I attended a meeting of these sharks who ran the embroidery trade to see how much employment they could give to the refugees who were dying by the thousand in Shanghai and its environs. The sharks wanted to exploit the situation all right. But when the suggestion was made that they should advance needles and thread to the refugees, one elegantly tailored westerner rose and in an insolent drawl said, "They can find ways and means to get such things. The more who die, the more it will spur the others on to get needles from somewhere."

Another said, "I'm glad the Japanese are giving them a good lesson."

Shocking examples of greed and racism to look back on, with today's scene before me—the quiet joy and satisfaction of these women, the cheerful patterns of peasant life which their creative fingers are weaving into the linen cloths which will delight so many people.

After dinner my Sikh friend and I went to a movie with the Dean of Canterbury, who had just returned from a tour of other parts of China. He had travelled by rail, calling at many cities and was full of enthusiasm for what he had seen.

As a practical man, when he saw that half a million people in Canton were having water brought to their homes; that 12,000 tons of 100-year-old rubbish had been cleaned out of Changsha, in Hunan, and new roads built; that there were some 300 new brick kilns operating around Peking; that the jute mill in Hangchow had put its rusted machinery into order, lowered the height of the machines to suit the women workers, increased output, and encouraged the growing of hemp; these things and many others like them left him in no doubt that five hundred million Chinese

were stepping to the front in a new and decisive way. And everywhere, he said, he heard the longing for peace expressed—but not from a people beaten and begging, but from a people now powerful, who daily win new victories over their environment and new strength to protect all that they have gained.

July 3rd This morning we went to the Peking prison, on the outskirts of the city, built many years ago, but modernised to meet the needs of today.

It is now organised into a system of productive enterprises linked with one another where inmates work and study together and learn to live collectively.

The prisoners are mainly men; only ten per cent are women. There are many landlords and their henchmen, who have been convicted of oppressing and defrauding the people of the villages; there are KMT special agents, as well as ordinary criminals.

Prisoners work together no matter what the charges. They do an eight-hour day and have study periods after work when they discuss their activities, contribute to their wall newspapers and so on. There are many wall newspapers exhibited.

Old cell walls have been knocked away in many cases to make long dormitories, while some of the old single cells have been converted into rooms for the staff who work there.

The prison turns out 1,400 boxes of socks a day—one dozen pairs to a box—as well as cloth, soap, printed material, etc. It has a machine shop, and I was somewhat surprised to find an excellent pattern maker, an ex-convict who, like some of his fellows, had stayed on in the prison after the end of his term, and was now being paid 500 catties of grain, which is about my own salary as an educational worker at Sandan. All the inmates looked fat and healthy and work went ahead with a will.

On our return from the prison we called at the Supreme Court and met the Chief Justice, Shen Chun-ju, a learned scholar of seventy-eight years of age, who was kind enough to ask us for our impressions. He said there was still a great deal to be done in the way of modernising jails throughout the country. I told him I did not know much about our own jail in Sandan but I had seen prisoners go off in the morning to cultivate wasteland and return singing at night, unlike the KMT county jail prisoners who simply

sat in dark stinking holes and rotted until someone with enough money extricated them, or until they were about to die.

And I remembered the great Municipal Jail in Ward Road in the International Settlements of Shanghai, in the bad old days; and a visit there with a British Inspector of Prisons, Miss Fry. "What a hell hole!" she said, when we were in the car, going back. The prisoners sat like caged animals, in small, foetid cells barred on all four sides.

From the old jail something less than a man would emerge, broken and vicious. From the place we saw today a man will come out determined to take his place as a real person in the new society.

There are centuries between the two worlds—one which leans back towards the dark ages and the other which steps forward into the age of reason.

The Chief Justice talked about railways and what they would mean to stability and the new day in China. He talked of China's ancient cultural ties with India and how in the future relations between the two countries would be strong and friendly on the basis of peace and the common desire for better livelihood.

Shen Chun-ju, an erect little man with grey beard and high-domed head, like that of the ancient Chinese sages, is one of the great figures of the world today—a man whose fresh mind and breadth of vision are among the great contributions this great country can make to the internationalism of the future.

July 4th Last night to a theatre near Chien Men, where I had gone to see an opera twenty years ago. Then I had sat at the back of the first few rows and watched the ladies in expensive clothing, the fat generals, the big businessmen, pass in and out of the theatre as the play went on.

Yesterday we sat in the same stalls. Next to me on one side was a worker from a cooperative warehouse. It was very hot. He rolled up his pants and fanned his legs, rolled up his singlet and fanned his chest, but watched the whole play through with absorbed interest.

On the other side of me were a group of peasants from Paoting who had come to Peking to sell melon seeds, and were spending their night at the theatre. But they were so tired with the

business of the day and the heat that one would snooze at times with his head on the other's shoulder, then wake up with a start and ask what had happened while he had been sleeping. It is the theatre for the people, all right.

On the way home we walked past the square at Tien An Men where there were hundreds of people dancing Sinkiang folk dances. This is a new development in China—people coming together to dance. It is a lively scene, the crowd of dancers and the ring of people watching, from which any can and do join in the dancing as they feel inclined.

On the marble wall, amongst the spectators, were two old soldiers with several decorations apiece. One looked at them and wondered how they must feel, after their long years of bitterness, as they saw the next generation enjoying all they had fought so hard to bring about. A small boy came away from the dancers and went over to them to ask about their decorations. I was reminded of our visit to the village two days ago when we saw one of the local labour heroes, wearing several medals, one of them given to him by the East German Government.

He was a white-haired old worker with sunken cheeks and bowed shoulders—the kind I had so often seen, in that other day, treated with unconcealed contempt and exploited to the uttermost by those who held power then and their servants on all levels.

But today people approach him with deference, finger the medals on which he looks down whimsically—decorations which have come to him because he has worked for the people, worked harder and more thoughtfully than others and the new people here consider this the expression of the highest kind of morality.

July 5th Last evening my Indian friend Singh and I accepted the invitation of the Chief Justice to tea at his home.

Again we were amazed at the clarity with which this grand old man put his thoughts, his youthful acceptance of change and his determination to help give to China the kind of legal system suited to the growing needs of her people. He had no interest in perpetuating dead laws made by men long since dead for stages which should have passed into history long since. He was against hucksters trading in law. Being connected with the Shanghai

Bar Association for many years he knew a lot about lawyers and lawsuits. Today he is concerned that the people have justice.

In today's China, political charges are sifted pretty thoroughly and all kinds of proof presented before any judgement is made. We talked of the simple means that had been devised to enable appeals to be made to higher courts, of the enormous lessening in the crime rate since liberation, of the great influence of the collective system of working, with collective responsibility, and of the results that a quickened social and political understanding had brought. Then, during the talk, came one of those warm human touches. While the interpreter was busy talking, the Chief Justice got up quickly and went out, returning with a small comb, the product of a city in his native province. It appeared that the comb was especially good for beards, and he presented it to my Sikh comrade, as from one bearded old man to another.

Before going to the Chief Justice's tea party we had spent the day visiting another village. This one was a village of some 550 families who made their living by growing rice. They had started collectivisation by having electric pumps installed for the irrigation part of their work.

They were immensely proud of their cooperative which was doing a roaring trade, of their school which had increased the number of its pupils threefold, of the new sanitation measures and new standards of cleanliness—there was no spitting on the floor in the farmhouse where we sat and talked—and of their increased production.

The leader of the village youth organisation told of his own life in the old days, how the Japanese had beaten and half-starved everyone, and then when they were driven out how the KMT came back and in collusion with the landlords made life a perfect hell for the peasants. He told how he himself was taken and beaten because after finishing a job, he stuck out for his rightful wages. And he told us a good deal more. His head got lower and lower as he spoke of that past and his voice got swift and incoherent as the words he did not like uttering in this day came tumbling out.

The head of the women's organisation in the village was the mother of six children. In the old days her husband had always to go to the landlord and borrow a little money to keep his family,

giving in return his labour for the year. Today, he, like every other poor peasant, has his own land. The village has something like three thousand *mou* of land, of which two-thirds was formerly in the hands of 21 landlord families, the remaining third being in the hands of the rich and middle peasants. Over two hundred families had absolutely no land, though they did most of the work of cultivation.

Today, the landlords who still live in the area have their own bit of land on the same basis as everyone else. The men who were their servants teach them how to till it. The absentee-landlords who lived in Peking vanished into the commercial world, and the one big tyrant landlord, fearing the day of reckoning, fled to parts unknown.

With newer scientific method, land production has been raised considerably. Waste strips have been converted into fields. The farmers showed us their homes and sent their regards to the farmers of New Zealand. One lad chummed up with me as we walked around. Clad in a pair of clean, homespun shorts and a Lenin cap, his back brown with the sun, he said that he had put five *mou* under cultivation for rice this season. What about school? No, he was twenty now, and had missed schooling—had always had to work; but he was going to night school now and could already write three hundred characters. He would certainly catch up without any trouble, he thought. No, he had not married yet. He would wait until he found a friend. How soon would machines be invented to help with wet rice farming? he wanted to know. At parting, he gave a firm handshake, with a strong, peasant's hand, his head erect and eyes meeting mine in friendliness and complete equality, as graceful a young thing as our day's world has produced.

July 6th The school was once the palace of a Manchu prince. It covered eighty *mou* in the residential area bordering one of Peking's beautiful lakes. More than a thousand young people are being trained there as leading workers in heavy industry. Soon they hope to add several thousand more to their numbers and to move to completely new premises in a more modern setting.

We went from one laboratory to another and marvelled at the magnificent equipment that had been gathered together—most

of it made in either Tientsin or Peking. The most modern microscopes had come from abroad but the precision balances and other fine equipment had been made in China.

The training course was a four-year one, including one year of practical work as apprentice in a factory. Training is given in geology, mining, electricity, machine shops, analysis of basic material, etc. The students included promising young workers from the factories, providing they had reached upper primary school standard; while students coming straight from school must be middle school graduates.

In Kuomintang times the school had a bare two hundred students designed for the careers of factory managers or personnel in private factories. Today all students are maintained by the government and work in one of the state enterprises awaits each as soon as he or she has graduated.

The whole work represents a very serious determination to meet the need for leadership in China's new industrial era.

July 7th Yes, this courtyard is now used as a rest hostel for Labour Heroes, we were told. It was the courtyard in the Summer Palace where the old Dowager empress used to sit to watch performances in her own private theatre.

The rooms around the courtyard had been fitted up comfortably and simply, one room to each worker. A number of these sat on the stage of the old theatre, playing chess. Others we saw in the palace gardens, looking at the lotus ponds and strolling through the corridors. As we came towards the pavilion in which the Empress and her court had sat, one of the Labour Heroes—a tall raw-boned man who looked as though he came off some construction job—left his chess and came to the front of the stage, and, in a strong voice, his head lifted and gazing across at the yellow satin throne of Tse Hsi Tai Ho, burst into a stanza of grand opera. The glass chandeliers shook in the breeze and the pines outside nodded in encouragement—and the end of an age was there as well as the beginning of a new one. The empty throne of "Old Buddha"—and the old worker, born in her Empire, but now one of the masters of a new, reborn Chinese people, ridiculing and dismissing, in words from the old, its pomp, its denial, its arrogance and its utter decadence.

Later It is something to see, in the heart of Peking, the glacis of the Legation Quarter—once hallowed ground where Legation Guard officers would play polo, where the Chinese governments that came and went were not allowed to do any construction, now being covered with modern buildings that rise swiftly, the sun-tanned bodies of the builders moving with precision and skill as they show what Chinese workers can do when the crushing load of bad government is taken off their backs.

Behind them are the walls of the old Legation Quarter with slits for rifle and machinegun-fire—a bit of the old day now relegated to the past and being rapidly forgotten.

From over their heads comes the sound of today's songs being broadcast from some amplifier. Down the reconstructed Ch'ang-an Road there is a continual stream of street cars, bicycles, young people on trucks, life flowing forward vividly and in tune with the spirit of the day.

July 11th To an exhibition of Chinese culture and art—excellently well chosen, and one which had recently returned from Berlin and Moscow. The main visitors this morning were peasants from the villages. They were taken round by guides who explained the significance of each piece.

In my anxiety to see one of the exhibits I leaned my elbow on the wooden frame of one of the glass cases, but an attendant quickly came over and politely asked me to stand clear while looking.

The whole range of Chinese cultural advance was shown, together with the written comments of Soviet and East German cultural workers and people's leaders who had seen the exhibition when it was on tour in their countries.

The halls of the old Winter Palace make a very fitting background for such exhibitions and the common man who walks so freely today through all this magnificence is awakening in a new way to the heritage that is his and to his own incredible potentialities.

Another little trip made in the last few days has been to the old Lama Temple in the north part of the city. Here the policy of protecting the religious beliefs of the minorities is being put into practical effect in the renovation of the old temple. Now one may

see images revived in their rich, deep colours, as they once were in Ch'ien Lung, when the temple was established. The main courtyard of the temple, with its fine trees and good paving, was always a pleasant place for the neighbouring people to rest in and today the new red and gold paint of the Lama Temple main gateway makes it additionally attractive.

Under one tree are children playing pingpong and under another women nursing babies. The Lamas, some eighty in number, are well dressed. Woolen robes, made in Tibet, lie on the pews in the main temple chamber. The many Tibetan and Mongol people's representatives who come to Peking will find familiar chants being sung and familiar voices welcoming them.

Last evening, delegates from the Central American republics entertained friends with a lantern slide exhibition of old Mayan culture and of murals painted by Diego Rivera. One wondered again what was the link between ancient peoples that produced so many points of similarity between old Mayan and ancient Chinese cultures. And in the work of Diego Rivera one saw expressed the passion of the Latin American for a way of life that is really his own and in which he can progress unhampered by the greed of the dominating American private profit system.

July 14th On the streets of Peking these days one frequently sees minority peoples of China who have come from distant Sinkiang, Yunnan, Szechuan, or Fukien to see the Capital; sometimes in their colourful folk costumes, sometimes in the ordinary blue uniform worn by most Chinese workers of all kinds and ranks. They may be Mongols, Tibetans, Uzbeks from Sinkiang or Miao people from Kweichow or other southern provinces. The only ones we do not see are the tribal people of Taiwan, but one day we shall see them too, being entertained along with their fellow minority peoples here in the Capital.

In the old days, when contempt for the minority peoples was deliberately fostered by the KMT, dutifully following the lines laid down in the old imperial days, one would see Miao or other tribal peoples treated like wild aboriginals. Today their representatives sit at dinner with the greatest in Peking, as honoured guests.

The solidarity of all Chinese peoples is an ever-growing thing and this successful blending of peoples, each with their own

distinctive customs and culture makes life richer and more varied for everyone.

July 15th Lunching with an English woman today, we talked of the immense thing that was happening in China; the China of the villages, the China of the cities. Of what the change has meant—the irresponsible taking on responsibility, the exploiters of the old day fitting themselves into useful roles, the ability of the poor and downtrodden to suddenly take charge of their destiny and carry on with change, so that from their ranks come able leaders and administrators, talented technicians and organisers; how all the old impossibilities have suddenly become possible and how people reach out their hands for life in all its abundance; how in place of the chronic, all-pervading unemployment, there is suddenly work for all to do.

And, as always after a conversation like this with a progressive-minded English person, it ended on, "Good heavens, apply this way to England, and imagine how things would move! How much machinery would pour out of the factories, how people would laugh together and be amazed how they had stumbled on for so long under the old—when all of this was waiting for them to reach out and take it!"

And it is true—so very obviously true after one has looked over the Chinese scene and compared it with what existed before, assessed the change in terms of its terrific potentiality for the future.

Yes, China had a great middle class—which tied up with the reaction. Yes, there were armies, there were huge universities and schools which backed up the old system, there was the power of the press, of the radio, of all kinds of American "assistance"—but, with a terrific shrug, the masses tossed off the superstructure and started to do things for themselves.

And today even the old privileged classes are happier with the purposeful living of the new age—while for the people who work and create, endless fields of endeavour spread out before them.

It would be fun to see the listless, unbelieving English bureaucrats caught up in something like this thing in China, with the government well and truly tossed back into the laps of the

people, with new leadership emerging from amongst those who had been confined mentally to the kind of sawn-off existence the old order plans for its workers—the everlasting preoccupation with security, the anxiety to struggle out of a despised class into a socially higher one, the effort to maintain "face" that comes with a few added possessions, the leaving behind of all the light, colour and warmth that goes with thoughtful, collective living.

July 16th Today we have been to see the Institute for Minorities—a fine set of buildings in the rich Chinese style on the outskirts of Peking—completed only last year and merely a portion of the total planned construction.

The Peking Institute is the main centre and in conjunction with it are regional and provincial institutes for the peoples of the different areas. So far there are 3,500 students. Chinese as well as the minority languages are taught, but the main purpose of the Institute is to bring the minority peoples into full understanding and cooperation in building up a united country; understanding of the new government policy in respect of minorities, of the philosophy of Chairman Mao, and appreciation of their own cultures and history.

The religious and other customs of minority members are respected. There are, for instance, special kitchens for those who do not eat pork.

We were shown round the buildings and marvelled at the splendid auditorium where the conventional phoenix of ancient Chinese architecture has been changed into a peace dove with a most pleasing effect—and on to the classrooms where Monica Felton was greatly taken with one bright Li tribe girl from the interior of Hainan Island. Yes, she had been in the revolution for four years. She had gone to work when she was eleven, planting rice paddy. This was the first school she had ever been to in her life; and here she was, after a year's education, writing proper business letters—a terrific feat, one felt. She seemed to be all fire and energy though standing quietly enough asking about conditions in England and New Zealand and talking about the future for her own people back in Hainan. Asked if she was homesick, she threw back her head in such quick denial that everybody laughed. One felt that the Li people are going to have a spark

plug in their midst in the future, and that what has been said in Peking will be said over and over again in many a minority household in that island.

July 17th It was good to go this morning to a producer cooperative in the northern part of the city where some eighty oldsters have a rug-making cooperative rather like the one I saw recently in Tientsin.

This place had space—a big compound full of trees, and older workers sat in their shade on this hot summer's day, their rugs spread out on matting as they did the trimming and finishing of the raised patterns.

After liberation about twenty of these old men had come together to carry on this work. Blockade of the coast did not allow easy foreign trade but the state trading organisation guaranteed a certain market for all they could produce and paid prompt cash so that they could continue.

With the rising purchasing power that followed land reform and new markets overseas as well, the rugs began to be in heavy demand. The membership of the cooperative increased fourfold and there was more than enough work for everyone. Each member can now get 345 catties of millet a month, which is quite enough to keep a family, and as many wives are also working in the cooperative full or part-time the family income is quite large. All members have good housing near their place of work.

Members showed us with justifiable pride the beautiful new designs they were using and how they had improved the quality of their work. They told us that during the recent national anti-waste campaign they had learned how to utilise much material that before had been thrown away; and more scientific handling of their boiler installation had meant a great saving in coal. The eyes of these elderly men and women would shine with eagerness as they discussed all these things. It was plain that their work was more than just a source of income to them all—important though livelihood is to these who have lived out most of their lives in wretched poverty and insecurity; the life they shared was full of interest; the problems and achievements of which every one knew all the details and which were a matter for daily discussion; the steady progress stretching into the future; the cer-

tainty that their work was useful and wanted and that they were part of their country's plan for construction; these things put a youthful zest into all their movements and advancing age seemed to be something no one bothered to remember any more.

Members who had been illiterate had all learned to read and there were classes every evening for two hours.

This cooperative is one of three of its kind in Peking, so that it may be said that the ancient craft of Peking, one that has helped to raise cultural levels in many parts of our world, has not been allowed to pass away. Today with its new organisation it is in a flourishing condition, preserving for later stages an art which has taken many generations to perfect.

July 18th We spent this morning in a towel-making cooperative. This place was a bigger thrill to me than visiting a large factory, for here was something of the kind that one had seen in so many places in China over the past years. "Something of the kind"—yet something so different. To begin with, the Chairman was not an owner in disguise—nor was he an aspiring owner.

He was a towel weaver who had started weaving and finishing towels when he was thirteen years of age. When Peking was liberated he and six other weavers were out of work. They put together seven bundles of yarn, each being able to raise one bundle, and borrowing a loom or two, set to work to make towels, which they had to find ways to sell.

Now the cooperative has over forty members. They own their own equipment and are modernising it as they go. For instance, they have taken two iron looms and have installed a one-horsepower motor to operate them. They have put in a set of winding machines, all by their own efforts.

When they started work after the liberation they could only pay sixty catties of millet a month to their working members. Now they can pay three hundred catties a month which is enough for them to keep their families on.

When they started they worked for twelve hours a day and had no holidays. The job of just living was all they could manage. Now they have a ten-hour day and a clear holiday a month, which they will shortly change to two holidays a month. Since liberation all members have learned to read and write. The apprentices

they take go through an examination each three months and their pay rates are then set for the next three months.

The cooperators were a warm, friendly group, sure of their future and of their ability to continually change their conditions for the better. The old-time uncertainty about the accountant and the Chairman being in cahoots with some business friends in the Federation was gone. The accounts were clear, the production goals were set and met, everyone knew the whole score. Meetings were real meetings where everyone could say what he had on his mind.

Certainly the buildings would have to be improved as they progressed, certainly there were still many things that would stand change. But everyone was sure that they had a new way that would work and felt that they could meet the future with confidence.

When we left they all got up from their meal and crowded round to say goodbye. The smallest member of the group, a little slip of a girl of about sixteen, gave us a firm handclasp and a cheery smile. It was their show and they were obviously proud of it.

July 19th There are always exhibitions in Peking—in palaces, in gardens, in many parts of the city. Yesterday we visited two in the old Winter Palace. One was of the development of Chinese culture since the Hsia Dynasty, with photographs of sites, relics dug up, maps made, explanations in easily-read characters beside them all, from the 3,000 B.C. period onwards.

There can be no doubt that as research goes on delving into ancient times in China new light will be thrown on the whole story of man's development, on the ancient peoples who dwelt in these lands, what intermixtures there were between the agricultural settlers and the pastoral tribesmen who came over the northern borders and how these influenced the growth of the culture that has been handed down to us today.

The old habit of preserving graves and monuments is a great help and the dry loess soil of the Northwest, too, will yield up treasures of information as the excavations for railways, roads and industry go on.

The exhibition which showed the development of Chinese

architectural tradition was a very fascinating one. In amongst the models of every kind of construction was one of the camp of Manchu bannermen near Peking; groups of cottages, each group with its group centre building and its group facilities; really an excellent model, in many ways, for today's use.

Last evening we went to see the Shaoshing opera that has come to Peking. Shaoshing is a city in Chekiang, in East China, where this opera was developed, all parts being played by women. The theatre was crowded and on all sides one heard Shanghai dialect spoken. The drama was an ancient love story and the players rendered it with fine artistry to the enjoyment of an audience that was discriminating as well as enthusiastic.

July 20th These days of the "Tiger Heat" one sits a little more quietly and catches up on some of the reading strenuous times do not allow for. A trip to the Tung An bookstalls brought forth a treasure in the form of "A Short History of China" written by one Boulger; mainly an account of the impact of foreign countries on China from the Ming Dynasty until 1890, written by an Englishman, one of the foreign imperialists himself and fully approving the English ruling class position in regard to China.

The account of the Japanese invasion of Korea in the reign of Wan Li of the Ming Dynasty (1573-1620), if we substitute "MacArthur" for "Hideyoshi" and America for Japan, might well apply to the situation in Korea today, except perhaps that Hideyoshi is more honest about his intentions.

Writing to the King of Korea—the Syngman Rhee of that time—he says, "I will assemble a mighty host and invading the country of the Great Ming, I will fill with hoar frost from my sword the whole sky over the 400 provinces. Should I carry out this purpose, I hope that Korea will be my vanguard. Let her not fail to be so for my friendship to your honourable country depends solely on your conduct when I lead my army against China."

Hideyoshi started by seizing the important port of Fusan. He treated the people of Korea with marked brutality. The Koreans went to the Chinese court of Wan Li and asked for protection. An army was hastily assembled and marched to arrest the progress of the invaders "who by this had reached Pyongyang, a town 400 miles north of Fusan." "An action was fought

outside this town. . . . The result could not be regarded as decisive. . . . There ensued a lull in the campaign while some ineffectual attempts were made to conclude peace. . . . A second battle was fought in the neighborhood of Pyongyang . . . after stubborn fighting the Japanese were driven out." . . . "The Japanese then withdrew taking with them a vast amount of booty and the ears of 10,000 Koreans."

Reading on into the Ch'ing (Manchu) Dynasty (1644-1911) we get some idea of the spirit with which the Chinese of that day in spite of the dead weight of a decadent imperial Government, resisted foreign control of their country. Picturing the Lord Elgin assault on the forts at Taku using modern (for that time) Armstrong guns, the writer describes a Chinese soldier defending one of the forts, "stripped to his loins, fighting his gun single-handed after every bit of parapet near him had been knocked away and our shot was crashing in all around him. . . . Having seen that one brave man, the survivor of all the gun detachment, working his gun alone, loading and firing amongst the corpses of his fellows with no one near at hand to applaud him nor witness his fall; working away, whatever his motive might be, until he fell like his comrades, I could not but picture to myself in all those grim groups of eight or ten, perhaps, at a gun, how one by one they had fallen and yet the survivors disdained to fly."

The profit merchants who push their hirelings into Korea today trying to get at the underbelly of China will also wonder at the "motive" of the un-named heroes, so many of them, who have stood so lightly armed against the most modern armaments the highly industrialised West can devise—stood by themselves, with none to cheer.

It is interesting to note that in this book the contempt of China which marked later relations with the imperialists of the West did not exist. China was not yet completely disorganised—not yet completely under their thumb.

"The Chinese fought their guns with extraordinary courage. A shell exploded their principal magazine, which blew up with a terrible report; but as soon as the smoke cleared off, they recommended their fire with fresh ardour." "The Chinese resisted nobly" . . . "to prove beyond the shadow of doubt that men who could fight so manfully when victory was practically impossible

could never be permanently conquered and only needed the proper arms and knowledge to hold their own against Europeans." . . . "Let the Chinese be trained and well found with European implements and munitions of war and depend upon it, they will prove themselves no contemptible foe." . . . "The evidences of military proficiency, of irresistible determination and personal valour not easily surpassed were many and too apparent to justify any in ignoring the solid claims of China to rank as the first military country in Asia."

History proved that it was first the understanding brought by a Mao Tse-tung, and then the arms, that made China irresistible.

The remark made by a Chinese official after having been forced to sign an unjust treaty: "If a mutual tranquillity is to exist between Chinese and foreigners, the common feelings of mankind, as well as the just principles of Heaven, must be considered and conformed with," is a mild, yet decisive way of saying a whole lot.

July 22nd "What are they doing there?" asks a small boy, pointing up at one of the terrible pictures in the display. And his father, pulling him along by the hand, says nothing, and goes on grimly to look at the next.

It is an exhibition of pictures and statements on the Korean War, held in one of the public gardens in Peking, and the pictures show much that we would rather forget could have happened—long trenches of people who have been buried alive, burned mothers, charred children, ruined homes. Yet that it has happened and is still happening, at no very great distance from this busy, peaceful city of Peking, is a matter of grim fact and it is necessary that everyone should know the facts so that understanding can be made a basis for action.

The exhibition starts with a collection of documents captured from the enemy, which, as well as other documentary material and various American press statements, prove beyond doubt that America started the war. Then we see the consequences of this adventure—the terrible effects not only upon the lives and homes of Koreans but upon the American soldiers themselves, and upon their country. For such bestiality, such primitive savagery,

drags down its perpetrators to the level of the primitive Goths and Huns of ancient history, makes them into something that all men must join together to fight; and from the remarks of the crowd which passes through this exhibition daily these are certainly the sentiments of the five hundred millions of China.

One is amazed that America, once so proud of herself as a nation of shrewd businessmen, should have let herself be pulled into a business like this, antagonising a thousand odd millions of people, building up their hatred, contempt and disgust. An extremely poor position for any good business firm to get allow itself into. Can they believe that their bought-up press, however it may fool the average man in the West, can have the slightest influence any more on these potential customers who now look with nausea on the words "USA" stamped on any product? "USA" is now synonymous with everything that is hated—Japanese imperialism, German fascism, KMT terror, the corruption and brutality of the old way, its rapaciousness, its denial of civilised values, its utter failure as a means of human progress.

This is the America which the big businessmen and perpetrators of horror bombs have sold to the East. This is the way they have expressed the traditions of America to resurgent man, anxious to find the best and hold to it.

July 23rd The main room was a broad and well-kept one with a wealth of blackwood carving and a magnificent glass chandelier in the centre of the ceiling.

The users of all this magnificence were not, however, Manchu princes, landlords or feudal army officers. They were old-time craftsmen gathered together in a carved lacquer cooperative.

This is a very old Peking craft, previously done in little shops with a master and an apprentice. Then came the disruption of war and, after the liberation, the blockading of the coast and the falling away of old markets, with the result that for the time being there was little demand for the work of these careful hands.

Then as the economy became steady, new markets were found and the craftsmen got together, each with his little bit of share capital, to start a cooperative.

Now each worker makes enough for his family. He works a ten-hour day, but though this constitutes a great advance on

former times, he already looks forward to the time, within the next year or two, when he will cut his hours down to eight and still make an ample living. He works under good lighting, in spacious surroundings, looking out on a courtyard filled with flowers as he turns out some of the most exquisite pieces of handicraft one could wish to see. Patient, steady hands draw the patterns on vase or bowl after the coat of cloisonne enamel has been applied to the inside, the hundred coats of lacquer to the outside and the whole processed and made ready. After the patterns have been so lightly drawn, the carvers take their little boxes of fine instruments and in a day or two the finished piece, with all its wealth of imagery, stands ready for packing. Some of the most beautiful designs come from the T'ang Dynasty drawings on the walls of the hundreds of ancient caves in Tunhuang, in Chinese Central Asia. Formerly the pictures most copied were those of Buddhas and court scenes, but since the liberation copies of hundreds of drawings showing the lives of the people of early times have come down from the Tunhuang treasure house of Chinese art, and these beautiful patterns are being employed everywhere, as well as some of the new China designs, still in their early stages.

July 25th (written on the Peking-Shanghai train) A good sixteen years since I last took the train down the Tsin-pu line from the North to Shanghai. Sixteen years in which the people of these parts have been through war and oppression on a vast scale.

Yet, to the outward eye, things would seem to be about the same. The sweeping fields of kaoliang in Shantung and North Kiangsu, the rich green of rice fields as one comes south of the great Yangtse River.

The discerning, however, can see the beginnings of change everywhere. Lads on the banks of swimming holes by the railway side shout and wave smiling at the train, new construction rises up over grey city walls. On railway sidings one can see crates of agricultural machinery from industrial centres. People are better dressed and as everywhere in China today, more confident.

The straw shacks on the outskirts of the bigger centres are very obviously decreasing, not increasing as they were always

doing in the old days. Children are smiling and fat, no longer whimpering or apathetic, pot-bellied and covered with sores.

The other day a foreign delegate told me that in her country one of the lies being spread about China by those who hate to admit the progress being made here under a people's government, was that children were being drilled into such strict obedience to harsh rules that they did not smile or answer back, just marched dully when told to.

I thought of that when the train stopped in one country station where there was construction work going on and a huge pile of steel girders stacked up in the railway yard. One slip of a lad of about 11 clothed in summer tan only, for the weather is very hot, was standing on the highest point possible balancing himself precariously, while below him his mother, with clean apron over grey dress, coaxed and cussed him to get down and stop his younger brothers trying to follow him. If he doesn't break his neck first he will certainly be as creative as they make them, and better living conditions showed already in his physical beauty and spirit. A good answer to the charges of "regimentation", I felt.

One thing that struck me was the way railway workers everywhere went about their business, going over every inch of the trains frequently, both inside and out, keeping the interiors in an immaculate condition, performing all services with great efficiency and promptness, checking up at frequent intervals for any mechanical weakness that might threaten safety, as well as polishing up the outside of carriages, showing new enthusiasm and zest for their work in a hundred ways, including the running of the trains exactly to time. One saw at all stations the signboard of the railway workers' union, saw the men everywhere tackling their work with that new sense of pride—pride of ownership.

SHANGHAI, 1952

July 26th At Shanghai a pleasant surprise awaited us with friends from the Peace Council to meet us and to take us to cool apartments in one of the tall buildings once reserved for the moneyed few.

But the foreign pomp, the streams of compradore cars, the club life and easy living of the old privileged few have now departed and one looks for progress not in the haughty buildings of the Bund but in the faces of the ordinary people in the industrial districts.

After breakfast we took a trip around the city and finished up at one of the new workers' villages—the beginnings of the plan to provide adequate housing for all the workers of Shanghai.

Ts'ao Yang is the name of the one we visited. Well built, well spaced housing with modern sanitation, a hospital, banking and consumer cooperative facilities. On the outskirts of the city, it has its own bus service to take residents to and from the heart of the town. There are grass lawns for kids to play on and there will be parks and schools commensurate with the number of houses in each plan. Ts'ao Yang is the first experimental section of a plan to house 200,000 families. Having tested out the accommodation in daily living the residents will send in their criticisms and suggestions to the government architects and these will be taken into consideration and plans adapted so that future construction meets the needs of the people as fully as possible.

It was hard for me to be critical—though in today's China uncritical praise is bad form and is simply brushed aside as useless. Remembering the dark, stinking alleyways, the rickety huts and squalid matsheds where people crouched wet and cold in the long winters and were flooded out in the torrential summer rains;

remembering the expensive single room in some apartment house that would hold several families of the lower middle class; remembering the pitiful child workers who slept by their looms in airless small factories; remembering the great homes of the rich, their trees and gardens hidden behind great high walls with broken glass stuck in the cement, so that the children of the poor never even saw grass, let alone having green lawns of their own to play on; remembering these things and many more, this Ts'ao Yang seemed like the sort of heaven workers could only dream about in that so-recent past.

On asking to look through one of the houses, we went and talked with the families of men who had spent a lifetime in textile production and whose living in the old days had been one long struggle against poverty, sickness and desperate living conditions.

One old man talked of his long days as a refugee, fleeing with his family from one place to another before the advancing Japanese, and then of the long trail back to Shanghai at the end of it all, health impaired and still struggling to support a young family. Now, old and young, they had a future. And as he spoke he busied himself with some hot water, dipping a clean towel into it for my refreshment.

Neat and careful, his life had been spent trying to bring order into production but until the revolution succeeded he had failed.

His neighbours in the same house were natives of Hofei in Anhwei and they had also fled before the Japanese, first to Szechuan and then down to the mills in Shanghai. The kindly, able womenfolk were obviously proud of their new opportunity and the prospects for their bright-faced children. This is the material upon which the new order bases itself.

July 27th The greatest thrill to me in Shanghai, once the city of the very rich and the very poor, is to sit and listen to the singing of youth—singing the cheerful songs of the liberation as they pass over Garden Bridge far below my eleventh story window. I think what this must mean to the people of Shanghai who have endured so much, bending their heads in front of arrogant Japanese sentries on that same bridge, getting out of the way of regiments of foreign soldiery, being harried by police when workers

demonstrated for change, when students felt they must speak out against the evils going on in their country; that day when the singing of a people's song might well land one in jail for years; that day when one looked at might and arrogance, at poverty and wondered whether in one's own lifetime all this could possibly be changed.

Yet today Young Pioneers in their red scarves, students, workers and people march past cheerfully, all thoughts on the future which is so securely theirs.

The Bund is quieter but the lower end of Nanking Road teems with life. The shops are crowded with new customers—workers and their families—whose purchasing power is now such that they can really buy things. The outstanding impression of the new Shanghai is that the common man has put on weight, it is his city.

The movies are showing films of progressive life. It is an occasion for honoring Poland—the Polish National Day has just passed. Polish athletes are in Shanghai for basketball games. The movies are showing "A Street in Warsaw"—a film of struggle in fascist days.

The flagstaff in the British Consulate grounds is as high as ever and the buildings sit among the trees and gardens with Victorian smugness while life swirls past and the echoes of songs resound from their walls and back again amongst the singers striding so freely and so gaily down the streets.

The Whangpoo River is full of activity. Lighters carrying steel, carrying masses of steel wire, enter Soochow Creek from the river as I write. Going inland to some construction job, one guesses, through the amazing system of interlocking canals of South Kiangsu.

At night, from the top of Broadway Mansions, the broad sweep of Shanghai is seen in its mass of lights. One of the great world cities of that future when trade will flow without barriers and all men benefit thereby.

July 28th Sunday, and the little alleyway off Scott Road near Hongkew Park in Shanghai was the scene of much going and coming. Students, soldiers, and cadres—all sorts of people—were

going to see Lu Hsun Museum set up next to the home where "the Gorky of China" lived and wrote for so many years.

We, pilgrims to one of the shrines of the new China, were first shown through the home itself which has been kept in order with all the original furniture in it. It is still full of the spirit of the intellectual giant who lived there, and in the museum next door are collected his works, his possessions and materials concerning him.

He did great work in those dark days before the dawn, not only in his writing but in his talking and in his very being. Not many dared to go and visit him at that time but everyone knew about him. His writings and sayings were circulated and his resolute refusal to compromise with what he knew to be bad, his determination to fight and his steadfast faith in the revolution and in the people of his country strengthened many. He knew he was a dying man, but could never be persuaded to rest. He died fighting—died alive, as many say of China's revolutionary heroes.

The great department stores of Shanghai are well worth visiting on a Sunday for there are then shoppers by the thousands, thronging through the tremendous display of consumer goods made in this city. In the old days, the shops were mostly filled with imported goods and the more forward-looking Chinese had to start a "Native Goods Emporium" in order to try to get people to use the produce of Shanghai. Today there is no such need. All shops stock what Shanghai makes. There are some imported goods but they are few compared with the vast amount of locally made.

A visit to one place especially gladdened my heart—the old race-course, once the pride of the Shanghai foreign ruling class of big businessmen, where the revenue made from betting on horses brought in such profit that the appointments of the place were the best that money could buy. Now there is a people's library set up in the main buildings, a very wonderful museum on the top floor, showing the development of Chinese culture from the Stone Age, and another on the ground floor for relics of the revolution.

The reading rooms of the library are the biggest in China—bigger than most libraries of the western world. Yet there was

a line-up of people waiting to get in and take vacant tables—quite a long line, both for the adults' and the children's sections. The children were allowed forty minutes in their section and then the hundred or so of them would be changed for another lot from the waiting queue.

In the Museum of Chinese Culture most of the art treasures came from private collections which had been hoarded up in Shanghai—some from shipments which Kuomintang officials and private dealers who left in a hurry had prepared to ship out of the country. Some, again, were gifts. Many of the pieces are really exquisite and their like is not to be seen elsewhere in China, even in Peking. They have been arranged with taste and considerable thought to show the developing culture and will be seen with wonder and delight by millions of just ordinary people.

Many years before the anti-Japanese war there were complaints that in this great, rich city there was no museum. So a tiny one was organised in the building of the Royal Asiatic Society and was considered to be a goodly step in the direction of culture. It was scarcely as big, however, as one of the many sections of the new museum now opened, the curator of which is already bemoaning lack of space for all the material in hand. The provision of ample space for both the present exhibits and the pieces that will undoubtedly be added in the next few years is already being planned.

The Shanghai of the future will certainly be a city worth coming a very long way to see; and its influence on the villages and urban centres inland will be as vast as its size.

This thought must have been in the mind of Vice-Chairman Soong Ching Ling—Madam Sun Yat-sen—when she set about establishing welfare centres such as the nursery kindergarten we visited this afternoon. A set of modern buildings, in spacious grounds, on the outskirts of the city, had been acquired and converted. Here the children have space to romp and do all the things children love to do. The place was bursting with life—collective life into which children fall so easily.

The day we went was a Monday and the children had just been returned from their homes and were shouting and singing. A soldier came in as we did, bringing a four-year old on his bicycle bar and the child hopped down and took off like lightning to his

playmates, with the soldier smiling in the rear. There were five and six-year olds driving nails in bits of wood, sawing off ends—making things out of bits and bringing out creative ideas.

There was vivid life here and all the most up-to-date methods of meeting its requirements that have been devised. Not only with the nurseries of the cities and villages in China learn from what is being done here but all the countries in the Asian and Pacific area will find that they, too, can learn much from the pattern that is being so ably presented.

This was a lovely visit and the faces of the children stayed with one like the fragrance of a beautiful garden one has just left.

Later It takes a lot of ice-cream to keep up with the demands of a city like Shanghai, where the standard of living has so risen that there are few people who do not taste some sort of ice-cream during the summer months.

We put on white overalls and nose and mouth guards and went through the immaculate rooms where workers packed ice-cream blocks in artistic cartons with speed and dexterity.

The factory was one that had been started by Americans before the Japanese war. Then the Japanese let it fall into disrepair, as did the KMT. Now new additions had been made, new machinery installed, much of which had been manufactured in Shanghai, and the plant turns out canned pork and powdered soya bean packed in Shanghai glass jars, for the interior. The cream-coloured bean powder, mixed with water to the consistency of fresh milk, tastes somewhat like the latter and is highly-recommended for children by dieticians here.

The seven hundred workers, three hundred of whom were women, were all members of the labour union. They had a clinic, a hairdressing saloon, a nursery and a common playroom amongst the various amenities provided for the workers. They worked an eight-hour day with one full holiday each week.

As one passed through the plant, saw its analytical research laboratory, its technicians efficiently operating complicated machinery, the organisation of the work to be done, one felt that industry operated by the state, as is this particular one, will be able to do better for both consumer and producer than would any

private concern under the old regime; and that the results gained will prove this more effectively than any theorising.

A trip down the Whangpoo River by a River Police launch had special interest for me. Last time I was on this river was in 1937—on a liner returning from a trip overseas. The war had not long started and the harbour was full of Japanese warships shelling Chinese positions around Kiangwan. The Pootung side was thick with Japanese small craft and many warships of other foreign countries were also lying in Battleship Row. Yangtsepoo was deserted except for the Japanese Army. Corpses littered the streets and the International Settlements was crammed with refugees. The place was full of disaster and turmoil.

Today there were still signs of the destruction of those days, though long grass had obliterated the burnt remnants of installations destroyed by the Japanese. But now new dockyards and new installations were springing up and everywhere one saw evidence that the basis for the great harbour of the future was being well and truly laid. Chinese engineers, Chinese seamen and Chinese designers will build a mercantile marine one day that will be second to none in the world.

July 29th In the bad old days a Shanghai factory inspector did not like visiting Japanese cotton mills. He would be forced to wait a long time while his card was taken in and dealt with. When after his tour of inspection he came back to the manager with his recommendations he would be met with half-polite arrogance, his suggestions would be noted but would not be taken seriously.

He would see a mill with the yards kept in beautiful order, nice flower beds round the manager's house and around the houses of the technicians. The whole Japanese staff would be members of a special Japanese arms unit and would all appear at times for army drill. At the gates would be armed policemen who would search the outgoing workers thoroughly for stolen material. Wages were a pittance and there was practically no housing provided even of the usual wretched kind. Many of the women workers would have to get up at four in the morning in their country villages in order to get to the mill by six. One would see these slips of girls with their dinner pails wending their way

for miles through country paths after their twelve-hour shift. Contract labour and many another horror were especially common in Japanese mills. There were no workers' amenities whatsoever.

Today we visited one of the mills in the western area—one to which I had often come in that other time. Today it is one of the State Cotton Mills.

With the manager and the efficient girl secretary of the labour union we made a tour of the mill compound. The first thing that struck my eye was the big temporary dwelling erected for workers who were installing the new ventilation system. They had completed this for most of the workrooms and were now on the last bit of their work.

A great brick engine room had been built and the motors were driving air through the system.

To me the workrooms were like a dream come true, and I guess they must have seemed much more so to the workers. Surrounding the gears to automatic looms were all the safety devices we had tried in vain to get installed in the old nightmare days. Workers were on an eight-hour day and yet were tending more spinning frames and looms than had ever been thought possible. They had four full holidays a month and wages were already double what they had got just after liberation. Work was going on with a swing and many new devices had been invented by the workers to speed up results. One of the workers had become a National Labour Hero—a very high honour. Others had become All-Shanghai Labour Heroes. Ideas which had been lying in their minds for many years had now had a chance to come to the surface and with encouragement and the knowledge that increased production meant better livelihood for everyone, invention flourished.

As for workers' facilities, this mill had the most ambitious of any I had seen. The new primary school building, with its staff quarters, now nearly finished, will take well over a thousand workers' children. The housing for single workers is being completed—in the lovely compound previously laid out in Japanese gardens and privileged quarters. A middle school is already planned. Modern bathing arrangements have been installed, while the nursery is a thing of joy.

There is a sanatorium in very restful surroundings where

workers who are overtired or run-down or need any special care can be looked after till they are restored to full health.

There is also a hospital in the ground where we saw white-gowned doctors and nurses dealing competently and kindly with a line of patients.

One of the things that would have made the eyes of the old-time worker pop out of his head would have been the two great dining halls with the midday meal set out under flyproof covers—chicken, vegetables and a good soup to go with the rice—somewhat better than many middle class people had in the old days.

The workers have their own wall newspapers, their discussion classes and they take the liveliest interest in the affairs of their country and of the world outside. Literacy classes have been underway for some time now and I was told that by the end of this year there will be none who cannot read and write. Lads who show promise in the mill are often chosen for special training at a textile training college from which they will emerge as fully-fledged engineers for the tasks of the next stage of industry.

Women workers, when there is a baby on the way, no longer go to the old-fashioned midwives, who, plus all the other evils of poverty, were such a menace to mother and child in the old days. Now the expectant mother can go to her own mill hospital or if she prefers it the hospital midwife will come to her home.

This is only one of Shanghai's thirty-odd cotton mills—not one of the biggest by any means—not more than five thousand workers, whereas the biggest has over ten thousand—but it does show what can be done to humanise industry in a workers' country; what can be done to make the productive organisation into something the worker is proud to belong to, something which extends his own powers as a human being and through which he can make effective contribution to the future of his family and of his community.

Before leaving we took a last look at the nursery, and knowing what this must mean in everyday happiness to the ordinary person, and remembering all the denial of the past stage, one could not help feeling moved as one looked over the three hundred babies safe in their cots, nurses going back and forth among them, mothers returning their children and then going off unafraid to work again.

The woman worker of today feels that the mill is as much hers as her own home; and the degree of participation by the workers in the management of the whole concern has to be seen to be believed.

July 30th "Yes, the eight years of Japanese occupation were difficult to live through. The whole village was burnt down twice and this house three times. We were looted so many times! We had no freedom to take our own produce to the market but had to hand it over to some loafer middlemen. We were often abused and frequently beaten."

The speaker was a middle-aged peasant with beautiful teeth, in clean homespun shorts and a tunic open in the front this high summer day. He was the model worker of the village, an able, resourceful man who had survived both the Japanese and the KMT.

Next to him, the leader of women's work took up the story. She told not one story but many, so that my almost forgotten Shanghai dialect had a job to keep pace with her.

Yes, she and her babies had sat out in a ditch at the last when the KMT soldiers were burning houses and looting as they retreated. Yes, the Japanese had come with gasoline and, laughing, dashed it against the doors of houses and then ignited it. "Just as the Americans drop jellied gasoline in Korea," a bystander explained, "only using people and not aeroplanes."

The Japanese demanded everything, to the last cent. Then when the Kuomintang came back they were rapacious for loot and angry when enough could not be found. Every time the peasant suffered.

There was a lawyer landlord. He was the devil incarnate—seeking to make good his wartime losses by forcing the peasants to pay back rents. But then the Liberation Army came in. At first the people were frightened, for they had seen many armies come and go and always they had been the losers. Uniformed marauders had come in waves over them, sleeping in their houses, raping their women, taking their animals. They had been taught to think of themselves as creatures without rights of any kind; they had learned to keep poker faces and endure, trying to ward off exactions. Now they trembled inwardly and braced themselves against fresh depredations.

But these Liberation soldiers were something new in their experience. They swept the courtyards, they helped carry vegetables to market; they not only paid for everything but they gave the people some of the new *jen min pi*—people's banknotes—to buy things while the change-over was in progress. It didn't take long for the people to understand that this was their own army and they began to attend the meetings that were called.

Now, said the village chairman, whereas in the old days he could carry his produce to the city in the mornings on a carrying pole, he has had to get a two-wheeled cart to push it in—a pair of rubber tyred wheels with a box on top. There is a ready market for all that is produced. It is properly weighed and valued and a proper price paid for it.

The village was one down at Kiangwan. As we sat and talked, a fourteen-year-old came in with two hoes. He and his brother had been working all the morning since daybreak. In bare feet and shorts they stood behind us listening to the stories told.

As the woman went on telling hers she shook a little with emotion and her eyes became strained so that one stopped the conversation at times and put it in other channels.

The fourteen-year-old had been through primary school. His ambition was to become a medical worker. His brother had been shot by the Japanese. A younger brother pulled me by the hand to go and look at the pigs—big, white Yorkshire pigs, the main value of which lies in the manure they give for the vegetable gardens. One noticed that the pigsties were paved with pre-land-reform boundary stones, with an occasional gravestone also.

Asking about the scattered graves, the village head said that none had been levelled yet—not even those of people without any descendants—but all agreed that the old ideas of *feng-shui* (wind and water influences) were all bunk. They said that in the old days they had used up valuable resources on the worship of the dead, but they had still starved. Some people had not done so—had even dared to level graves of their own accord—yet nothing bad had happened to them. In fact they had come to the conclusion that the whole business of ancestor-worship was kind of useless.

Here land reform followed very quickly after liberation so that holdings per family were substantially increased, the labour hero

who showed that he could get such good results having an extra five *mou* given to him, so that his total holding came to seven *mou*. All this seemed so wonderful, so secure to the whole village after their terrible lives in the old days—pawnshop money-lenders who would take all, with huge interest that went on mounting and could never be fully paid. The gangsters in charge of the vegetable stalls in the city who had bought up the right to sell vegetables could pay what they liked for produce, for there was no other market. The hopelessness of sickness and the release of death.

Now everyone wants to live, and the women's leader, the cool wind blowing through the front doors of the house from over the canal beyond sweeps the hair over her face so that she throws her head back with a toss and laughs, "We women are now not the same as we were. There's no one in this village who is going to tell who is to marry who," and the men smiled a little and looked at the floor for a moment—for male supremacy has taken a slump and the women have come into their own.

With kids leading, we went on to the village nursery, a nice cottage set in a garden. Here the young children of the women workers who go into the fields are looked after. The girl in charge had polished up the wooden floors of the two big rooms and there was a ready supply of boiled drinking water and clean towels. The kids were obviously used to group activities and were not in the least put out by the odd-looking foreigners. We had many kinds of dances together, and one six-year-old, as the KMT official in a little play they put on for us, was superb. In fact he was about the most creative bunch of six-year-old mischief and ability I had seen for a long time. He led the kids' singing, charged after a nine-year-old (who had his proper surname of *Chou* written on his bare arm in ink and his village nickname of *Mao Kou*—"hairy dog"—after it) and hauled him in to substitute for some absent member. One can see in these kids, learning to organise themselves so naturally in this environment, collective man in the next stage of China's development.

For lunch we had eggs, fish, greens and tomato soup. These and the rice eaten with them were all produced in the village. Rice was eaten at most meals. As the peasants had to rise so early in the morning—in order to get into the city by daybreak—

they ate five meals a day, some of these were just light snacks, but necessary to help them put out the effort to get the produce to market.

The old men of over fifty had great outstanding veins on their legs, the result of a lifetime of transporting heavy loads by carrying pole. The growing youth are already thinking up ways of cutting down unnecessary labour and getting better results in growing, in spraying, in seed picking.

One felt that it was living with the future to have spent a day with them all.

July 31st Last evening we went to the Workers' Palace of Rest and Culture. I remember the place in the old days as a luxury Chinese hotel, one of the several built to fill the demands of Shanghai compradore class. The chief Chinese officials in the foreign settlement government kept their concubines in these rooms. The hotels brought in big profit for their owners, were in great demand for millionaire weddings and were modelled on luxury hotels in western cities.

Now ten thousand labour union members visit the place daily. They gain admittance by showing their union card at the door. Once inside they have a wide choice of interests. They can go to the libraries and reading rooms, which we found to be packed, they can join dancing classes, see plays put on by the drama group, join in mass singing, look at exhibitions.

There were several exhibitions on show when we inspected the place. One was of the whole revolutionary struggle in Shanghai, from its earliest days. Another was the history of the Red Army. Then there was a very large one of mechanical and other improvements in industry, most of them workers' inventions or innovations. Working models of these were shown and there was an instructor on hand to explain them fully. Many of these showed brilliant creative ingenuity and will no doubt be widely adopted in the branches of industry for which they are designed. There is always a crowd round the demonstrators and the drawing showing the advantages of the new locally-made goods over the old imported ones makes a deep impression on the thousands of people thronging the place daily.

One thinks of such institutions as the YMCA of the old stage

with their poorly attended meetings and compares them with this great throbbing hub that takes such an important place in the lives of the workers of the city. And this is only one such institution. There are many other workers' centres, large and small, belonging to unions and to the bigger industrial plants, while new ones are being planned and staff trained to run them.

In the one we visited most of the staff work is being done, for the time being, by the workers themselves, who volunteer to come at nights and on Sundays.

August 1st Yesterday we were shown a little of what is being done here about the problem of delinquency, the legacy of the bad old days; of colonial-imperialism, with its policy towards native peoples of suppression and bribery; of Japanese and Kuomintang terror and corruption; of all the wars and burnings, the destruction of any kind of stable livelihood.

Because of all these things it is fully realised that those who have become anti-social are not necessarily "bad", that they are the victims of a very bad old human society. The question now is how to change them so that they can grasp the new thinking and throw in their weight collectively with the rest of their fellows, and understand the nature of the forces that victimised them in the past, so that they can see their past experience in an objective light; understand the nature of the new society, and their newly-acquired right to take part in it constructively on an equal level with others, and to make it what they will. So the method with "delinquents" is not to punish but simply to teach people the benefits of creative work and study in cooperation with others.

The first place we visited was a great movie studio where men and lads were constructing a tall building for a new studio. Work here was going on with speed and determination—bricklaying, plumbing all being done by the men who had come from the reform centres where they had learned these skills.

It seemed to me that anyone of them could have walked off the job and hidden himself away somewhere had he wanted to. I remarked on this to one of our guides and was told that whenever anyone had tried to do so his family and friends had promptly brought him back, all being anxious that his education be completed

and that he become an respectable member of society again. In the early stages several had run away a number of times but had always come back.

From this construction job we went on to the main centre. The building I recognised as one of those show "orphanages" of KMT days—one of those elaborate facades to demonstrate western generosity and Chinese progressiveness where less than nothing was ever accomplished.

Opposite it had been dreary piece of waste ground with the ruins of an old jail that had been burned down. Today this had been converted into a thriving vegetable garden farm.

Everywhere men were working or studying in small groups in big airy rooms, reading or marching in from one or other of the outside construction jobs—laying sewers, doing road repairs and so on.

They showed us with pride pictures of one of the epic pieces of pioneer work being undertaken by graduates of this centre, along the coast in North Kiangsu, between Nantungchao and Haimen.

Here a large piece of land reclaimed from the sea after liberation was given to the men to settle according to their own ideas. When the men first went they built themselves huts of reeds. Now there are large groups of the well-built houses, their training in Shanghai taught them how to construct. Now on a piece of land once a muddy sea-bed stands a thriving village of twenty-eight thousand souls, people whom society did not want but whom are now so trusted that they are the basis of a new working community.

Not all the people who have completed their training are selected for pioneer work. Some go back to their old homes. The great majority however like to go on working in collective groups.

There are odd cases of those whose conversion takes a good deal of time. One who had been a KMT gendarme and another who had been a KMT army major, started by abusing and even striking the instructors. The delinquents were a mixed lot. Among them were university students and many who had received middle-school education; some of these had become drug addicts and perverts, diseased in body and mind. There were

pickpockets, and thieves of all sorts, gangsters, prostitutes, the dregs of society, destitute and hopeless.

From this centre we went on to another big piece of work. A huge cinema theatre and local meeting hall were being erected by the men at the foot of Yuyuan Road opposite the home where I had lived for so many years. The great roof was being reinforced according to a special design planned by the chief engineer who is also one of the trainees—he came to the centre because of big graft activities discovered during the Anti-Corruption Movement.

Next we visited "Harbin Da Lu", once a plague-spot on the outskirts of Shanghai. It had originally been a modern sawmill operated by Americans. In the Japanese attack on Shanghai it was bombed and partially destroyed. Then it was filled with refugees who stayed there, until with liberation new steps were necessary regarding it. It was a menace to public health.

So one day workers came in with masks over their faces to remove the mass of dirt and rubbish, the people were resettled and the buildings repaired and made habitable. The bomb-shattered walls are whole again, modern sanitation has been put in, power lines installed—so that the whole dreary slum has taken on an entirely new face.

Now machines are making machines for the new machine shops and electric welding, truck repair, boot-making on a big scale, are all being carried on.

A lad at the lathe had been an outcast pickpocket the year before. Now, with his hair cut in the centre's barber shop, in clean washed shorts and cool wooden clogs he was turning out machine parts with skill and satisfaction. In the old days he had had to be creatively bad in order to live. Now he has the chance to be creatively good. Another pickpocket was putting his ingenuity into the installation of a complicated wiring system.

We passed a long room where there were discussion groups sitting around in circles on the little stools people bring with them to meetings. One after another would get up and say his or her piece and both speakers and listeners were so absorbed that we visitors passed by unnoticed.

And so we went on to another centre where the men worked with waste cotton and the women made heavy socks for sending to the Northeast. These women were all ex-prostitutes. In the

worst quarters of Foochow Road, the "red light district" of the bad old days, it was estimated that the average life of a woman after she had sunk to this section was two years.

These, at first, did not want to work. They did not want to learn. They had been trodden down too low even to resent the savage exploitation to which they had been subjected. They thought that their old exploiters had a "right" to take a big percentage of their earnings, to beat and otherwise ill-use them. This was the only life they knew and they were afraid of change.

To go into their classrooms now, to pass down the dormitory lines, and to see ruddy, healthy-looking girls meeting one's eyes squarely and confidently was to realise that they had been changed from dead to living people, keen to meet the new world and play their part in it. Maybe, because they have suffered so much their understanding will be clearer than that of the protected children of the "respectable" middle class.

As for the babies, they are made part of the family at the centre.

The women, at their own request, have undertaken all the work of the centre—sweeping yards, washing and cooking as well as studying. Many who show ability are being trained as bookkeepers, clerks, etc. Illiterate when brought in, their progress in educational class-work is rapid. There is a marked spirit of determination to succeed among them, now that they realise that they were victims of the old and that the new is as much theirs as anyone else's. Some of them, upon entry, had as many as five diseases. Now all these, with proper hospital treatment, good food and the miracle medicines of interest and hope, are being cleared up.

During the Anti-Corruption Movement, these girls were able to give much valuable information about the habits of rich gangsters, which enabled the people's organisations to deal effectively with such.

This morning we went to a large clothing, printing and finishing factory in the western part of the city. I had come there in the old days to investigate an accident when a worker was burnt with a breaking sulphuric acid jar and again when one was dragged into a machine by his trousers and crushed. I made many

subsequent trips asking for changes but nothing much came of any of them.

Today we were welcomed by a quiet woman who was introduced as the factory manager. She led us into the reception room of the factory where long tables were covered with red cloths on which were set out fruit and tea. Along the walls, in glass cases, sample bolts of printed cloth were arranged artistically.

The manager told us quietly and clearly about the whole enterprise and as she talked one saw in her the new type of woman manager—not the hard-fisted, driving overseer of former days but a quiet, understanding, cooperative woman, able to bring together the talents of her working group, herself already expert in her job and the chosen leader of her thousand-odd fellow-workers. This factory produces some ten thousand bolts of printed or dyed fabric daily, and it has four All-Shanghai Labour Heroes in it. All workers are union members and illiteracy, as in most other factories, is being liquidated fast. Wages have been raised to three times the figure at liberation and are now adequate to support a family of five. Those who work in chemical fumes get special pay and care. Workers are proud of their sanatorium, and as for facilities like nurseries, playrooms, clinics, schools, they are now too usual a part of big factory life to get special mention.

Workers elect their representatives to the management committees and workers' participation in all the affairs of the factory is a very real thing. All production goals have been met and tremendous savings effected following the anti-waste campaign.

I noticed that all proper safety measures were being used. Workers wore rubber boots in places where these were needed, rubber gloves, etc. Safety education is made a strong point at workers' meetings, for it is wisely felt the initiative must come from the workers themselves if such things are to be carried successfully into everyday practice.

I was cordially asked to give my criticism of factory safety measures, not as a polite form, but sincerely, and the little suggestions I made were kindly received.

Later Today has been Army Day—the 25th birthday of the Liberation Army, so everywhere the parks and cinemas and other

places of amusement have been filled with people's army, navy and airforce men on holiday.

Gone are the drunken sailors and soldiers of that other day when somehow westerners in China could feel that they could do anything at all they liked while they were here.

Today's soldiers of the people are taught to act like models of behaviour. The only man I noticed drinking was one old-time soldier who sat down by the wharf at the edge of the Bund with a bottle of lemonade and a straw, taking his drink with solemn enjoyment.

Still later The home of Sun Yat-sen, set in a quiet garden at the end of a small street in the western suburbs of Shanghai, is now a national museum. A quiet, dignified house with the library and the pictures of this first president-revolutionary who had the courage and the vision to lead in the revolution that finally toppled over the Manchus; and so carried through, from stage to stage, until his death, laying the basis in men's minds for much that has been achieved today.

In the living rooms, one can see pictures of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and his wife on a cruiser in Canton and figuring in other historical scenes. That this house should have survived through all and today be carefully made into a national memorial has deep meaning. A truly remarkable couple, that man and his wife. He, his living memory even more permanent than the stone figure lying forever in state in Nanking and she today, as indomitable, courageous and thoughtful as ever, carrying on as a Vice-Chairman of the People's Republic that more than fulfils his vision of a new China.

August 2nd I have had an old friend in to see me, one who has been for many years manager of the Shanghai Power Plant which, when it supplied the Settlement only, was called the sixth largest steam plant in the world. He was a lad in the United States who worked his way through school and college and came back to his native China with Joseph Bailie to set up night schools for Shanghai apprentices. Then he went to the Power Company and afterwards came into the interior to be chief engineer for Gung Ho during the first years of the anti-Japanese war. But he hated

the mad KMT politicians of the superstructure of that time so much that to get away from contacts with them he went back to power generating. He was not much interested in politics. "I am an engineer," "We ought to try and do good for the people," were his two slogans; and he did not understand at that time that finding a *way* to do good to the people was all bound up with the study of politics.

When liberation came and the American superstructure was swept off the top of the Shanghai Power Company his work became more meaningful. The American planes in the service of Taiwan came and bombed the plant, killing and injuring workers and wrecking part of the installation in an attempt to sabotage liberated Shanghai's industry; but in a magnificent job of repair the whole working force put the plant back on its feet swiftly.

Now my friend is getting younger, in spite of his white hair. "In the past, we tried to do too much ourselves. Now every worker in the power plant pulls his weight, thinks about how to do more and do it better, save waste. Why, in the past we did not use this power—we simply tried to do things ourselves and command people. We thought ourselves something better than the people. We thought we were very good wanting to do things for the people. Now we realise we were on the wrong track. Now we are one with the people, each one only important because he is part of the group. Now I co-ordinate. I do not worry as in the past. This way is scientific—and it makes work much more interesting than it ever was in those other days. Funny! Why did we not think of this sooner? It's so clear when we see it working today!"

* * *

It was fifteen years since I had last seen the old city temple. Situated in the heart of the crowded old city, beside the ancient willow pattern teahouse, it was perhaps one of the most densely-populated bits of China to be found, with all the dirt and squalor that went with these conditions.

Today anyone who had known it in the past would have been surprised to see, inside the main entrance, the food stalls with price lists hung neatly, polished red tables, waiters in white uniforms and caps, food under cover from the flies. Not that there

seemed to be any flies. In the old days when eating here one needed a fan to keep them away from one's face.

The city god sits in majesty as before, but with fewer candles burning in front of him. Instead of the hordes of beggars that crowded the temple, a new, clean-washed population. In the past the children were covered with grime and dirt. Today they are certainly cleaned up. In front of one stall, women sat, scrubbing down their five-year olds, who were standing fat and sleek for the process, enjoying the whole thing immensely.

The goods in the stalls were all made in China, whereas in the past they would have come mainly from America and Japan.

* * *

I smiled again to myself about the story of "repressed children" as I walked down one of the busy city streets today. Two sets of kids were having a race: On each side the biggest lad was the horse, operated wheelbarrow fashion. On his back rode two small fry while the driver seized two legs in the rear and propelled the big boy, who walked on his hands. They sped through the crowds and nowhere did anyone even cuss them, people looking down with tolerance and amusement. It would be hard to imagine anything further from an attitude of "repression"—and again, very different from the Shanghai I knew in the old days!

HANGCHOW, 1952

August 5th It was in the autumn of 1936 that I last visited Hangchow. I remember well the glory of red and gold, the calm temples in tall bamboo groves, the tea bushes on terraced hillsides and the silvery majesty of the Chientang River, with work then being done on the great railway bridge that crosses it.

Hangchow of those days was a favourite resort for the rich and idle of Shanghai who thronged the hotels and caroused in their pleasure boats on the West Lake.

Along the lake side were great hoardings advertising toothpaste and cigarettes. KMT gendarmes kept a watchful eye on everyone for many of the KMT's inner group lived here. Various unbeautiful lodging houses and monuments had been erected round the business end of the lake and there were some statues of KMT "heroes".

Then came the years of the anti-Japanese war and I approached Hangchow from the other side—up through Kiangsi and Fukien. For a time the Chientang River was the barrier between the Japanese and the Chinese armies.

At that time I was in Kinhua and Lanchi, Lishui, Wenchow and Ningpo trying to get a machine shop cooperative established on the South Anhwei-Chekiang border which would provide a base for help to the New Fourth Army; having the material hauled over the hills by refugee workers; pushing cooperatives wherever they would go and being defeated by the dead weight of the KMT —whose sick and wounded lay about in half-destroyed railway stations and rotted. . . .

All these things were part and parcel of a day that is now but a hazy memory; now only the azaleas on the hills in the spring, the lush green of the summer and the colours of autumn

are left, with a few rotting pillboxes and redoubts along the railway line, a flower growing from a machine-gun embrasure, grass waving on the flat cement roofs that have collected a good foot of the good earth that will so soon cover them entirely.

Monica Felton was the guest of honour and as we alighted from the train, members of the women's organisations were there to meet her. Young Pioneers welcomed us with flowers and went back with us to the hotel by the lake side. We were told that we should rest before the dinner of welcome to be given by the Hangchow Peace Committee, but I went out and found the Young Pioneers still there and we had a dancing party on the edge of the lake. Then someone suggested that we get boats and we went out on the lake, singing songs.

On the lake also was a boatful of People's Liberation Army men and our Young Pioneers hailed them to come closer and give us a song, which they did.

The next morning I felt the urge to go and look at the Chientang River first of all—its great sweep as it comes down from the gorges past the Liu Ho Pagoda. The two-tiered bridge which had been wrecked by the departing KMT, had been repaired and a train was passing over it, with trucks and cars above.

The interior of the Liu Ho Pagoda had been cleaned up and the grounds converted into a public park. The various great temples and shrines had become public property and in many of them the Buddhist monks had been appointed custodians. Then there were the river and lakeside gardens, a cool and shady refuge in Hangchow's hot summers.

The greatest of all Hangchow temples is the beautiful and world-renowned Lin Yin Ssu. During the war the Japanese turned it into a barracks and after that KMT soldiers occupied the place. Then just after liberation, a storm caused the partial collapse of the main hall and it was found that the timbers, coated with thick red lacquer and strong-looking, had been hollowed out by white ants.

The People's Government went into action first erecting a large board in the valley near the main entrance, describing the disaster and its causes and explaining in detail how the damage would be repaired with everlasting cement and steel columns. This work is now in full swing.

The Lin Yin Valley with its ancient stone sculpture, its cool stream flowing down the centre, is an ideal place for a family to rest on a hot summer's day. People can wash their feet in the cool spring water that comes down through bamboo groves and let the children splash around while the elders lie back in cane chairs and sip green tea.

Of Chekiang's 20,000 Buddhist monks and nuns those who are not needed as temple guardians have been given the opportunity to participate in land reform, to help production with vegetable gardening or to go into the textile trade. In the old days many of the temples did business as moneylenders and landlords.

Marco Polo, in the Yuan Dynasty, thought Hangchow the finest city in the world of that day. This was not long after it had been the capital of the Southern Sung Dynasty—at the time of Yo Fei, the deified hero whose temple is one of the wonder spots on the West Lake edge.

West Lake is the pride of Hangchow, and it is now being dredged to clean out the accumulated mud of the years of neglect, light railway trucks taking the sludge from the lake back into the valleys.

When I went again to see the Temple of the Carp, in one of the valleys not far from Lin Yin, I learned that the Japanese had destroyed the big fish that once delighted visitors there and that so far the largest of the new generation growing up was not more than 38 pounds in weight. The biggest before the war had weighed 100 pounds. This place too has now been made into a national park, with tables set round the pool so that visitors can watch the fish that come close to the edges, begging.

Amongst the maze of gardens and temples on one of the islands in the lake, is a museum. The star piece here is a copper bowl with two handles and some fish engraved on the bottom of the dish. As the two handles are rubbed the water begins to rise, accompanied by a whining sound. The illusion that the fish are spouting up the water is a good one. This is a very ancient relic and when it is shown off to visitors a crowd always collects quickly to see the marvel.

In this museum, however, there were objects that were of greater interest to me than anything else; they were to be found

in the section dealing with prehistoric man and were stone axes and pottery shards, very like those we had dug up already in Sandan when doing irrigation work there. One wondered again whether the Indus Valley peoples really did come through West Kansu down to Chengtu and then down the Yangtse River to the coast, mixing with local peoples and carrying their crafts of woodworking and belt weaving along with them; so that belts found in the vicinity of Hangchow are very like belts woven in West Kansu today. But proper scientific investigation will no doubt solve this and many another fascinating riddle, showing the paths of ancient man.

In the past, Hangchow has not been known for its industry. In the old days I remember spending a day at a paper board mill some distance outside the city and there were, of course, some silk filatures in the adjacent areas. Now there is a state hemp factory which is a big enterprise but I turned down the kind invitation to visit it in favour of seeing two of Hangchow's older industries—those of tea processing and the weaving of silk brocade.

The tea processing plant had some 540 workers. It was a state tea plant organised after liberation. Processes had been mechanised and more mechanisation was under way. It was one of many of its kind spread through the tea-producing areas. The workers are well paid and have their own very good clinic and nursery. We were amused with the device of one of the young nurses to entertain her long line of babies. She had invented a kind of crooning noise and as she sang she waved a big piece of coloured silk slowly across the room—which brought coolness and seemed to fascinate the infants completely.

This plant is still working a nine-hour day but is to change to eight hours next month. All workers are members of the union.

The silk weaving factory was privately owned with the owner working in it as factory manager. It had a history of twenty-five years' operation and after liberation was given contracts by the state trading company. New buildings were put up for the workers and there is a very fine dining room which can be converted into an assembly room for meetings, the speakers' table on the stage being one of the most beautiful I have seen—a big solid table of some light wood with inlays of carved blackwood. There

were playgrounds, clinic and library for the 355 workers. Both skilled and unskilled workers averaged very good pay. The produce of the factory is richly brocaded silk, mostly, though the soft, light silk popular in the USSR for head scarves is also made.

Asked about the conditions in the old days, the owner-manager made a wry face. "We would get rush orders that had to be fulfilled. Then the workers would strike for better treatment. Then there would be periods of idleness when workers would have no work and no pay. Twelve-hour days were the shortest worked, but in times of rush orders the looms would have to work fifteen hours a day. This was right up to liberation. Now all of our produce is taken by the state trading company. It has lent us working capital. Though workers' wages in the old days were 27 *dou* a month it was rarely, if ever, that they got so much because of lost days. Now our workers are paid 48 *dou* a month, in official rates which give the worker an additional advantage."

People in China certainly do know how to make their warmth felt when receiving and sending off a guest. One will not easily forget the friendliness and the row of fresh young faces of children after their rousing song, "Unity is strength", the smiles with a background of red scarves and gleaming black hair and golden arms waving.

In the railway carriage going back to Shanghai I fell asleep and woke to see two People's Army men, passengers in the same car, looking down on me curiously. "Yes, he must be German," they were saying. Across the carriage was spread a banner—"ALL PEOPLE OF THE WORLD COME TOGETHER"—the same slogan as on the great gates at Tien An Men in Peking.

August 6th Surely there was never a cooperative among all our war-time cooperatives like this one! Members all of upper primary school standard, an eight-hour day, everyone well paid and fully occupied. Long factory-type workrooms, electric power to run the machines with, high production. A big cool dining room, three good meals a day and quarters for all single members provided.

Yet here, down what was once a foetid Shanghai alleyway, is such a place. The alleyway is now a clean street, the cement washed down, the rubbish bins closed away from flies, urinals

disinfected. The children are not covered with rash as before, but washed and clear-skinned. To me, once almost a denizen of these alleyways this is a big thing indeed.

The cooperative was formed after liberation and the 98 members between them turn out 80 dozen men's shirts a day, sent off to the state trading company for distribution. The cooperative has its own band of dancers, runs regular study courses for members and has all the meetings a cooperative should have. It is obvious that the membership take the whole business of being cooperative members seriously and are very proud of their work. One has only to read their wall newspapers to see this even if one did not look into their faces.

Not far from this cooperative was a small machine shop to which I used to go often in the old days. I remember how in the beginning of the anti-Japanese war, when the whole industrial district of Hongkew and Yangtsepoo was a waste, this place, along with many others around it, was left deserted for a long time. No one dared to go back to it. The workers picked up a living in the parts of Shanghai where the Army of Imperial Japan was not in occupation and many starved and died.

It was a small machine shop, making parts for other factories, getting along from day to day, its workers on starvation wages. I often wondered how they and others like them managed to work at all on the wretched food they were forced to live on. Work hours were the hours a man was not sleeping and actually eating his bits of rice and cabbage. The hours for sleeping were not the full eight. The apprentices were dirt-grimed, bloodshot-eyed kids with bleeding gums and swollen legs. As for the seemingly ruthless small-time owners they too were the victims of a wretched competitive society that seemed to allow them no way but to exploit others still lower in the social scale.

Their small businesses, forced to compete with both western and Japanese industry, operated on short-term loans at enormously high interest rates. They had, cast up on the fringes of Shanghai from the wars and famines of the interior, a never-ending supply of labour which the existing system taught them they should exploit to the fullest.

Sometimes the manager-owners of small industries were gangsters who knew nothing of the technical side of production.

They would employ one or two foremen to take care of that side while they themselves would work out the technique of cost-cutting and exploitation to make the business pay. The employers degenerated into mean sub-men; while the workers too often died, giving place to fresh lads who could be harnessed to the machine.

Today the old buildings are the same. The management consists of a quiet, able young man and an engineer. The product of the place is large-sized milling machines made with precision. The factory has been equipped with new tools, though some of the old lathes are still in use. The apprentices look as though they had just come from some middle school—clean shorts and clean bodies, heads erect, meeting one's eyes confidently, looking very well fed. 8½ hours are worked daily and there are four full rest days a month.

The handsome blackwood furniture of the manager's quarters in the past days now graces the workers' dining room. Apprentices serve three years before becoming fully-fledged workers, and attend evening schools.

Seeing this place, one is more sure than ever that the trained Chinese worker of the coast will, in the next decade or so, make an enormous contribution to the industrialisation of China. There is nothing he cannot make once he sets mind and hand to it.

PENGPU AND THE HUAI RIVER: FOTSELING, ANHWEI, 1952

August 7th A cool night coming up on the express from Shanghai. It was early morning when we got to Nanking and crossed the Yangtse on the ferry train.

Along the line, both at Nanking and in Pukow everyone seemed to be cleaning house—part of the great national hygiene movement now in progress. Railway yards were being weeded and accumulated rubbish cleared away. It seemed as if all the local people, old and young, as well as all the railway staff, were together on this job. Bands of *yangko* dancers and music from loud speakers gave the whole operation colour and sound. But to me the most touching and in a way the most inspiring sight was of one large band of women, the girls in blue peasant smocks and shorts, scarlet drums slung at their waists with bright streamers and following them a line of old ladies, tall dignified women with grey or white hair, doing the most dainty little dance-step, each behind the other.

The people on the train crowded to the windows with many exclamations of admiration. The sight had its pathos, too, for here were these whose lives had been lived out under feudal suppression, through war and famine, through imperialist adventures such as the bestial rape and looting of Nanking by the Japanese imperial army; these who had known little else but denial of all their potentialities suddenly called upon to show their innate grace and beauty for a very practical reason—to encourage others to grasp the chance to build a richer and happier life than they themselves had ever known.

Pengpu was one of the urban centres of a great flood and

famine area and terrible housing conditions followed the crowding in of millions of homeless refugees. Already the straw shack villages have gone down in number and all kinds of health measures have been taken to wipe out the diseases of the past.

To see the mass enthusiasm with which the clean-up movement is being tackled is a very encouraging thing. The people have made the whole thing into a piece of social endeavour, full of colour, warmth and light. And didn't the old ladies love it, too! Not to be looked on as drudges only, not just to be carried along with the rest but to actually lead. This was history being made. This was the new day in action.

August 8th In a big Shanghai hospital there hang four huge oil paintings of a doctor in action—Dr. Norman Bethune, who worked with the 8th Route Army during the war of resistance to Japanese imperialism and died on the job. The great pictures have been painted by someone with considerable imagination and a sense of the dramatic.

Here today, in Pengpu, I am reminded of them by the huge oil paintings of some of the heroes working on the enormous Huai River Flood Control Project. These paintings are on display together with engineering models, maps and other material which make the whole nature and scope of the work clear both to the visitors from outside and to the people of the area affected. Today art goes hand in hand with construction and everything the people do finds some kinds of artistic expression.

One of the canvases shows a famous girl labour hero, her trousers rolled up, working in the icy river and encouraging the others on. Then there are pictures of surveyors with their instruments, working determinedly despite the winter freeze; of mass work scenes, construction finished, construction intended. And a huge scene forecasting the completed work as it will be in 1955, with factories and farms in a new and prosperous setting.

The great basin of the Huai River spreads from the alluvial flat country of North Kiangsu back into the mountains of North Anhwei and Honan. Some thirty-eight rivers are busy carrying down the waters that swell the Huai in time of flood. Rivers from the mountains of Shantung are also liable to flood and bring water down on the North Kiangsu plains. The Yellow River has at

several times during its history also swept down into the Huai River system bringing havoc and death.

In 1931, just before the fall of Manchuria to the Japanese, I came down through this city in the train. It was the year of the biggest flood in decades and on each side of the railway line spread water. Along the embankment were hundreds of thousands of refugees; our train ran into one and fractured his arms and legs, and he died.

The situation became worse after 1938 when the KMT opened the dykes in Honan and allowed the Yellow River to flow into the Huai and then on into the Yangtse. From 1938 to 1947 there were frequent floods. The silt of the Yellow River made control more and more difficult. When liberation came in 1949 some of the land in the area had not been sown for fifteen years. The peasantry were in despair and there was a general feeling that nothing could be done about it all. The area affected contained one-seventh of all China's arable land and held over fifty million people.

This, then, was one of the big problems facing the new people's government. It was tackled with characteristic determination, resources mustered, the people mobilised, the work mapped out and proceeded with.

The rivers from Shantung are being given a controlled channel to the sea so that they can no longer sweep down unchecked. The possibility of the Yellow River breaking through its dykes and sweeping again over the farmlands is being guarded against; from the sea back into the mountains in the centre of the area is a system of checks which will hold the water where it is wanted and control sudden rises likely to menace the lives and lands of the people. These checks involve long dams with sluice gates, shipping locks on the canals, huge reservoirs in the mountains. New lakes are being made that will give power for local use and water for irrigation. Old lakes on flat country are being drained and the reclaimed land turned into farms.

The whole process is being carried out over an enormous tract of country, using the industrial skill of the Shanghai worker, the toughness and endurance of the peasant and the knowledge of the technician and engineer to their utmost collective capacity.

The days of patching up old dykes with funds collected from

charitable organisations of running soup kitchens for only a tiny portion of vast numbers of flood refugees, are ended. And so are the unctuous sighs and the throwing up of helpless hands, "We have too many people; this is an act of God to keep the population down!" These and other blasphemies are at an end.

The new Huai River Basin with its fifty million souls will be able to carry many times that number in safety and happiness when power comes in and the wheels of industry, served by a great canal system, begin to turn in the interests of men.

The exhibition is in an old building which is high enough to give plenty of room to the big maps that show every detail. Over a hundred thousand local people have already come to see it. One small boy, when asked, confided that he had been eight times already and intended to come more often in the future.

A job on which two and a half million people are working is no small thing. So far the immediate results have been to increase production of grain and cotton, to convince the people that there really is a way out of their perpetual insecurity, to give employment to the factories on the coast in making the sluice gates, etc., to train people in the carrying out on all levels of the big construction jobs confronting the new China, to bring to the whole of the Chinese people the realisation of the strength of the People's Government, and to show the peace-loving people of the world that peace and construction in China are not just slogans.

August 13th At Hofei, the capital of Anhwei, we alighted at the fine new railway station and were welcomed by members of the Peace Committee and Young Pioneers with flowers, and went off with a flourish down the broadened, well-paved streets of this new capital.

Yesterday Hofei was a derelict city, today it is a thriving place of 180,000 people, and tomorrow? Tomorrow the sky's the limit, judging by the plans for all kinds of new constructions and improvements. A hundred acres outside the city is already being covered with the buildings of the new Provincial Medical College and Hospital which will soon be ready to take the first thousand students.

We left Hofei early next morning and were soon speeding towards the hills to the southwest, the range called Da Bieh San.

In this area one of the principal reservoirs of the Huai River Conservancy Scheme was being placed, at a spot called Fotseling.

On the road, one saw a picture common in this rich rice country but one that always delights—two fourteen-year-olds standing on the backs of their water buffaloes in the middle of a big pond, the rising sun behind them and the hills of blue coming through the morning haze; splashing water over each other and over the animals' heads; and saw the peasant going off to market with a solemn baby sitting on top of his produce in each basket; then there was the friendly group of kids who gathered round at the teashop where we rested. One the farmers have called *tieh chiang*—"blacksmith"—as he has already decided he wants to be an industrial worker. Another one had already been practising being a worker, so that a piece of iron had hit him over one eye, resulting in a lot of bandage of which he was very proud, but no real damage. These kids were certainly all ready for industrialisation. Passing through Lo An Hsien, the farmers carefully admonished our driver to go slow through the thunderstorm rains prevalent at this time because it was so easy to skid. At our next stop we rested on a low hill that was a mass of wild flowers; and going on again came to the beginning of the wooded country as we approached Da Bieh San.

For many years Da Bieh San was a guerilla centre. Before the anti-Japanese war it was part of one of the Chinese soviet districts with its own currency, its own laws and its people's army. Many relics of this period can be found in the excellent museum at Hofei, side by side with the relics of the T'aiping Revolution, that great peasant uprising of the last century. The people here certainly did not take exploitation lying down. When the Red Army left to join the Long March to the Northwest, guerillas kept up the struggle against the Japanese invader and later against Kuomintang oppression.

But apart from its historical interest, it is a lovely thing to enter the Da Bieh San area on a summer's day. Hilltops covered with firs through which the clouds in mists lie, like in ancient Chinese painting; bamboo groves with the smoke from a peasant's cottage going straight up through them, a broad, swift river with long rafts plying on it, their nose upturned, peasants bringing up timber for construction job. Under the Kuomintang

the mountains here had been completely stripped and it is something new in history to see timber being *brought back* to an area. Yet here today is hardwood from Inner Mongolia, long pine poles from the Min River in Fukien, crates of machinery from Shanghai, all coming up on shallow draught rafts, poled by chanting boatmen.

The welcome at Fotseling was terrific. We were ferried over the river sitting in our jeeps and there on the Fotseling side were representatives of the workers, the peasants, the army and a very efficient brass band playing gaily.

Engineer Wang, quiet and competent-looking, had taken time off to come and greet us and later we met the party secretary, Mr. Chang, once a guerilla leader in this region, with long experience of the local conditions and the people.

We were taken to lunch and to rest awhile in some spotlessly clean lath-and-plaster, thatched dwellings that had been erected in a very charming valley. In the mornings here was the song of many birds and in the middle of the day of a million cicadas. And at night when the cement works on the opposite side of the river started up the whole valley echoed to a new kind of industrial music with the crash of the mixers and the dropping of stone into them.

After lunch, Engineer Wang told us something of the job in hand—of the drainage area of 1940 square kilometers, of the start on the building of a reservoir dam 65 meters high, making allowance for earthquakes common in the region, to hold 4.7 *ih** cubic meters of catchment water. The total amount of water to be conserved in this and other schemes is to be some 50 *ih* cubic meters. The dam will be 514 meters long. The present river rises very fast during the heavy rains and flows uncontrolled into the Huai River, adding to the flood menace. The dam will check this and will also provide electric power for the neighbourhood.

The first stages of the work have been completed. Boring machines have sunk some 56 test holes on the site. Materials of the structure have also been completed and work has been started on one of the huge buttresses that will support the dam. Sand and gravel have been accumulated on the site and light railways

* An *ih* is a hundred million.

including a cable railway up one steep hill have been installed; and power plants, a sawmill, hospital, machine shops, printing works, clinics, night schools for workers and day schools for workers' children, pumping stations, compressed air stations—in short all the things that go to make a temporary industrial city manned by a peace army in the wilderness.

After lunch, and again in the evening, we went out to work sites. Men work in eight-hour shifts and as one gang goes off another comes on. The carrying of earth never stops, the jackhammers never cease their tapping. We went to see the plant where drill points are sharpened in a modern press and ground and turned up afterwards by the workers who have come from Shanghai to help the local farmers and armymen on the job. Each technical worker who has come in from outside the area undertakes to teach his technique to a local man working with him.

Four worker leaders came to tell us about their experience and background, very eager that I, as a representative of another country, should understand what the new deal in China meant to them.

One, a quiet little man from a family of Hupeh middle peasants, told me that when he had left his district to look for work he had been pressganged by the Kuomintang but had managed to learn a little about trucks and their engines in the army and later as worker for a transport company. Now he is the leading worker in the repair machine shops, looks after the boring drills and obviously gets real satisfaction out of being part of a great collective working group.

Mao Seng-chun, the next man to speak up, was a member of a poor North Kiangsu family and started to earn his living as a weaver at the age of 14. Later he became a cement worker and it is in this work that he now leads at Fotseling. He says that now, with land reform, his family has been given 13 *mou* of land and is better off than they have ever been in their lives. He feels that technique is the important thing in cement worker or weaver. "Even a loom is not so simple as it looks," he says, "and has to be handled the right way." Now he feels that he and his comrades have a great future ahead of them and that a world of new knowledge is available to them.

Kan Mou, a sergeant in the army, came from a village near

Ho Hsien county seat, a place I knew from one of my visits into the countryside in 1935.

The Japanese had come and laid his village waste with fire and rifle bullet. He had joined up with the people's New Fourth Army and had been in this part of Anhwei since, except for the time when he had gone off with the army to help liberate Nanking and Shanghai.

He became most animated when he talked of the various battles and the victories of the people's armies over the Kuomintang. In repose, his face takes on the set, determined look of the old fighter but when he smiles he is all warmth and encouragement. He said he was now leading his men to work for peace through reconstruction.

Another sergeant on the job was also a South Anhwei man. His family were poor peasants and from the earliest age he had to think up ways to help them and to help feed himself. Apprenticed to a blacksmith at 11, he remained in that trade for five years, then enlisted in the people's army with other young men of the locality who were determined to join the struggle for liberation. A keen lad who had learned much and who would learn a great deal more as the opportunity came to him.

We went around to the men's quarters. In one hut we thought that the workers were playing a game of cards but when we looked closer we saw that it was quite a new kind of card game. Each card bore a Chinese character and the game was for each man to identify the character dealt to him. Inventive minds have thought up many new and interesting ways to overcome illiteracy.

The party secretary who took us round on this occasion pointed out the soldier students working with each technician. "There is one big advantage of a job like this one," he said. "It produces more trained technical workers for the still bigger jobs to come." People who show special ability, he told us, are sent off to get higher schooling so that what gifts they may have can be developed as fully as possible.

In the evening the workers gave an entertainment to welcome the visitors. One colourful group dance given by the farmers showed various aspects of their work and was rendered with great spirit and humour. Chinese peasant youth has a natural grace

which the teachers had very ably drawn out and this show was good enough to grace the stage of any big city.

The cement workers, with an old, hard-bitten Shanghai group leader in charge, put on a mass chant dramatising the past history of oppression leading up to liberation. The leader gave an introduction to each chant, his worn, strong face showing not a trace of emotion as he bit out hard phrases about gangsters and aggressors. The chorus that followed his lead had immense strength, definite, clear-cut and soaring to victory. How often in the old days in Shanghai had I stopped near some big factory and listened to chants like these, except that then they were all bitter satire, making clear enough what the workers were feeling at that time.

The party secretary brought along some of the curios that have been unearthed during the excavations. There was some Sung Dynasty pottery and a very excellent mirror, probably T'ang, with a fine patina on it. Curios are carefully looked after and sent to the Provincial Museum in Hofei for storing and display.

I was surprised at the absence of flies and mosquitoes throughout this big camp. In earlier days swarms of insects always interfered with one's enjoyment of China's scenery in the summer, but now these seem to have been relegated to the past. Squads of lads go through all rooms each day, spraying and disinfecting, seeing that no refuse collects, that latrines have lids over the holes and that these are properly replaced, and so on.

As one goes round a construction job such as this one is often struck by the poetry revealed in the movement of a worker who has so entered into the spirit of his work that he seems to typify and express it. Sometimes the setting also contributes, as it did in the power-lit cement works on one of the first of the 21 buttresses that will span the river here. This worker was young, clad only in a pair of red shorts, his splendid, tanned body covered with sweat, looking after a length of chute as though the whole construction job was something well in hand and he a swinging, moving part of it all.

Down where the stone and sand went to one mixer there was a young girl of nineteen or so working with the men under the powerful electric lights. On inquiry I found her to be a newspaper correspondent who worked shifts in order to get a better

understanding of the job and the people she was assigned to write about. One could wish that all newspeople would at times take a hand in the thing they write about.

The party secretary showed us the various services contributed by outside organisations to help the work here—not only such utilities as post and telegraph offices on the spot but also state trading depots, bank branches, cooperatives, so that the worker in Fotseling can buy things at prices very little dearer than he would pay in Shanghai.

Cultural and political study take up an hour and a half of each worker's day above the eight-hour period on the job. This is essential because it enables each one to understand why he is working and for what. Without this understanding it would be impossible to get the whole-hearted, intelligent cooperation which is the secret of the seeming miracles of construction we see going on around us here.

Of the twenty thousand peace fighters, as the workers like to call themselves, on this job, many are soldiers who have long and honourable records, having taken part in the liberation of many cities, in land reform and many other mass movements.

The following morning I met two great women of the Huai River Conservancy Work. Chin Su-lan and Li Su-ying are quiet, modest girls, able to speak when speech is necessary, sure of their new society and their place in it. They had come down to Hofei from their training school so we were able to meet them there and talk with them about their lives and work.

Chin Su-lan spoke first. She was the child of poor peasants, of a family of six, on not much more than half an acre of land. Her father had been killed by the Kuomintang after the people had elected him their village head. So she had gone to live with an uncle until the People's Liberation Army came to free them. She started work at nine years old and so knows what work is.

After the Liberation her natural qualifications for leadership had a chance to flower in work with her youth group and mutual aid team. From Chairman Mao, the beloved symbol to so many of the people's victory, came the call to "harness the Huai River" once and for all and so put an end to centuries of suffering through flood and famine. Chin Su-lan volunteered for the

Huai River work and was able to give leadership to her mutual aid team when, in the depths of the first winter, came a stoppage because of ice and bitter conditions. She led her band of girls and in spite of frozen feet refused to halt the work, so that both girls and men took fresh courage from hers and the job went forward again. Work on the Huai River in that first year she said was like fighting an enemy at the front. The farmers said that the group of girls of which she was the leader was like a locomotive in the van of a long line of cars.

Then came recognition, she was sent to Peking where she met Chairman Mao, and after that she was chosen to go to Berlin as one of China's representatives at the Youth Congress for Peace. On her way home she stayed in Moscow for five days and saw the famous subway station and a collective farm. When she came back she went among the villages telling the people about her trip and what peace meant to everyone. After this she went to a training school to conquer her illiteracy, by which she felt handicapped. She wrote me her name in careful characters and has already reached the stage when she can read newspapers.

At 21, she feels that the world is in front of her and wants to study more, go to a university and become an engineer. In the old days the talented youth of China were always in danger of being dragged back by the demands of the needy family but now, after land reform, Chin Su-lan's family are in good circumstances and she is free to go ahead with her own life and work.

As for Li Su-ying, her parents had a small medicine shop and she was the only child. How to eat was always a problem. Married at 17, she had two children before her husband was dragged off by the KMT army, leaving her to fend for herself, her two babies and a dying father. Forced out of her home, she made mud bricks and found reeds and built a home for herself and her family. Speaking of these times she wept, but quickly recovering, went on with her story. She told how KMT local heads sucked the villages dry of their goods and cash, how if money was not forthcoming there would be brutal beatings, how she herself, just before liberation, was beaten until she could hardly walk because she refused to submit to KMT soldiers. She

spoke of the cruel cold of the winters without padded clothing and again of the soldiers who came, looted and beat up the people.

Then came liberation at last and in spite of the severe floods of that first year, everywhere ways opened out for the poor. The start of the Huai River flood control and irrigation work put new hope into all hearts and as the work began to bear fruit, new confidence also.

She said she had learned to trust the Party very much, because everything the Party said would be done was done. "We found many new ways of speeding up work," she said. "Work that had taken 20 days we did in 4 days." She led in carrying light railway track, in showing the other girls what they could do. They went barelegged into the river in winter to do the jobs the men did not want to do. They led with the singing of songs and the organisation of social life.

And looking at her keen, able young face one realised that she could do all of these things well. She had been steeled in a hard school.

Then after her long struggle she was elected Labour Hero and sent to Peking where she was honoured by being made a member of the People's Consultative Conference. The desire to learn, to be literate, was strong in her, so when her request to go to school was granted, she went off with Chin Su-lan and like her, has already begun to read newspapers.

Li Su-ying is now 25 and her husband is fighting with the Volunteers in Korea. "We write each other letters and encourage each other!" she says with pride.

"The Kuomintang and the Japanese conscripted us to build those!" said a farmer, pointing to a cement pillbox along the railway line. "Now we go to do construction work on the Huai by ourselves, with no one to drive us. The imperialists are fools!" And looking at the squat pillbox with long grass reaching up around it, then further along, another that was being demolished by a group of voluntary workers to make a latrine, one agreed.

"We have saved the project 20 *ih* by running the pumps with motors instead of the gasoline engines, 9 *ih* on fixing drill bits for boring machines, 20 *ih* on a better method of shifting sand"—and on the list went.

The party secretary at Fotseling was obviously very proud

of these accomplishments and of the creative thought of the workers that was behind them. He told us how workers had wept when a big flood came and carried away some precious timber, how one had been injured trying to save it. "It is our material—our own work—so we are of course very sad when we have losses," they said.

He was quite proud also of the low bridge the workers had constructed over the river—the result of the pooling of many ideas. The big floods that come after each rain pass over the top of it and after a few hours the bridge can be used again, when waters subside as quickly as they have arisen. The first plan called for a bridge costing over 20 *ih* but this one had been built for less than 1 *ih.*

Everyone admires the huge castings made in Shanghai for the sluice gates. The generators will be made in the Northeast and will come along soon. Bridges on the way are being strengthened to allow this heavy material to pass over them safely. One gains the impression that little if anything has been overlooked in planning this work.

When one realises that 127 Shanghai machine shops were engaged in turning out the seven thousand tons of steel work of just one of the projects finished last year, that three of the 13 reservoirs have been completed, dykes raised, locks built, a hill cut through to provide direct access to Hung-tse Hu, a big lake in North Kiangsu, for a portion of the Huai River waters, how lakes are being used for storage basins for water, how land that has not been sown for 15 years is now irrigated and freed forever from the menace of flood is yielding rich harvests of cotton and grain—then some idea of the scope of this work begins to be comprehended.

August 16th Went to bed somewhat dazed with the magnitude of what we have been witnessing these last few days and the realisation of what it means. My mind went back to the farcical attempts of the dead past in dealing with the problem of famine and flood in China—farcical if the results of the problem left unsolved had not been so terrible.... A jumble of past experiences found their way into my half-waking, half-sleeping memory.... The high plateau of Saratsi in Suiyuan up by Inner

Mongolia, in the summer of 1930. Working on the irrigation canal there for the China International Relief Committee .... Famine through drought and 400,000 starving refugees crowding the *hsien* cities for any scraps of food that would keep life in their withering bodies. 40,000 of them—the able-bodied men—put to work on the canal. The soup kitchens that gave a little help, but everywhere the gaunt skeletons of farmers who had tried and lost—just bones with parched skin over them. A foreign relief organisation with inadequate engineering knowledge building a canal which within a year or two silted up and was pretty useless—trying to patch up a vast problem which should have been a matter for national planning. And while China's wealth—its tough, talented working people—starved in hundreds of thousands, just along the railway line the grain surpluses of the northeastern provinces.... The forty thousand workers casting off their heavy patched rags to work in the summer heat...the sight of their lithe, golden bodies digging and carrying along the canal like athletes on some Greek sports ground. With such human material anything could be done...yet the old society passing it with the cynical saying, heard *ad nauseam* from KMT and profit-mongering westerners alike, "Too many people in China. Need a few famines at times to get rid of them."

And then the floods of 1931, washing away thousands of miles of dykes, destroying millions of homes. Whole plains and part of the great city of Hankow under water. "Relief" with the help of the League of Nations, the squeeze and graft, the dykes of sand faced with sod to deceive, the "engineers" who were often not engineers but friends and relatives of the powerful, men who had never seen a dyke but who were out to make a show and rake off as much as possible for themselves. The top-heavy structure of officials and their tie-ups, their champagne dinners while the people ate leaves, bark and soil and starved in their millions.

The refugees driven out of the camps on the score that they were "Communists", down to the muddy banks of the Han River where they stayed for days in rain and freezing weather waiting for the boats to take them away. The hundreds of thousands driven here and there with less consideration than would be given to cattle; those who finding themselves shipped off in the opposite

direction to their homes would just sit, frozen with cold and misery, in the boats refusing to get out and saying, "This is not our place; we'll just sit here." And then the soldiers themselves exploited and miserable who would come and drive them off to the dykes with blows and curses....

Now the picture has changed. Organised society is for the man who struggles. The construction workers on the Huai River have the best their society can give them in livelihood, medical care, education, recreation. So also do the soldiers—the peace fighters in Korea who stand against the great sightless beast that looms over them and would crush out with its mechanised feet, poisoned with its disgusting germs and viruses, burn alive with its chemical filth, all that stands for the new day in which man's need, not profit, shall be paramount.*

August 17th Yesterday, down on the edge of the Huai, we went to talk with some of the boatmen who had been engaged on the terrific task of hauling stone and sand, iron and steel, machinery and supplies to the first of the great conservancy works. Some 40,000 boats, large and small, are now in the service of the project. Amongst these are 100 or so small steam boats manned mostly by Shanghai men, and it was one of these we boarded to interview two leaders of a crew which had broken all records in the transportation of material. Not a big crew—seven in all. Two in the engine-room and the rest on deck. Yet they had carried out their plan for moving material in spite of every kind of difficulty. As we came aboard the boat was loading up with machinery amongst which was a big air compressor unit.

The two leaders had been born on boats in the Whangpoo River and had spent their lives on the water as had the captain of one of the bigger junks which hauled 75 tons of gravel and sand up to projects with each load.

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* When, in the first year after the liberation the biggest flood in years threatened the people of three provinces with famine, the new people's government immediately transferred a million tons of grain from areas where there existed a surplus and by this and many other prompt measures got the situation under control within a few months. Thus for the first time in China's history, by the organised action of the people through their own government, the spectre of famine was laid forever.

The latter was a Huai River boatman with a terrific enthusiasm for the new China. "Sure, we get stuck in the shallows and have trouble in many ways but nowadays we work together and together we can get over all our difficulties."

One felt that if one could live with these boatmen for a while some good stories would come to light, new pictures of man's struggle for peace and construction—pictures that many of the silent workers of our world would understand.

August 18th I think I wrote on coming to Pengpu that it was a "small inland town". It is small in comparison with Shanghai and it has a history of some 60 years only—just since the Tientsin-Pukow Railway started work. But it has some 340,000 population and it is now sitting up and taking considerable notice of itself.

An engineer took us round and showed us the great new boulevard with its trees and flower gardens down the sides of the central roadway, groups of local people having made themselves responsible for the flowers and trees near their houses. Down the newly-widened streets with sidewalks of proper cement paving block. Some ten kilometers of sewers will be laid this year and the high pressure water system will be operating this year also. We visited the waterworks and one of the power plants that have just been installed and saw the dykes around the new catchment lake for surplus water in times of excessive rain.

The old Pengpu went ahead without a plan. Thatched peasant huts stood where they would and for a large part of the year they stood in a morass of mud where pigs rooted disconsolately.

The picture now is rapidly changing and the Pengpu of a few years hence will not be much like the Pengpu of today.

We went to a flour mill which has been taken over by the municipality. It was once the property of a bureaucratic capitalist—that is, a capitalist who used his government position to amass wealth for himself—and like many flour mills of that age was used mainly as a place to hoard grain for speculation so that the workers did not get many days of work and lived in great penury.

Now the picture has changed. The mill grinds flour for the State Grain Trust and has regular quotas to fill. It has raised production from 2,500 40-catty bags a day to 5,000. It employs 250 workers in eight-hour shifts. All workers are members of the union and wages have shown a marked increase. A disused oil pressing plant belonging to the mill has been reconditioned and put to work again. Illiteracy has been banished and workers are taking part in administration.

The Anhwei Machine Shops are established in a spacious compound and are well set out with a good set of machine tools and plenty of work keeping the state factories in the area going.

Later they plan to concentrate on agricultural implements, enlarging the present set-up to meet requirements.

Of the 160 workers here, 20 are apprentices who become regular workers after a short course of training. Group study and discussion, criticism and self-criticism, have done a lot for workers' morale, it was stated. Some workers who had come from bigger cities where the standard of living was higher and food habits different found it hard to accept equal conditions with the local people; they felt they should have special privileges. But after talking these matters through frankly in many meetings a much higher level of understanding was reached and it was realised by everyone that selfish individualism would merely weaken the strength of the whole collective group and that it was only by working together and raising production that the living standards of all would be raised.

This factory is making progress at a very lively rate and one worker has by the use of his own invention stepped up his output nine hundred times. In one of the jobs undertaken—the making of pumps—the capacity of the pumps has been increased very considerably.

All workers are literate.

The Pengpu Soap Factory is an unusual concern. Its manager is an old revolutionary soldier who has led army men, been a surveyor, and after North Kiangsu was liberated set up this factory. He still wears his old army uniform. Now he makes soap in considerable quantities, his workers having increased from 7 in 1949 to 80 today and his production now averaging 140 boxes a day. His materials are cotton seed oil, lard, castor oil, resin, waterglass, etc. His workers are a jolly lot and evidently

like working together on their job. They gave us a rousing welcome assembling at the main gate to greet us as we entered and were kind enough to ask for, nay even demand, criticism of every part of their plant.

August 19th "And when we had girl babies our men folk had to consider, could we bring them up or not? So a family might have one or two girls but could afford no more. They would be put down by the river for the dogs to eat. There was no other way. Now with women and men equal and land reform every child is welcome."

The speaker was the chairman of the Women's Federation in the small village of Yen Nung, near Pengpu. A tall, graceful peasant woman in her late thirties, she went on, "In the past we were insulted and killed by the Japanese, we were used as slaves by the landlords, we were always hungry. Now we have a way."

The chairman of the Peasants' Association, a big, hard-bitten, weatherbeaten Anhwei farmer, took up the tale, "In flood years the landlords and the officials would go off to the cities. They would come back after the flood and demand grain taxes for the year, rent for the year. No one was interested in how many of us had died, whether we could eat or not. The landlords gambled and spent what we made. Now we have returned them to peasant status and they must learn to work like the rest of us. Before we had to bow to them, listen to their demands. Now they must listen to us and behave themselves. They are few, we are many." Shelley's "lions after slumber, in unconquerable number" sang in my memory.

An old woman of fifty—for fifty was old age in yesterday's China—nursing a hefty-looking baby which lay asleep contentedly in her arms said, "I'm not young enough to learn to read. My eyes cannot see very well. Our lives were too hard. Now we can not find words to say what we think of Chairman Mao. Why, everyone now has food to eat! Before there was no food. Everyone has padded clothing in the winter. In the old days a pair of pants was just a pair of pants; there was no second pair. Now we have short pants, long pants, winter pants—and, do you know, everyone has *bedding!*"

We went on talking and they told much of the horrors of the past, still clear in their minds but hardly more than a story to the shoals of well-fed, energetic kids who milled round the door. How the Japanese or their puppet soldiers took all doors and chairs for firewood leaving them nothing but the built-in clay stoves for cooking the wild herbs, bran and such stuff as they could find to eat. How the KMT came in after the Japanese had gone and combined with the same landlords who had been collaborators with the Japanese, how floods would inundate the country, sweeping away homes and putting the precious land feet deep under water. And how through all these ills it was the peasant who suffered first, last and all the time.

August 20th What is recreation like in hinterland towns? asked a letter from a friend in New Zealand.

It is well known that the theatres in Shanghai and Peking, Tientsin and Mukden, have a wide variety of entertainment, now richer in content than it has ever been in history. But the small cities of the interior have been very much neglected in the past. People have gone to bed early and that was that.

In the small town of Hofei we saw a very modern cinema that had not long been erected, and was showing a film on Korea. We went to an old time opera—Liang Shan-po and his lovely Chu Ying-tai, and found the place packed. The opera was sung in the special style of South Anhwei which compared very favourably with the Shaohsing version of the same opera which we had seen in Peking. The scenery and the costumes were good and the final scene at the end where the two lovers turn into butterflies, quite exquisite.

In Pengpu we saw the Soviet film "Chapayev" one night and the next night a film about Sinkiang—"Chinese Turkestan"—showing the possibilities of the country and its peoples; and also some very good short films of life and work in Korea. There was also a lively short on winter sports in the USSR.

In Pengpu, a big new theatre is being built. In big construction jobs like the one at Fotseling, movies, opera and drama are shown frequently. Travelling teams go out from these smaller cities so that there are very few places that have not seen the more famous films that have moved many millions in the new China.

The cinema, the opera, the bookshop and the meeting hall are all very much part of today in China. They stand behind the construction job and the peaceful work of production that occupy the hands and minds of the people.

West Lake, Hangchow

Summer Palace, Peking

Yu Hua Tai, Martyrs' Memorial, Nanking

Lukouchiao, near Peking

Explaining use of spraying, tea plantation, Chekiang

Dancing in rest period, tea plantation, Chekiang

Old Men's Home

Nursery for children of tea pickers

PEKING, 1952

August 21st Today we have been seeing an exhibition of the culture and industries of the people of New Hungary.

The exhibition is being held in the Workers' Palace of Culture, once the T'ai Miao (the old temple to the Imperial ancestors), and as we walked about I thought of the brilliant scene in this same room when the greatest of the Manchu emperors, Ch'ien Lung, abdicated in his old age in favour of his son. In that era began the impact of the West on China—a century and a half of bitterness, of foreign domination of a disintegrating society. Now China can lift up her head as a great nation again and can invite People's Democracies to bring what they have and show it to a people who are reaching out with confidence for all the best their own and other countries can offer.

In the exhibition were model Diesel trains, working exhibits of automatic telephone exchanges, X-ray sets, tractors, steam power units, medicines and all kinds of consumer goods.

The big mural in rich colours at the entrance showed peoples of the world joined together and pressing forward to achieve all that enlightened man is capable of. The enlarged photograph of Hungary's famous scenic and historic places and the reproduction of a peasant's living room, with an old poem written on a water jug glazed in green interested many people; but the biggest crowd was round the automatic telephone exchange and other mechanical exhibits which fascinated all by the cleverness by which they were demonstrated in all their intricate detail.

A fine Hungarian movie is also being shown of a peasant community, its struggle for liberation and after liberation the struggle to get land reform underway. On all sides of us the Chinese audience commented on the likeness to the village scene

in old China—the same rapacious landlord, the same kind of gang supporting him.

Last week there was a Czechoslovak Dance Ensemble in Peking. This week a Roumanian one is expected. The Polish Basketball Team has just left the country. These days there is a friendly internationalism in Peking very different from the old relationships with foreigners who came to exploit and dominate. There is an easy spirit of equality and mutual self-respect. There are no hidden motives or axes to grind, only mutual benefit to be expected from the exchange of culture and trade. There is real and genuine interest—only possible between equals in the characteristic cultures of the different peoples.

I bought a pile of Bulgarian illustrated magazines in the International Bookshop yesterday and was pleased to make the acquaintance through them of a very talented Bulgarian poet.

August 22nd Yesterday afternoon we went outside the city to see the famous Marco Polo Bridge now so well known to modern Chinese history as the "Lukouchiao" where on the seventh of July 1937 was started the war of resistance against Japan.

The local village head came with us over the bridge and told us how, when he was a lad, he had seen dead Japanese soldiers floating down the muddy river. At the beginning the Japanese certainly got the worst of it, he said, but then Chiang Kai-shek in Nanking had ordered retreat—and he went on to tell us something of what his village had suffered at the hands of the Japanese after that.

A Burmese peace delegate who was with us looked with interest at the two stone elephants who had their heads pressed against one end of the bridge to keep it erect. They have certainly done a good job for the bridge has stood since the Ming Chong period of the Tartar Kin Dynasty, that is, since about the year 1190. Marco Polo, no doubt, counted the arches and the 283 differently sculptured stone lions on its parapet, some put there after the year 1264 when Kublai Khan became emperor of China.

Ch'ien Lung evidently saw a setting moon over this water or so the marble tablet he erected suggests.

The little city of Wanping County, nearby, has been burnt by the Japanese and knocked about during the war for liberation

but it seems to have recovered and houses have been re-erected with fat babies playing round the doors and the local cooperative doing brisk business.

There has recently been issued a set of postage stamps, one of which carries the picture of this bridge, the name of which will be known by millions of school children in the years to come as a place commemorating one of those great moments of history when a people begins to rise up and strike out against oppressors. Places and objects associated with such a time take on new significance, standing, as does this one, as a symbol for the onrush of man.

August 23rd This morning I have been back to the Agricultural Implement Factory of the Ministry of Agriculture. I had visited this place just after liberation when it had already been converted from a Kuomintang arsenal to a factory for the manufacture of modern agricultural implements—ploughs, cultivators, reapers and so on.

At that time it was a relatively small concern and there was not a very large demand for the new types of implements produced. Now the picture has completely changed. The ploughs being produced are the improved one-handle Chinese ploughs which can be made, together with spare share and a spanner, for a price well within the reach of farmers today.

I was particularly interested in the piles of scrap being melted down to make ploughshares—great stacks of broadswords, bayonets, old rifles and machine guns. I noted among the pile the Lewis guns I had used myself in the first world war to kill the German lads sent over against us. Some three tons of this old war equipment are used daily with other scrap.

Production has increased eight times since the factory started. Much more of the 900 *mou* of ground owned by the factory has been covered with workshops. There are experimental workshops where new adaptations are tried out and nearby land tilled with the products.

One of the brightest departments of the works was the one where the finished ploughs—one comes off the line every fifty seconds—are wrapped in straw ropes by some very expert lads. They were going about their work as if it was the biggest bit

of fun in the world and as we passed they gave us dazzling smiles, putting on a spurt and going over a plough with the encircling protecting rope in a flash.

362 of the 900 odd workers were young lads from the surrounding villages two years ago and from their number many who have shown up well are being sent off for higher training.

The two chief labour heroes of the factory are Wang Chi-ping, an ex-lathe man who has become chief storeman and has instituted a system of storekeeping that has become standard in the locality and Ma Chin, who has invented a new method of organising foundry work which results in much higher production. Wang Chi-ping has been elected a member of the Peking Municipal Council. A quiet, able, thoughtful man, he will carry this responsibility well.

August 24th Yesterday afternoon I went with Dr. Joseph Needham to Peihai to see the astronomical exhibition. It was being made by the Chinese Astronomical Association and was a very excellent piece of work, showing the growth of knowledge in this field from the earliest legends about the dog eating the moon, the rabbit with the pestle and mortar and the various moon-fairies, to the electrically-built contrivances measuring the motion of the heavenly bodies.

One of the things that interested Dr. Needham most was the chart showing the observations of Chinese scientists through the ages—of meteors, comets and such things—together with the instruments that had been devised by the Chinese of ancient times, showing them to be much further advanced than any country of the Europe of that time.

What interested me most was the way everything was explained to the steady line of incoming people—Young Pioneers, soldiers, housewives, all kinds of people. Some of the instructors were Young Pioneers themselves and they entered into explanations with great ability and enthusiasm, while the bright eyes of the spectators showed that they were catching on well.

It was a rainy afternoon, yet there was still a crowd waiting outside to enter. The exhibitions of Peking, with their tens and more often, hundreds of thousands of spectators listening to the demonstrators and instructors, are a mass university of a new

kind. The modern Pekinese is not much like the native of Peking four years ago. He is already a different person, reaching out to new interests, eager to take part in the varied activity of a great nation under construction.

August 26th It was something yesterday to open the morning paper in Peking and see the headline in big black characters saying that the railway had reached Lanchow, that people had crossed the Yellow River on sheepskin rafts to see the opening ceremony, that there was general enthusiasm over the magnificent piece of engineering construction that had been completed.

Lanchow is the geographical centre of China though for years it was considered a place over the edge of beyond and when I first went there in the early days of the anti-Japanese war the streets were so narrow that an ox-cart could just bump over the stones while passers-by climbed up to stand against shop fronts to avoid being brushed by it.

Now there is talk of a great new boulevard and trackless tramcars running from the city to the railway station. New streets, new construction, a new bridge over the great Yellow River, new factories, new power. Into the heart of the old, neglected, poverty-ridden Kansu, comes the mighty will of man re-created, with his liberated power that can literally move mountains.

For many years the railway has been talked about, dreamed about, and the dreams laughed away by sober reality. Not enough men, not enough money, engineers, technicians, not enough steel, no rolling stock, too much trouble with tunnels through the difficult mountainous country. And now suddenly all these insuperable obstacles have become as nothing and the first train engine streaming flags and banners, flowers and a big picture of Chairman Mao, comes puffing from Tinghsi through Kan Tsao Dien on to Tung K'ang Chen, and inside the Lanchow city limits, running alongside the swirling mass of silt and water that is called the Yellow River.

For all these years trucks have climbed painfully up mountain roads, broken trucks, old trucks, all kinds of trucks, manned by some of the most superb drivers in the world—creative technicians who can think up a million ways to make impossible vehicles do

impossible tasks, to struggle against the violence of the elements in a country where that violence is commonplace, hauling a few pitiful tons in each when the railway could have done so much more so much better and faster, so much cheaper. Now the railway has come and every peasant, every villager knows it. To him it will mean cheaper cloth, better agricultural implements, markets, a chance to come in contact with the rest of the world. This too is revolution.

August 27th Around Peking these days one meets many people who have come with delegations from all parts of the world and they ask questions about a great many things:

"Yes, we can see that in the coastal districts there are great improvements, in the cities. But China is the village—the tens of thousands of villages of the interior—surely there have not been enough trained workers and leaders to get into those small places; surely there it must be much the same as before."

So one thought back to the little villages among the hills of Kansu where few outside people ever went, where one or two county cadres had been sent and some of the village people had gone down to the county, where the village blackboard was full of news, where the kids danced and the people met in earnest meetings planning new work—a school, how to till more land, mutual-aid teams. One thought how in the old days the landlords and the KMT taxed till the farmers were often left without enough for winter food and spring seeds, how in those old days the village loafers would become police and in the time for collecting tax grain would go from house to house with the tax collectors, followed by shouts and screams from the beaten and the cursed. And now, how these same villages have their annual grain tax assessed in a regular way, within easily paid limits and with the knowledge that the taxes so collected will enable their own government to carry out plans that would still further advance livelihood for everyone; how the peasants band together in holiday fashion and with a red flag at their head stream down to the county granaries to make proper payment with all the pride of accomplishment.

Yes, the revolution has come to the villages all right; the women there will be the first to say that for now they have their

own strong organisation and the rights of any woman can be taken up by all the women as a whole.

The new organisation reaches into the furthest corners of the country easily and naturally for it follows the wish of the people, lifts from them the terror that the word "official", the word "government", the word "soldier" meant for so many long years.

Everywhere there is a reaching out, a demand for better things, a realisation that these things must come through the efforts of the people themselves and that there is a leadership they can trust because it is really of themselves.

Most visitors who come are amazed at the work that has been done, different people with different backgrounds seeing it, of course, with different eyes. But today's China offers an immense variety of life in all of its forms for the intelligent to examine and to go away satisfied.

Later A Young Pioneer squatted in the middle of the aisle, his eyes almost popping out. A Roumanian dancer had taken a leap and jumped right over the girl standing in front of him. Suddenly they all jumped. It was a riot of colour and movement —then they were all dissolved and in a twinkling the whole stage was set with a grand orchestra, a soprano was singing, the chorus accompanying, and the whole great audience spellbound.

It was in the open-air auditorium of the Workers' Palace of Culture and the thousands gathered roared approval as the show came to an end. Girls and lads from the Chinese Army units came up on the stage to give flowers and then the whole ensemble of some scores of people threw the flowers back over the audience who in turn threw some back so that there was a battle of flowers.

A warm-hearted bunch of people producing an entertainment that was so much more brilliant and satisfying than the commercialised Hollywood creations of that other day.

August 28th The Peking Hospital is mainly of new construction, finished last year. The old German Hospital of the ex-Legation Quarters forms a part of the rear of it.

The last few days I have been going almost every day for

treatment. The nurses are all army girls, quiet and very efficient —in fact the whole place seems to run with great smoothness and efficiency and one meets many patients in the halls who have come as delegates from the West and who are getting treatment here.

There are many dozens of hospitals and clinics where people go for medical treatment these days, organisations being allotted to special places so that the number of patients can be estimated and dealt with easily.

But the army girls at the Peking Hospital certainly show a degree of consideration and technique that could well be emulated in many another hospital round the wide world. It is very evident that, along with the advanced government workers, they have learned through their political training to put self second and the needs of the people they serve first.

As one who has had, of necessity, to go through many an army hospital, one appreciates this new humanism and the cheerful, helpful smiles that go with it.

August 29th On a visit to Peking in the first year after liberation, a favourite walk of mine in leisure period was through the great *Tung Tan* open market which after the Japanese evacuation had grown up along the Legation Quarters glacis.

It was a variegated line of bamboo matting shacks, reduced to panic and retreat when rain came but on sunny days offering every kind of thing—old books, tools, Sinkiang blankets and Japanese lacquer, curios, medicines, gramophones, furniture and so on. It would take a considerable time to cover the whole vast area but the things I wanted—tinned milk, marmalade and coffee to go with my breakfast, tools, old books to browse through in spare time, were easy enough to find.

This year one saw the wholes glacis covered with new construction and sturdy office buildings rising on the site of the old confusion. Selfishly one thought, "*Tung Tan* open market is a thing of the past." Adding, "Forget it," with a certain amount of regret.

Today, however, a friend said that he knew I had liked the old *Tung Tan* open market, so why didn't I go and see it in its new setting, as *Jen Min Ssu Chang* (People's Market). On hearing that it still existed and thinking it would be the same collection of matsheds in the vast temple courtyard at Lung Fu Ssu, I did go. There a real surprise awaited me. The temple entrance court was freshly painted in clean red and white. In the main court two long rows of market buildings of modern construction with ample stall space had been erected.

The Chinese are a warmly social people and like to do things together, especially buying and selling. Today, the buying and selling are organised. The bookshops are in one quarter, the gramophones and records in another, the curios, the clothes, the shoes, the porcelain, the travel goods, all in their proper places. It takes about an hour to walk through the place and see everything, if one does not linger. The stallholders are the old ones I had got to know last year and greeted me by name. Business was very brisk. Sellers of food had their place also, as did haircutters, and as for accommodation for customers' bicycles, well, there were two great bicycle sheds built near the front entrance with attendants in charge and compartments for each bicycle.

In the old days, the KMT would simply have sent soldiers, cleared out the stalls, beat a few protesting stallholders and let them shift for themselves. A people's government does things differently.

August 30th Today out to the Summer Palace in search of a swim. We walked along the edge of the lake to do a little sightseeing first and watched an old man with a fly swatter approaching a wary fly, swatter in one hand, paper bag open in the other. Each time the fly eluded him and settled itself in some other spot until finally, thinking he'd won, he brought the swatter down with a terrific bang—but there was no fly underneath. It had flown off and settled on the red balustrade of the covered walk—only to be grabbed by the quick hand of a youngster of ten or so, who thereupon pulled from the pocket of his own garment—a pair of sun shorts—a similar bag and went off grinning, with the fly safely added to his collection.

" 'Thirty a day' is the quota for all people attending the kitchens and lavatories in this park," our friend told us. "It was simple at first and the quota was exceeded by a good many times. Now it is getting to be difficult and criticism waits at the morning meeting for the one who does not produce his quota."

The Health Department is promoting this campaign in all parts of the city and all over China. There are so many fingers ready that the fly or mosquito does not have a very good chance.

After lunch we watched the two hundred strong of the Roumanian Army Ensemble being entertained by a section of the People's Liberation Army. On July 6th last, I watched Labour Heroes amusing themselves on the old imperial stage with its lofty ornamented roof, its elaborate paintings, its perfect setting in the courtyards and amongst cypresses. Today on the same stage the People's Liberation Army were doing a Tibetan dance, "Welcome to Liberation", for the Roumanians and the stage was a mass of coloured silks all a-swirl as the orchestra played adapted Tibetan dance music—the bright new colours of today against the background of the mellow old colours of the past.

Because of all this diversion, when we finally did get to the swimming pool, with its crowd of youngsters diving and swimming, it was too late, and we had regretfully to go, having shaken hands with Bob Winter—the thin bronzed American who has been teaching at one of the Peking universities for so many years but who seems to keep young with the exuberant youth growing up around him. "He comes to swim every day and swims very well," our friend told us. Here was a cultured American—centuries away from the ideology prevailing among the maniacs in Korea—and people here recognised this, so he was spending his summer holidays swimming with the new youth and apparently enjoying it very much.

August 31st Yesterday a group of us went out to see the thirteen tombs of the Ming Dynasty. In the years before the anti-Japanese war the trip was a popular one for the tourists who flocked to Peking even though the 100 *li* of country road that leads to the more exciting of the tombs was not so smooth.

But the intervening years have been years of war. The KMT armies threw up a defence wall across the whole of the great valley. Floods came and washed out a splendid Ming bridge. After liberation, instructions were sent to the local people to protect this vast national monument and so no destruction has taken place except that of the roots of the trees growing amongst the

bricks of the crenellated walls and between huge paving-stone slabs, or among the yellow-gold tiles of the sweeping roofs.

Yung Lo, the third emperor of the Ming, who was buried here in 1424, took great pains to prepare the site. In the old imperial system the palace of the dead emperor was an important thing—a place from which, in a measure, he still ruled. Yung Lo himself went to the beautiful valley, with its background of rugged mountains, its rich fields and orchards lying into the sun and was enchanted with it. Perhaps he saw it as we did, on a late summer's day, mist veiling the hills which stood out in dreamy blue outline, firs running up the ridges and beauty everywhere.

Our car had difficulty in manipulating a washed-out gully so we walked ahead under the great stone gate called *paifang* in Chinese, erected in 1590, on past the line of sculptured animals towards the palace called Chang Ling, the long, flowing eaves of which seemed to run into the hillside at its rear.

Each side of the stone slab road, tall kaoliang, sorghum, cotton, beans, corn, were starting to take on harvest tints. There was complete quietness as we passed from one great courtyard to another, through the vast palace hall with its column of some southern hardwood, around the high wall which surrounded the cedar-covered tumulus. (The mound, as high as a small hill completely enclosing the tomb of the emperor.)

With us were two middle-school boys who lived in a village just below the red walls, one about fourteen, with curly hair, so unusual in a Chinese, and his elder brother of sixteen. They had the natural poise and gaiety one finds so often amongst peasant children and took great delight in showing us the sites of the other twelve tombs, the tablets, and so on, not with much appreciation of the history but obvious pleasure in the beauty of the place.

"Come here, it's beautiful from this corner," "Now, come here, look down there. There is our village and the walnut, persimmon, pear trees. There is the river, there is the Kin Ling Tomb; it's good to look at, isn't it?"

Then standing up on Yung Lo's tomb—on top of the vast underground temple where he lies—the curly-headed one—Wang Rei-fang, he said his name was—said, "Now *we* are the kings!"

And in saying this so naturally he put his finger on the source

of China's new-found strength, the power of the people, the power that is moving the whole of mighty China today in a way that she has never been moved before. Not one great Yung Lo but five hundred million Yung Lo's, building palaces beside which this one will be accounted small.

And this tiny figure, standing amongst the tall grasses almost as high as himself, below him the pomp and majesty of the highest architectural forms of past ages, can say with complete confidence, "Now *we* are the kings!" sure that no matter what happens the ranks of the new emperors will continue to swell and advance.

The words "*We* are the kings" kept on echoing through my mind as on the return journey we passed down that road travelled for the last time by thirteen emperors and their empresses during one of the greatest periods of Chinese history. Down the past the kneeling elephants, the stone generals and statesmen in rows, the high stone tablet said to be the biggest in ancient China and out again on to the roads, wending our way back to Peking. Past the universities, the new construction, the crowded street life, the trucks of Liberation Army men.

"We are the kings!"—Kings guided by the science of a new society that has been through the fire of experience, that has been laid before them clearly through the genius of a Mao Tse-tung.

"We are the kings,"—a realisation that will spread, rocking thrones, scaring the gangs, causing armies to disperse, that will hammer swords into ploughshares. Words of a curly-headed child on top of an ancient gravemound. Quiet words that will carry into many a hut, many a palace.

September 1st "Liver fluke—it must be dealt with, it must be wiped out. Chairman Mao has said so. He said that the Huai River must be harnessed and it is being harnessed. It will be the same with liver fluke."

The speaker was a Shanghai doctor who had come up from Peking; an outstanding scientist, speaking French and English fluently. He talked of how life for him was entering a new phase, when interest in and facilities for scientific research was making many things possible that had never been possible before.

Liver fluke has been the dreaded peasant disease in the low-

lying Yangtse delta region for many centuries. The health and lives of millions of farming people depend on the eradication of this scourge. The water snails that carry the disease will soon share the fate of the flies of Peking. A few million nimble hands are making short work of them—another victory for organised, understanding man.

September 2nd The Chinese are quick, passionate, warm-hearted people, used to collective living in village groups, making, whenever possible, a peaceful life for themselves; old and young, men and women, creating light, colour and gaiety in spite of the violent storms imperial aspirations would loose upon them.

When they could, they lived in the spirit of the ode in the Book of Poetry (*Shih Ching*—Legge translation)—

We rise at sunrise,
we rest at sunset,
till our fields and eat;
what is the strength of the emperor to us?

So, to the old peasant, understanding of liberation has not come in a flash. He has been cautious in his appraisal, and his enthusiasm has gradually left its narrow family confines and has spread to the broader family. He has become literate. He is starting to read.

The driver of the car that has been taking me around is a characteristic peasant type—shrewd, slow thinking. Yesterday, as I got into the car to go to the hospital, I found him reading a book he had bought. It was about the passage to socialism and then the eventual goal of Communism.

He was quite excited when I came back from the hospital with a Chinese comrade, also a peasant, who had been a Liberation Army soldier. "*Tamadi* (common expletive)! I never knew what they were saying when they talked about Communism. It's a wonderful thing, I can see now. But shouldn't they keep this book away from the capitalists? It'll scare them stiff!"

"No, no," said the ex-soldier, "they can change and have plenty to do when we get to socialism. As we go on towards Communism they'll change more. Now, you ought to get another

book—published in two volumes, only eight thousand for the two—that really tells the whole thing clearly."

And listening to them I thought back to their like in the old days; an illiterate, the soldier would have been, the driver just able to read lines out of an old opera so that he could sing in a falsetto voice to while away the time—read out of a tattered old book someone else had passed on to him.

Now under the seat of the car he has a little library of books, each one of which he has read, and which he exchanges with other drivers, and some of which he has discussed with them in study groups so that deeper understanding has come to him.

"What is the strength of the emperor to us?"—but we are the emperors and in that knowledge is the source of our strength.

September 3rd Yesterday was a Vietnam national holiday and in the evening we saw films depicting the Vietnam struggle for national independence. It was a very moving record, composed of a number of shots taken of different incidents—of life in the Republic, and of the group of scholarly-looking old men round the tall, thoughtful Ho Chi Minh.

One saw the passionate determination written on the faces of the people's army men—the determination one has seen on the faces of partisans in war-time China so often; the record of difficulties overcome—mud, destruction, communications; and then the victories, with the lines of downcast French prisoners—many of whom were French only in name, for there were obviously German Nazis, black Senegalese and other assorted nationals, whose devotion to the tricolour which stood for liberty, equality and fraternity did not preclude their coming into Vietnam villages armed with the latest American bazookas, tommy guns and all the other products of modern American imperialism; including Hollywood semi-nudes tattooed on the legs of some of the captives.

One saw the Vietnamese soldiers looking after enemy wounded, giving them food and cigarettes and sympathising with them in their misfortunes of being used as conscripts and mercenaries to serve the interests of American big business.

Vietnam is a beautiful country of mountains and forests, long valleys with rich rice fields; and an able, vigorous peasantry,

inspired by the example of China, sure of its own strength and of its own right to manage its own affairs.

For an hour or so one lived with guerillas again, sharing their struggle and their enthusiasm, then with the word "*wan*", that means "finish", came back to the reality of a land whose battle for independence is won; leaving the theatre with an even deeper realisation of what the total struggle for liberation means to the colonial peoples of our world of today.

September 4th Last night to the new Peking opera—the new version of the old story of the cowherd and the weaving girl who is really a spirit, a weaver of clouds in heaven who makes her abode in the hut of a peasant on earth. The couple live an idyllic life but after twin babies are born to them the tough old Queen of Heaven summons her weaving girl back from the earth; the peasant lad following her, a baby in each basket at the ends of his carrying pole, is halted at last by a river which the Queen of Heaven has made to flow between him and his wife—the path of stars we call the Milky Way; a difficulty which is finally overcome by the birds building a bridge on which the divided family meets again in ecstasy.

The story is one known to almost any Chinese child—one of those stories of transformation from one state to another; one of the stories used by Chairman Mao to illustrate his essay on "Contradiction" and make it easily understood.

The play was shown at the "Experimental Theatre" where as the name indicates, new techniques and shows are tried out. Sitting next to me was an old couple—he with a long beard and a bit weak at the knees and she prim and proper with a fan which she kept in motion until the most exciting parts came, when she would whisper across the head of her grandson to the old gentleman, "You see, she threw out a thread from her shuttle so that her lover could find his way after her. You see, her mind is full of understanding." And through old eyes that must have gazed on the story in song and dance many times during their troubled lives, they looked at this opera as though it was the newest and most fascinating thing in their lives.

And to us too, a little group of peace delegates—four Costa Ricans, two Indonesians and one New Zealander—with our Chi-

nese comrades, it was a glimpse into the stuff of which dreams rather than clouds are woven—the passion, warmth and colour that is China, the love for the simple and the true and of values that transcend the pomp of imperial courts and which can still be found beside two tall sunflowers in the yard of a peasant's cottage.

September 5th One of the amusements of Peking is to roam around the markets and, leaning up against the bookstalls, scan the books in many languages that line them. Yes, here is Jim Bertram's "North China Front", written in the early days of the war of resistance to Japan. Here is a history of art in China, there copies of Sung masterpieces and the "Chieh Tse Yuan", copies of some of the earliest colour lithographing made in the world.

The old books on China, written in English, are of many kinds —the oldest reactionary kind of materials, the sinologue's research, the records of early travellers. The stall owners are often scholars themselves and certainly understand many kinds of books. They are used to people browsing through their wares and do not object when one copies down an occasional bit at times, especially when one is known to be a possible customer.

"Albuquerque (the Portuguese admiral of the 16th century) has said a Chinese junk man knew more about courtesy and humanity than a European knight. They (the Portuguese) treated the native population so abominably they won the unenviable epithet of 'foreign devils'."

Today one hears everywhere the epithet "American devils" when the ferocious attempts at mass extermination in Korea are being discussed. And American P.O.W.'s testify to Chinese superior humanity in the treatment of prisoners of war.

Lan Ting-yuan, a famous scholar at the close of the K'ang Hsi period, in 1723, in a memorial to the throne, talked of the foreigners: "Those barbarians, amongst them English, Islamists, French, Dutch, Spaniards, Portuguese, are a violent lot, their natures dark, dangerous, inscrutable. Wherever they go, they spy around with a view to seizing other people's lands."

Well, one must admit that westerners in Korea are pretty inscrutable still to the people who meet them there.

The Chinese of the time when the impact of the West was first felt were discussed by A. E. Grantham in his "Hills of Blue", from which the above quotations are also taken.

"Instinctively they distrusted that new world of many flags, heavy guns, drunken sailors, insinuating priests and pushing traders, whose inner urge was nothing nobler than an inordinate lust of power and what Meng Tse had denounced as the root of many evils—unscrupulous pursuit of profit." (Hills of Blue, Methuen, London, 1927.)

September 10th One good thing about peace conferences is the opportunity they give for people from different parts of the world to exchange ideas, not so much in the conference rooms as in their social life together.

Yesterday we were talking with some American friends about Agnes Smedley, the American progressive writer who had so much to do with China. From Agnes, the talk went on to some of the friends whose outlook was influenced by her. And so we talked of Evans Carlson and George Hogg. One American and the other British; two completely honest men who were to find in China's Eighth Route Army the answers to many of the problems that had perplexed them.

Both, like Agnes, are now dead; yet, like Agnes, both still fight on for the things for which our peace movement of today stands; Evans, with his memory still fresh in the minds of those of his Gung Ho Raiders who still survive and George in a grave on a students' playing field in Sandan, Kansu, with a "Gung Ho" over his headstone—"Gung Ho", the old anti-Japanese wartime slogan of "Work Together!"

It is now ten years since Evans Carlson led his Gung Ho Raiders to the first American people's victory over the Japanese imperialists at Guadecanal. I had met him first in Hankow in 1938 after he had come down from Yenan, and had listened while he told tales of guerilla work on the part of the Eighth Route Army against the Japanese.

He was grimly enthusiastic. He felt that he had found out how men should be led—and what the leading of men involved, an understanding of men's needs, their social system, their hopes, their background.

Later, when we came in through the Japanese lines to wartime China, sitting on a sampan and travelling at night, we had more to talk about. We went together around Gung Ho in many provinces, by broken-down buses, on foot. He chewed on his pipe stem as he sorted out things in his mind and in everything would search for the central point to grasp hold of. He began to see that it was his duty to go back to America and tell the people about Imperial Japan, prepare them. Then it would be his duty to lead them as well as he could. His contempt for the Kuomintang was boundless; his admiration for the progressive forces of China intense. Yet he knew that just as there had to be a united front in China so had there to be one in America to fight the war he could see coming.

Writing of China in 1944, he said, "As free men and women we have abiding faith in the ability of free man to fashion a society in which there will be justice, well-being and happiness for all."

Today's China is the China Carlson would have loved. As his biographer says, "Stumbling, searching, growing out of the bony wisdom of deeds, he learned the full measure of the rights of man. He became drunk with democracy."

In his own speech to a congress of writers in 1943, he said, "There is need for us to refresh our memories on the principles which comprise democracy. Especially is there need for us to weigh our own actions against these principles. . . . We must make certain that we practise the precepts we preach. . . . Do we accept all racial and religious groups as equals? Are we tolerant of ideas, encouraging their expression and choosing from among them those we can apply with benefits? Or are we unconsciously drifting away from that stern sense of justice—that inalienable right of liberty enunciated for us by our forefathers? If we are, then democracy is on the skids; for these principles constitute its lifeblood. Greed and privilege, intolerance and government by privilege; these are the precepts of the fascists we fight."

Evans Carlson was defeated in his hope of carrying on the Gung Ho idea in the army. His name was even left out of the official history of the Marines of that time. Yet he can still fight. Yet fascism will be defeated. Yet the people will win.

"In due time," Carlson said, "I came to have a better understanding of, and a deep respect for, the basic decency, the honesty and the quality of intelligence of human beings, especially humans constrained to work for their livelihood."

He was learning quickly that to be able to lead men it was necessary to understand men. His hope that "victory will bring an improved social pattern wherein his loved ones and the loved ones of future generations will enjoy a greater measure of human happiness" has not yet been realised in his America. The opposite has been the case.

He stated that he and his men wanted "freedom and the opportunity to have a voice in all those matters which affect our daily lives. . . . We want just and sympathetic treatment by all men; we want love and not hatred to prevail among men."

He asks defiantly, "Are these things worth fighting for? Our hearts, our sacred convictions, tell us that they are."

The peace fighters of today echo these words as they go about their task of helping to make the ordinary American realise his responsibility for what is being done in his name.

Carlson loved genuine people. He would separate them from the swift talkers, the opportunists, and seemed to have a natural affinity for them so that wherever we went, he would be found talking to the "doers" of things—the men who used their hands and heads to produce.

He must have loved the Raiders he had picked and with whom he lived in the same simple way they themselves lived. No wonder, when he went, these men felt that something had gone from their lives:

Gung Ho is dead—
throw away your boots and knives,
we're giving up our Raider lives;
give up your Raider schemes,
give up your Raider dreams.

After the killing of his Gung Ho ideal, he was asked by the American State Department to undertake a political mission. The idea was repugnant to him. It was a mission in China and it was not to the advantage of the Chinese people. "I'd rather go back

to the Pacific," he told a friend, "and get a good, clean bullet right through the heart."

That was Carlson all right; and so was his meeting with American businessmen after his first battles: "I pleaded with you to stop the stupid practice of arming Japan. You did nothing about it." Then, in anger, he told them more, beginning, "Let me tell you about the return on investments at Makin and Guadecanal. . . ."

Before the outbreak of the Pacific war he had toured America trying to stop the arming of Japan. One businessman asked when he expected war with Japan to break out. Carlson said certainly within the next decade—upon which the businessman said, "We're not interested in a war in the next decade. We're not interested in a war next year or a war next month. We're interested in returns on our investments today." A state of mind that has not changed and which paves the way for fascism.

Carlson came to be a believer in the potential of the American common man. "Tawara," he said, "is a victory because some *enlisted* men, unaffected by the loss of their officers, many of whom were casualties in the first hour, became great and heroic commanders in their own right." Yet Army Brass knew what it was doing when it swept away Carlson and his ideas. Army Brass, the faithful servant, the working partner, of Big Business. Carlson was not only fighting the Japanese imperialists with his Gung Ho Raiders. He was opening the first barrage on the forces of fascism in America, the forces that have led to the massacre of some millions of Korean civilians and the death and maiming of many thousands of American youth. Carlson fought against napalm and germ warfare before it was launched; for his indoctrination of the ordinary soldier would have made a soldier who could not have carried out such atrocities.

He came through the war, after his wounds, determined in the words of his biographer, Michael Blankfort, "not to permit the peace to mock the war." How sick he would have been at the ghastly mockery of today—Japanese fascists being put back into jobs, Japan re-arming at the bidding of American fascists, Japan preparing for its old role in the Pacific again.

How thrilled he would have been with the new China, doing all of the things he knew it could do, carrying to a proper con-

clusion all the aims he had heard about when with the revolutionary armies in 1937 and 1938.

After some 22,000 people had greeted him with roars of "Gung Ho!" "Gung Ho!" at a New York veterans' committee on December 2nd, 1945, he said, "We must direct our thinking toward building a world organisation which will have as its objective the harmonising of human relations and the satisfying of human needs among all the peoples of the earth." A clear statement of what the peace movement is trying to do, for he would have been the first to state that of all human needs, the need in all countries for peace is by far the greatest.

"The welfare of any single citizen is inseparable from the welfare of the whole," he wrote. He would have understood the connection between a Korean child wailing at its slaughtered mother's breast and the needs of an American worker's family in Pittsburgh; a relation that the profit madmen do not and cannot understand.

George Hogg was only thirty when he went to lie under the Gung Ho headstone in the far northwest of China. Carlson had been well over fifty when he went to rest.

George Hogg had started on the same road, which led from Hankow onwards. The sixty-odd peasant and refugee kids who carried him out to his grave in what has now become a playing field in a school training new technicians for a new China, will not forget the day. For them it meant the passing of a comrade who was very close to them. It is not given to everyone to live with heroic, disciplined revolutionary armies. George had had inspiration from his tour, as correspondent, with the Eighth Route Army and then he came, at my bidding, to work with Gung Ho, where there was little glory, many problems and a simple grave at the end of the trail.

As he fought with tetanus in his last days of the summer of 1945, he asked to have the "Communist Manifesto" read to him. I read it and he said, "That makes sense."

In his hemp sandals and covered with a Gung Ho army blanket, in a coffin of rough pine boards, he went out of the South Gate of the city one summer's day.

He had lived collectively with us, lived as a true internationalist, yet as a lad who loved his England as he had come to love

China. I do not think I ever met anyone who could enter into others' lives as George Hogg could, and who lived so completely; nor one who understood the potential of China so well, believing in that potential with all his heart, impatient with the rottenness of the old society that would drag youth back, certain that the future would cleanse China and give his comrades the chance they deserved.

His living was of the simplest. I remember, as his jaw began to set, how he sat on the steps of the machine shops, trying to cope with two half-cold steamed breads and a bowl of thin soup—our living in those days at Sandan was somewhat precarious and he always shared the worst.

He was a peace fighter, for his example is still very much a driving force and maybe in the days to come will be a still greater driving force for the things in which with single heart he believed in so thoroughly.

September 16th Some five hundred odd years ago, Cheng Ho, a eunuch admiral of the third Ming Emperor, Yung Lo, returned from Ceylon to Peking.

Yesterday afternoon, on the Peking Railway Station, we waited while the peace delegates from various countries alighted, were given flowers by young pioneers and faced the battery of cameras. Leading them was a tall figure in yellow silk robes—a Buddhist priest delegate from Ceylon—steel spectacles set on an acquiline nose, the bouquet of flowers and the pretty children a dash of reds and blues against his priestly gold.

Today people's representatives come from many countries, anxious to see the new China, anxious to explore the possibilities of peace everywhere.

Courtney Archer, who left here some months ago, has been to New Zealand and back again, coming up ahead of the other New Zealand delegates.

October 14th The great peace conference has ended. It was an astounding meeting. Latin America met China and India, Australasia looked up and learned from Mother Asia. A peasant leader from Colombia pushed back the felt hat from his head and looked across at Vietnam and Lao delegates. Pakistan

and Indian representatives walked arm in arm. A Negro American led the American delegation and a Japanese American came later—his wife. A Japanese American publisher was another member of the delegation. Other Americans included Joan Hinton, now a worker in a Chinese animal-breeding station, once a young scientist who worked on the bomb dropped at Nagasaki. Today, the conference ended, she gave birth to a son. Her speech was a masterpiece of direct simplicity. We had heard that Joan lived across the desert from Sandan and at times had sent her some of our reading matter, but until this conference, had never met her.

Nancy Lapwood, who with her busband, had worked with me in Gung Ho, in anti-Japanese war days, also gave a grand, simple and moving speech. Daughter of a medical missionary and with most of her life so far spent in China, with a growing family, she had a strong stake in peace and a determination to do her best for it.

There were speeches that hit home with the shock of surprise. We had guessed much but were hardly prepared for all the factual matter that emerged. Panama and its problems became a reality, the unity of Burma a living issue. The power that is India showed through many a speech, a vast awakening strength. And a glimpse of the emotional force that will stir not only India but many another country as well was revealed in the meeting of Korea and India on the platform together. India feels as well as thinks, whereas we of Anglo-Saxon stock like masses of facts to chew on before we will do anything much; and some of us like to be so deluged with contradictory material that we can be excused from doing anything.

It was good to be with Suroso of Indonesia and U Hla of Burma, thoughtful men and bits of the world to be. Romesh Chandra, retiring, brilliant, a leader from behind, a man of the future, giving quiet confidence, and his able secretary Kumudini Meta giving strength, one felt, not only to the Indian delegation but also to the others around.

Gyan Chand, a white-haired old professor, in search of truth, seemed to be finding it in great chunks, much to his delight. And a follower of Ghandi looked at the masses swinging past Tien An Men on October 1st—looked and marvelled.

Delegations arrived swiftly and the new Peace Hotel which had been put up by Chinese workers so swiftly was soon filled to capacity. The whole of the mechanical organisation seemed to work without a hitch and the staff that had been assembled went into action with all the precision of a well-oiled machine but with a very human friendliness. The Chinese staff of interpreters, speaking many languages, attached to the delegations, kept their charges on time and met all their needs quietly and without seeming to intrude. The meeting-hall arrangements, the interpreter service that rendered the speeches through members' headphones in the four languages chosen—Chinese, Russian, Spanish and English—operated efficiently.

Between speeches there were colourful intervals when delegations made presentations to one another—one of the most moving being the meeting on the platform between the Koreans and the Americans, and another the pledge of peace and cooperation between India and Pakistan, when not only on the presidium but throughout the hall Indians and Pakistanis embraced with tears and scattered flower petals over one another.

Then there were the Chinese people's organisations and religious groups—Catholics, Muslims, the Protestant churches, the Buddhists—groups who came to present banners and flowers to the peace delegates. One was touched by the group representing Peking women's organisations—students, working girls, ordinary housewives; and especially by the children who came to the opening and closing sessions and were hoisted up with their bunches of flowers on to the desks of the delegates. The beauty and spontaneity of the scene and its symbolism of the future which all peace fighters were uniting to protect, moved many of the delegates to tears.

The conference was opened by a veteran peace fighter, Vice-Chairman Soong Ching Ling (Madame Sun Yat-sen), and closed ten days later, at 3:30 a.m. on the morning of October 13th, by Dr. Kitchlew, ex-member of the Working Committee of the Indian National Congress who, in spite of his white hairs, gave a clear and forceful message that will go down in history.

Many delegates showed outstanding talent in committee and in general assembly. Of these Peng Chen of China, Mayor of Peking, impressed all by his quiet humour, strength and clear-

headedness and his patient insistence that everyone should say all that he or she had to say on the important subject-matter of the resolutions before any such went on record. Madame Poblete of Chile, with her directness and charm, also made a great impression. Ivor Montagu came from the World Peace Council as did Gabriel d'Arboussier and Monica Felton to present their points of view with clarity and forcefulness.

I had never realised what a grand language the Spanish language is in its descriptive powers; nor realised so clearly how widely the real Latin-American differs from the bemedalled puppets that are a caricature of their people in the international conferences held by the profit-mongers.

I had been impressed by the preparatory conference which Courtney Archer and I had attended in June last; a conference which in itself had far-reaching effects and which resulted in the bringing to this meeting of four hundred odd delegates and observers to compare their experiences in the struggle for peace in the different countries of the world and to forge new weapons in the most crucial cause of history. The scope of the conference was truly amazing and the lessons learned many. Such conferences as these are already making their enormous influence felt in all parts of the world. They are the people's answer to the germ and atom bombs and to the dollar diplomacy of a society in decadence.

October 15th This morning we have had a discussion meeting, among delegates who are still here after the conference, on Land Reform, one of the foremost government workers in this field leading off with a short talk, and remaining to answer questions and join in discussion.

He called the movement a "world-shaking victory", which it is, with the Chinese peasants transformed from "beasts of burden of the landlord class" to real masters of the countryside.

One thought of the shuffling, hopeless peasants of many parts of the Northwest, prematurely old, with tired eyes peering through wrinkled faces, their rags keeping out only a fraction of the bitter winds blowing against them, their calloused feet bare and chapped, their straggly beards in icicles as they trudged over

the land, the produce of which went to the forces that kept them in slavery.

No longer do these selfsame peasants have to look into the eyes of their children each spring and feel baffled that there is no grain to eat, nor do they have to dig white clay and boil it with elm sprigs to stave off hunger.

Now they have grain for the whole year, cloth for the winter. The schools will take their children. Suddenly they are wanted, suddenly they have implements, suddenly, when they come to the county city, they are welcome. The enemies of the past have gone. A soldier is a friend, in a very real way. No brutal hand seizes the produce they are taking to market, insults wife or daughter, tears away sons for conscripts.

The cyclone of land reform has swept away these things and in addition it has brought new understanding between the town and country. Land Reform has been a vast university with all kinds of city cadres going out to live with the peasants and take part not only in the measuring of new land but in all the matters that mean so much to the primary producer in the rural areas.

Doctors and professors, students and workers have helped to bring about this vast change that has already affected several hundred million people in a basic way.

The strong alliance between the poor peasants, the middle peasants and the hired farmhands has made for a united front of 90 per cent of the peasant population so that the landlords have had no way but to accept the necessary change and make the most of it. "Land reform is a fierce class struggle" is very true—an understatement, even. The results are commensurate with the intensity with which this class struggle has been waged. Millions lift their heads for the first time and look into the future with assurance. Suddenly they know that it is their day.

October 16th Today we have been out at a village. I have been out to many a village in the environs of Peking these past few months and today delegates split up and each group went to a different one. There seem to be endless villages for we have not gone to the same one twice.

Ours was about an hour's drive from the city and was one

where cotton, maize, wheat and potatoes were grown. The delegates wanted to see some of the old landlord class, so we went to two landlord homes. The first landlord said that he had been sore when the land was first divided up but now with a better income than he had ever had and with a new respect for himself he was wondering why he had been so sore. The first year was hard, he said, as he had never worked in his life before and had not been able to get a good enough crop. Now he gets enough to live on and has also bought a cart and joined the carters' work group, making enough in this sideline business to give his family all the extra things they need. In another two years, he feels, he will regain his franchise—landlords lost it for five years, of which three have gone—and then will be able to take part in all the affairs of the village. Now he has six members of his family at school and he himself plans to go to night school at the transport union as before the liberation he, too, was illiterate. Shaking hands with him as I left, I noticed that his hands had become hard and calloused.

The next landlord we spoke to supplemented his earnings from his land by working in a nearby brick kiln. (New brick kilns are a feature of the landscape all around Peking, such is the demand for building materials.) He said he was, and he looked, satisfied with the way things had gone and with the new chance the people had given him to make good.

Both said that they could see now that it was a shameful thing to have lived so many years in idleness on the proceeds of other men's labour and that it was clear that the present was a better way of doing things.

A great feature of this village was the school. From no school to speak of it had become one with a high school attached and was a real hive of eager life. We danced with the young pioneers and it was something to see a sedate professor of physics, a member of the Chinese delegation, doing a lively Sinkiang folk dance with the children and evidently enjoying it as much as they. The school had been opened in the years just before liberation but only a few landlords' sons went. Now it gets most of the children in the community, with the first aim to wipe out illiteracy.

Asked what was the next stage of progress for the village,

the Chairman said it was cooperative production on the land. He felt sure this would be a success for all the peasants wanted it. The village girls serving the guests at the table looked at their Chairman with some pride and the short, stout woman who was the deputy chairman of the village council looked complacently down the long table as though to say, "We have done much. We shall do more, of course."

The manager of the village cooperative talked of the brisk business done through the cooperative and the very gratifying monthly turnover. In the KMT days, a general store could not be operated, the old men at the door explained to me, because the KMT soldiers would take away everything without paying. As for the dark years under the Japanese, no one had cash to spend on anything and the best one could get was coarse bean meal after the oil had been taken from it. They were the starvation years.

Now in the past three years the population of the village has risen from some figure just under two thousand to 2,400. People are having their babies with considerable confidence in the future. Almost every child wants to be a tractor-driver or a mechanic. One, a sweet nine-year old, had her mind definitely made up. When she grew up, she was going to be a worker in a cotton mill. And that's a pretty good thing to be in this day and age.

Coming back with one delegate a familiar question came up: "How, oh how can we tell people overseas about all this? They simply will not believe that things can have changed so much. And some of them don't want to believe, of course!"

And as one thought of the hundreds of thousands of smiling children we have seen in the city, in the country, children filled with faith and hope, children so obviously an eager part of the future that opens out for all of them, one does wonder how to tell it adequately, how to make people understand the overwhelming truth that such change is possible.

MUKDEN, 1952

October 21st It is over two decades since I was here last. A terrible year when Japanese militarists seized power in the Northeast and, in the same year, great floods ravaged the Yangtse valley culminating in that bitter winter when in Shanghai the Japanese were being resisted by the troops of the Chinese 19th Army.

Today our coming, a company of delegates from the Asian and Pacific Peace Conference, was marked by a welcome from people in their thousands, lining the roads from the railway station—with its monument to the gallant Red Army which threw back the Japanese here—right up to the ex-South Manchurian Railway Hotel, now a government guest house.

Every decent human loves children; more than doves they rank as the chief symbol of peace, because it is for their future that we fight to make and keep the peace. And the Northeast children today were very lovely, jumping into one's arms to be embraced with all the warmth of free and happy life as we came down from the platform and out of the station.

From the warmth of the hotel out on to the streets, where an early winter wind cut, I walked swiftly, noting the changes. A massive ingot of iron and a huge lump of coal in front of one building announced that here was an exhibition of heavy industry. Under cover on the sidewalk, also, were other pieces of machinery with shelters over them and electric lights to display their particular points.

In a bookstall selling old books I bought a cheerful oil painting—a northeastern landscape. The bookseller was an old man with a long straggly beard, assisted by his second son. The eldest, he explained, was with the Volunteers in Korea and he

had a third and fourth in school. He himself had been a schoolmaster in the old society, but his sons wanted to be workers. There was so much hope for them as workers in the new society. In the old one, he remarked, you had to be very cunning to make a living. He knew where New Zealand was and went muttering among his books, "very strange! very strange!" when discussing the fact that summer was approaching there. Yes, he could keep the family by selling books, all right. There was a growing demand for books.

I had gone several steps down the road, clutching my painting wrapped in an old newspaper, when he hailed me back. He had so obviously been trying to decide whether or not to give me the official receipt on which he had to put the revenue stamps—and then the spirit of the anti-corruption movement had gripped him and he had decided to do the right thing. Several passers-by stopped at the stall and watched the hailing back and writing of the receipt, broad grins on their faces.

In the evening the local peace committee gave a reception and one found that the Chairman had been a colleague in Gung Ho during the anti-Japanese war days, in Paochi, in the Northwest. So we talked a little about the people and events of that other day.

To be in Mukden has something of life near the front line about it. Jet aeroplanes scoot across the sky. Germs have been dropped in this province, lives have been taken—lives of women and children, usually—by the forces that make for war. Here the word "peace" has even more meaning. Across from our hotel there is a huge peace dove illuminated with neon lights at night while up and down the streets are great red banners with peace slogans written on them in gold.

For the many thousands who welcomed us on arrival, and at the opera this evening, there was one slogan, "Ho-ping Wan Sui!"—"Long Live Peace!" "Ho-ping"—such a common Chinese word through the centuries. Towns are called "Ho-ping". City gates are "Ho-ping Men" in Peking and other cities. "Ho-ping"—a hope that like other hopes in China is more than just a hope but something that will be organised for and made into concrete reality in spite of all that American business gangsters may try to do.

October 22nd "The Japanese placed their heavy industry in this part of China. This factory used to make tanks for the imperialist war machine. Now it makes machine tools, rolling stock parts, for the Chinese people."

The speaker was one of the leading workers who showed us round the Mukden Machine Shops. "The machines were stolen and sold, the doors and windows broken, only some old men and apprentices left to look after the plant." And we looked down the rows of machines, at the high speed lathe working crew, at the shapers, lathes taking shape down the assembly line, and felt glad that here were tools being made for the new industry that will mean so much to the hands of China which are waiting to use it.

Inside the factory on wall newspapers, on posters, were articles on peace and the Asian and Pacific Peace Conference just ended in Peking. The milling machines, lathes, and shapers proudly taking their last coat of paint, bearing the insignia of the machine shops where they were born, certainly gave me a thrill to see. For too long have Chinese workers battled along with the wrecks of machinery a decayed society had allowed them. In the future the creations of these able hands will take new forms and new meaning.

As we sat in the reception room with its green border of peace slogans, its pots of dahlias and chrysanthemums in its bay windows, I noted the eagerness with which the Burmese and Indian, Indonesian and Australian delegates took in the quiet words of the factory manager as he spoke of the groups which had increased their output seventeen times since the liberation, of the inventions that had been perfected, of the illiteracy wiped out, of the whole mass movement forward of just ordinary common people imbued with a sense of responsibility toward one another and confidence in their new society.

The inspection of the new workers' housing scheme in Mukden was also an exciting thing. To see a fair-sized city of about a hundred thousand folk springing up new, all the houses to be ready for occupation within a month or so, although the whole scheme was only started on August 16th, was another miracle in this country of modern miracles.

Plumbers, plasterers, carpenters and bricklayers were all go-

ing ahead with speed and accuracy but paused long enough to greet the peace delegates with a welcoming shout. There were smiles on all sides and they were obviously glad to be able to show what Chinese workers can do when they really get the urge—and the chance.

The whole plan will cover over two million square metres of ground. The three-storied houses had double-glass windows to keep out the cold of Mukden winters, and hot water systems, steam heaters, flush toilets, water, light and modern sewers were all being installed as we watched.

There will be bath-houses, hospitals and nurseries, libraries and a fire station. The new primary and high schools will take thousands of workers' children and there will be big meeting halls where people can get together on their common business and common play. These are all parts of that collective living which is the pattern of the new society and for which the Chinese people have such genius.

The rip of jet planes overhead punctuated the construction chief's talk on the avenues to be lined with trees, the lawns and gardens to come. On this bright, sunny day, with buildings rising on all sides of us and everyone so full of hope and plans for the future, it was hard to realise that, an hour's flying time away, lay the smoking ruins of works like these, torn down by American big business in the dirtiest and most thinly glossed over aggressive war in history; hard to remember that so short a distance away was Antung, on the China side of the Yalu River, where provocative bombings were being carried out continually. Korea would build again—was even now rebuilding—and the invader would be thrown out, no question of that, but it was still bitter to think of that bestial hand tearing to bits what the patient, creative hands of man had forged over the last century. Most of the American people would themselves, one realises, feel as strongly about it, if they could see the gallant effort people here are making to progress, see change so triumphant, so efficient; for the normal American likes to see things moving ahead. One rebels at the thought that he is such a sucker as to fall for the lines his bosses feed out to him—even to the extent of saddling him with some of the worst war crimes in history.

Later This evening we went to see the exhibition of industrial production which had been prepared for the people of Mukden so that they could see the results in the aggregate of their productive effort. I spent five hours looking at the tremendous range of new products and then had not seen more than half the exhibits. Before going, the museum folk asked me to say a few words into the microphone for the tape recorder and here is part of what I said in response to this request:

"I have learnt much in the past five hours of the infinite possibilities of the common man when he is given the correct theory for progress.

"In a city that has been subjected to the aggressive attacks of the American Government in the form of the utterly degenerate germ warfare, and under the sound of jet fighters that protect it from further attacks, one of the most remarkable feats in the history is being enacted—the industrialisation of Northeast China on a mass scale. This is history. Each piece in this exhibition is an expression of the combination of theory and practice upon which people's livelihood can best be built. Man here today with his new thinking and new forms of organisation has found the way to express himself triumphantly in terms of the production he needs for his use.

"We of the Western World are now the learners. The liberated peoples of the new world are our teachers. They have sources of strength that will produce better and better results, and help to bring to men everywhere the peace and better life they hope for."

It was a fascinating experience to me to see at every turn things that could not be made before but which were now in common use. The kinds of steel which once had to be imported, the truck and tractor tyres, the coal tar products, the bearings, the abrasives, the medicines, the pure copper, wire mesh, the eight different kinds of cement, the heavy plate glass and the machine tools, along with so much else, had me spellbound. The matter-of-fact young people who showed me around, pointing to the different analyses of coal, to the coal mine installation models, to the models of paper-making, pottery and other plants, were not one whit less interesting than their exhibits. For they were of the stuff it takes to create all such.

The acid plants and industrial gas plants, models of which were so complete, were essential to any industrial system, a lad of some eighteen years announced to me. "Beans—they can make so many things!" one bright slip of a girl said. "We can eat the bean products we make, we can make explosive for mines with bean products, there are so very many things we can do with them."

In some of the departments, vast increases since 1949 were shown. Taking the 1949 figure as 100 per cent, the increase had leapt as high as 2,700 per cent and in most cases was not less than 700 per cent. These are the figures that spell success and which show that a basis has now been laid for the huge schemes of construction on the way.

October 23rd Down from Mukden, past the gloomy tombs of the first Manchu Emperors, set amongst cypresses, over the low hills and into Fushun, on a bright autumn morning with the coloured banners and peace doves held in the cheering hands of the long lines of children and workers who had come to meet us. Fushun—that treasure-trove of the Japanese, about which their ambitious dreams were woven, dreams of making arms to conquer all Asia—the child of imperialism, producing fabulous wealth for its masters. Fushun—plundered by the Kuomintang, its workers desperate with poverty and denial, living in squalor and wretchedness.

And now this Fushun of liberated China, its workers proudly on their feet, welcoming with all the warmth of their hearts those standing for peace, proud to show them the wealth that now comes from the people for the people, proud of the old men's homes, the kindergartens, the sanatoria, and all the works of this industrial city of three hundred and fifty thousand, this city's contribution to better livelihood for all men.

The huge open-cut coal mines and the shale oil extraction plant took our first attention. One thought of the great undeveloped Northwest and of the rich deposits of oil-bearing shale there as one saw the product of this plant going down the rails in tankers for the use of man resurgent.

Everywhere we went, the workers crowded round and cheered. Ordinary people of other lands amongst the ordinary people of

China were treated as Royalty was never treated, because we stood for the thing that all common men want—peace. Engineers came round and helped to explain, truckloads of mineral crashed down chutes and on to conveyors and workers smiled.

Away from the hundreds of chimneys, and overlooking a valley where autumn trees were changing colour, lay one of the workers' sanatoria. Here was youth and middle-age together. "I've been at the coal face for 34 years," said a straight, greying man of fifty-one, "but I can work for years yet now that we have a Mao Tse-tung to lead us!" In that simple sentence was so much; a workers' world, caring for workers.

At the coal mines, I told some of the model workers about MacGougan, the New Zealand miner who was so anxious to come and see this place, but who had to go back to New Zealand after the Peking conference. Everyone was really interested. Mac would have been thrilled to have met them all, especially Chang Chih-fu, the Labour Hero who had gone through so much and achieved so much.

On a hill, near public gardens, was a kindergarten—one of the 44 kindergartens and nurseries of the city. And down below this biggest kindergarten-nursery was a home for old miners. A moving thing to see for one who has known the lives of Chinese workers in the old society—the refugees from famine and want, looking for places to work and coming to the Northeast to be exploited by the Japanese, starved by the Kuomintang; then suddenly to find the world changed, their lifetime's struggle honoured, to be put with their old-time working comrades in a beautiful home with flowers to tend, a river to sit by and fish in, instead of having to find some corner to huddle up and die in. Fine old men with great, worn hands that had done so much. One who had held a jackhammer for long years, had nervous, twitching hands, many were half-blind, one I tried to talk to was completely deaf. But their faces were full of quiet happiness and they cheered lustily and shouted, "Long Live Peace!" as loudly as anyone else as we left the gates of their home, round which a big crowd had gathered.

It was dusk as we left the cheering crowds, left the banners and the doves held aloft, the characters for peace hoisted up on to poles, but the people along the way, coming out of industrial

plants, stopped and cheered and clapped as we sped by them, after which we settled back into our seats and snoozed until we entered Mukden and came up to the doors of the guest house.

October 24th Last night after supper there was a reception, to which some of the chief Labour Heroes of Mukden were invited. There was the beautiful strong face of Tien Kwei-ying, the woman locomotive driver, the tall Chang Chih-fu of Fushun collieries, Chang Su-lan, woman textile worker, Li Ting-kwei, the rubber factory hero, now director of his workshop, like Wang Wan-sen, machinist; there was Dr. Li, a model factory health superintendent, and many others; China's new people of note, very much at home in the lounge of what was once Mukden's best hotel; each of them with that natural courtesy which is the birthright of any Chinese given a chance. These, some of whom had been elected Labour Heroes many times, were meeting, in a friendly way, the people who had come from Ceylon, from India, Australia and many another place in the cause of peace.

I talked first with T'ung Ho-san, a machine shop worker, aged 29, who had been a lathe man since he was an apprentice of sixteen; a strong, young northeasterner, he was married and had two children. There had been another child but it had died in the bitter years of unemployment under the KMT.

In those days he had had to go and look for bits of fuel in the hills to bring in to the city and sell for a few coppers. He talked of the terror under Japanese occupation; of the Kuomintang who came with one object, to make as much money for themselves as possible; and how at the end their factory was bombed by American planes so that work stopped; how he and his family had tried to keep alive on the waste from the bean oil factories, on any kind of scraps. Then of the joy of liberation, of the putting together again of the factory, of the new joy of working together now that the workers were masters of their own country. He himself had made 23 records, and now he was at school doing six classes a day and three hours preparation at night, starting on a course that will take seven years to complete and will turn him into an engineer for China's new industry. His wife and children are getting his regular factory pay and he looks forward to each week-end when he goes home

to see them. Able and confident, this lad will, one feels, have a future that would be envied by many in the west.

As we talked, Yang Tsun-hsuin came over and sat with us. Now 47, he came to the Northeast from Shantung when he was a boy of 11. He found work as an apprentice in the railway workshops at Antung and all those years up until the end of the anti-Japanese war had been a foundry worker in the Japanese South Manchuria Railway Company's workshops. He had a wife, four sons, two daughters and two grandsons. His sons were all shop workers as he was.

In telling his story, he first felt it important to talk of the terrible days at the end of the Japanese occupation; how only the poorest grain and waste of the kind fed to animals was available to workers, and that only by ration cards; how if a worker was off sick for one day, one day's grain would be cut for the whole family; how his wife would get up at midnight, clothed in the thin hemp garment which was all workers were allowed and stand in the snow in the long queues; how people standing weakened with hunger and cold would fall to the ground and be frozen to death. He never knew whether his wife would come home again or not.

As he spoke, sitting amongst us, it was too much for T'ung Ho-san, and he put his head down between his knees and wiped tears from his eyes. "We were less than men then," he said.

Then they talked of the unspeakable Kuomintang, following in the wake of the Japanese, its mad drive for conscripts for its huge chaotic armies. T'ung Ho-san had been roped up and taken, but he had escaped. Had he not escaped, his wife and children would certainly have died of starvation.

Yang Tsun-hsuin went on to talk of today; how after liberation he had puzzled and puzzled how to produce more, how to devise better methods; how he had lain awake at nights working out his new ideas for casting moulds, until his wife would nag him to go to sleep, and he would say, "You go ahead and sleep and leave me alone"; and how after three nights of this she scolded him soundly; and how at last inspiration came, with the result that his new methods are now being practised on a wide scale with terrific results.

Sitting with these men one had the feeling that a tremendous

power had been let loose, a power for production that will rapidly transform the old society into the new. They take their place as leaders so naturally and easily. Chang Chih-fu, for instance, sitting at the other end of the room and talking with Dr. Gyan Chang of India and Ken Gott of Australia, completely at ease as he analysed thoughtfully the experiences of the past and spoke with quiet confidence of the future. Now that repression, local and foreign, has been removed, and the workers have their own government at their back, natural leaders are rising up in all places of work, produced out of the people's need for industrialisation.

October 25th (written on the Peace Train) So much is happening these days that it is hard to keep this diary up-to-date. Yesterday was another full and exciting day.

In the morning we went outside the city to see one of the first cooperative farms. First Land Reform, then the Mutual Aid teams, then the cooperative farm; the collective farm will come later.

This farm was at Kao K'an village, an area where the landlord 9 per cent of the population had owned 90 per cent of the land. The cooperative's office is now being run in the house of one of the landlord's but the most imposing building of the place is the cooperative store, which gives some idea of the purchasing power of the neighbourhood, containing as it does a full range of consumer goods—down to mouth-organs, bottled beer and books.

The cooperative farm is evidently a paying proposition, for as one went from cottage to cottage of the newly-built houses, one noted that all had glass windows, some double-glass windows, and some cement board ceilings. All had boxes of clothes on the *kang* and the piles of bedding stacked so neatly showed that the old days of poverty were ended.

The clean stables, the implement shed, the tractor busy with the threshing mill and the bright new school built with the spare-time labour of the village; all of these are the things one has longed to see. The newly-built houses with their tiled roofs, the fat, well-clothed children—there are sixty new houses with tiled roofs, 115 kids in the primary and 22 in the middle school in a place that such a short time ago had no schooling at all, the 36

new wells dug, with mechanical pumps to draw the water, the experiments with fertilisers, the increased productivity of both land and labour—these are all things that do not need selling to the people who have lived in the dreary old society; nor do the 24 new draught animals, the insecticides, the new market for by-products, the library, the nursery, the evening school that is cutting out illiteracy.

The people of the village are proud that their girls participated in the Mukden athletic meeting, that the Government takes such interest in what they accomplish, that they are getting new seeds.

For now they are in truth the masters of the countryside and they are determined to make the land produce for them all in a way it was never allowed to do in the unhappy past.

"This College was founded in Hsingkuo, in Kiangsi, in 1931," the president of the Medical College told us. I thought of the Hsingkuo I knew in the early stages of the anti-Japanese war, the Red Army slogans still on the walls everywhere and a huge crippled soldiers' camp, from which many of our cooperative members were drawn, occupying the old ancestral temples where no doubt the Red Army men, then as the Eighth Route Army, fighting the Japanese in North China, must have lived. Hsingkuo, a city where in autumn the oranges gave such colour, a city set in a beautiful valley, with roads leading to Taiho, to Ningtu and Kanhsien where families of the Red Army looked forward with confidence to the return of their menfolk who had left them and had gone so far. And here, in Mukden, in the industrialised North-east, the name came strangely over the heads of foreign delegates and their hosts, in the guest room of a huge medical college.

Our farewell dinner before we went to the train last night was given by the city government. I found that this banquet at six in the evening coincided with an appointment I had made to see a family of ordinary people who had lived through the last few years in this part of the country. So it was kindly suggested that I ask them to my table. In came an elderly man of sixty-one with a greying beard and a good, decisive face and his son of thirty-two. He was a bit dubious of me at first, but when he found he could understand what I said he thawed and we got along very well together.

In 1940, due to famine conditions and the war in a Shantung county, some eighty families had migrated to the Northeast and had built themselves shacks on the outskirts of Mukden. His family was of seven persons, he, his wife and five children. At first he carried firewood to the city and sold it, but after 1942 conditions got harder each year until, before the end of World War II, starvation was rampant everywhere.

His wife and the two girl children died of starvation in this period. The eldest son was a worker in the huge rubber factory and in the coldest weather, right up to the liberation of the city by the PLA in 1948, never had more than a pair of shorts and a thin padded under-jacket to go to work in with bare feet that would become cracked and chapped each winter. As for the smaller sons, they never had a shred of clothing through the sub-zero winters and would go to beg and to bring in scraps of fuel each day to keep the *kang* warm so that they could huddle together on it.

The old man himself was beaten many a time by the Japanese, as was his eldest son. They lived on the tiny ration of cheap meal which included bean mill waste. Then came the KMT and they hoped that liberation from the Japanese would mean a new deal, but they were doomed to cruel and bitter disappointment, for the KMT were too incompetent to run anything, were avid for quick profits for themselves and would send the old taskmasters of the Japanese around with press-gangs to force the people into unpaid labour.

One day when they came and found him sick in bed they took his son of eleven in his stead. The boy had had no food that day and when his strength gave out they beat him so that he came home weeping and covered with bruises.

In those days life was one bitter hardship after another. Of the eighty families, fifty had died of starvation or wandered away. He had been luckier than most as his eldest son kept his job in the rubber factory, which meant some grain, if no wages. So they had managed to keep alive until the liberation, and now his sons would be able to marry and support families and he would have grandchildren.

For now everything was changed. The son is a member of the consumer cooperative in the rubber factory and in response

to a telephone call whatever grain is needed is delivered to the house; and not only grain but all other goods his wages can buy. They will soon move into one of the new houses; they enjoy many workers' privileges; they spoke with pleasure of the bath-houses where they can get as many hot baths as they like free. And one thought of the squalor of the old days, the hovels without water or light, with the bath-house a luxury for the well-fed and well-clothed. Yes, it was a very different thing to be a worker in the wonderful new day of Mao Tse-tung!

After some ceremonial toasting of each other's health we left the table arm in arm and embraced before parting in the hotel lobby, both of them insisting that I should not go outside to see them off because of the cold. They remain in my mind as two very gallant and human people with whom it was a privilege to spend that last evening in People's Mukden.

NANKING, 1952

October 26th During my early days in China I did not come to Nanking very often but I did come with a group of Shanghai lads in 1929 when the remains of Sun Yat-sen was placed in the new tomb on the slopes of the Purple Mountain not far from that of the first Ming Emperor, Chu Yuan-chang.

The hillside then was bare and some small trees have been planted. It was very hot that summer but we were all glad we had made the effort to be present at the ceremony, for though at that time it was clear enough that something had gone very wrong with the revolution as Dr. Sun had conceived it, he himself, as a gallant, far-seeing patriot who had done much towards advancing society to the next stage, deserved our respect.

Today when we visited his tomb high on the slope of the hill Mrs. Garland and I carrying the wreath in the middle of the New Zealand peace delegation and placing it in front of the white marble statue that is outside the mausoleum, the whole park was full of trees. Autumn colours against the evergreens were very good to look at. Children and students danced around the mausoleum and we danced with them—Indian, Pakistani, Indonesian, Burmese, Australian and New Zealander.

Then we went over to the tomb of Chu Yuan-chang, the first Ming Emperor, the peasant lad who on the back of his water buffalo had dreamed of the day when he would throw out the then decadent and oppressive Mongol Dynasty. The gardens around the tomb were very well kept up as were those around the Sun Yat-sen tomb.

At one of the functions I met Dr. Wu I-fang, well known in Kuomintang Nanking as president of the Ginling University for Women; one of the people to whom the Kuomintang would point

and say, "You see Dr. Wu I-fang, she so well represents the best of our day in China!" And visitors, impressed with the good work and sincerity of Dr. Wu, would leave Nanking pretty well satisfied that everything was all right.

Dr. Wu is no longer physically young but keeps a young mind. I had known her in Chengtu whither her university was evacuated in anti-Japanese war days. She had always done what she could to help the war effort and our Gung Ho work and I was interested to meet her again after the years of such great change.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" I asked, and very decidedly she answered, "Now we can hold up our heads. No one has to apologise for being Chinese any longer. That's something! As to education in general, in the old days we educated youth in accordance with the best traditions we knew and then had to send them out to be corrupted by a rotten society. Now everything we teach has a direct relation to the student's future and she goes out into a society where the precepts she learned at school are being put into working practice every day."

I should like to have had more conversation with this teacher of New China's youth, but as she was one of the leading members of the peace committee in Nanking she was very busy.

Looking at her lively, able face and listening to her frank, direct voice as she talked about her work and the importance of the peace movement she seemed to me a good representative of many educationalists prominent in Kuomintang society who because of their sincere desire to serve the people rather than themselves have been able to adjust themselves happily to the new society and function usefully in it; and for the same reason have been accepted by it. And I thought of some of the scurrilous tales spread by propagandists overseas about the supposed "fate" of many such "at the hands of the reds" and wished some of the people confused by such nonsense could come and talk to some of these busy, happy people, who for the first time in their lives are being given full scope for their energies and talents and who are no longer subjected to the everlasting backward drag of a decadent society in the last stages of breakdown.

October 27th This clear, sunny morning we visited Yu Hua Tai

—the Hill of Raining Flowers—where stands the monument to the Revolutionary Martyrs.

Yu Hua Tai is the hill where, according to an old legend, a Buddhist monk preached so eloquently that the heavens rained flowers.

During the years of Kuomintang terror, from 1927 right up to the time of liberation, it was an execution ground where about 100,000 Chinese patriots were done to death. On the slopes and round the base of the now peaceful hill their bodies lie buried, amongst them the labour leader, Teng Chung-hsia, the youth leader, Yun Tai-ying, the guerilla leader who fought against the Japanese imperialists in the Northeast, Lo Ting-hsien, and so many others. People would just disappear and in the very early morning shots would be heard at Yu Hua Tai and the shallow trenches receive yet another layer of bodies.

When we left Nanking each delegate was given a bag of Nanking tapestry in which were some of the semi-precious stones which are to be found on this hill and in the vicinity. With these stones one took away memories that made them "more precious than the diamonds from our mines", as one Ceylonese delegate said.

Teng Chung-hsia was a heroic and devoted revolutionary, arrested with his wife in Shanghai and then tossed over to the Kuomintang by the Concession police.

He had been called "that prince of labour leaders" and the workers of Shanghai suffered a great blow when finally he was hauled up to Nanking, dragged out to Yu Hua Tai and murdered. Yet his death was a victory for the workers, showing that they had built up an organisation strong enough to require the combined efforts of imperialism to try to put down—the police and judges of the foreign concessions and their Chinese counterparts serving the powerful interests who were out to subject the China of the people.

The great bronze lions that looked down so haughtily from the main doors of the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, the ponderous bronze gates of the Yokohama Specie Bank, guarded the inner sanctums where plots and more plots against the people were hatched—these and the charming lounge of the American Club with its pictures of George Washington and other past heroes

were the places that were responsible in reality for the daily arrests; the surrounding of a block in some working-class district by a swiftly-moving force of detectives and policemen on motor cycles and in cars and the ruthless searches that followed, or the paying of some gangster gunman to do away with a workers' leader.

Shanghai was a dreadful place for the underdog who would not stay under; a place of wonderful freedom for the businessman come to China to get rich quick, for the official, for the compradore. For these it meant summer holidays at Tsingtao seaside resort, or at Unzen on the mountains in Japan; night clubs and luxury homes, well-trained servants, houseboat parties and world travel at frequent intervals.

For the man who made the wealth it meant a whole family in some stifling room in a tenement house, tortured by vermin, malnutrition, sickness and frequent deaths. Organise for change? Why, you are trying to smash the foundations of our society! Surely you must be dragged off—and thank the Lord for that strong man in Nanking who knows how to deal with all such! And the missionaries travelled to Nanking (first-class—all expenses paid) to attend prayer-meetings with the chief butcher of the Chinese people, the traitor Chiang Kai-shek, now known to five hundred million as *Chiang Fei*—"Chiang the Bandit". But never did one hear of any prayer-meeting for the changing of conditions in which millions of down-trodden, wretched workers struggled for breath in foetid factories—people any one of whom was of more value than the whole lock, stock and barrel of bronze lions, gates, lounge lizards, and militarists with their flock of pitiful, puffy and pampered dependents.

Yu Hua Tai seemed to be the dead end for many thousands of those who had determined to "die on their feet rather than live on their knees". Yet it was no end. It was a great and glorious beginning of the change that brought a monument to this hill and delegates from all parts of the world with heads bowed in memory to those they felt had died so that there should be this new China they had come to greet, a China that stood up, an example and a strength to all others who would stand up so that the misery and the hopelessness of so many generations might be cast off and the people laugh again.

This afternoon we visited another place of martyrs—the ex-Catholic orphanage where hundreds of children had died of neglect and starvation. It was good to see with our own eyes the children that had been saved, to see the sane and human care with which they as well as babies brought in after the People's Government had taken charge were being treated.

For after looking at pages and pages of the terrible registers that had been kept by the foreign "sisters" and hearing some of the children's own stories it was impossible to believe in either the sanity or the humanity of those who had been responsible.

Page after page, the child's entry, its baptism, and a few months, a year afterwards, its death. No other details appeared on the forms, except the Christian name—the name given at baptism—in French.

One of the surviving children, a girl now about 13, told us that she had been sold to an old man who was mentally diseased. She was raped by him but managed after a while to escape through a window and ran back to the orphanage, the only other home she knew. She was punished for running away by being shut up in a stable and given no food for a week. Her small friends managed to steal some and give to her to keep her alive.

Hearing and seeing the very complete evidence gathered was like looking at a germ warfare exhibition and realising that the whole thing is terribly and shockingly true.

October 27th (written at Yangchow) "These are turbine blades. We have made them in Nanking," and I looked at the beautiful things and remembered the old engineer who had laughed at me when I said that China had the power to stand on her own feet. "Why, there's no gasoline, no heavy industry! Do you realise, you poor man, what it takes to make a turbine blade? What has gone into the knowledge that produces just that one thing?"

That was some years ago and the foreign engineer is sitting in his New York office still. I only wish he could have been here today and seen these turbine blades—and all the other inventions of the people of Nanking, on exhibition at the Workers' Palace of Culture and Rest there.

There were radio tubes, scientific instruments, electrical appliances, communications material and so on, right down to the

textiles such as velvets and tapestry for which Nanking was so famous in the past and which have now been brought to new stages of perfection.

"Three thousand people a day come to the Workers' Palace and the exhibition is a very much frequented part," our guide told us.

We left Nanking in the early morning and went down to Chinkiang, escorted to the river boat by bands of *yangko* dancers, by people's organisations, singing and shouting "Long Live Peace!"; and as the boat drew out, the reflections of the people's clothing, their banners and their red drums gleamed up from the Yangtse in spite of its silt-laden water.

The arrival by bus and car in Yangchow, the city where Marco Polo was once the Governor during the Yuan (Mongol) Dynasty, was a vivid one also. I think all of the delegates will remember the massed band of *yangko* dancers here and the enthusiasm of the people on the streets who had lined up to greet us. Yangchow's streets, like those in most interior cities, have been modernised, drains put in, etc.

We were to spend the next several days inspecting another big section of the Huai River Conservancy project and this first afternoon was given to looking at the excellent models and maps of the work in the areas we were to visit.

In the evening there was a song and dance show put over by the theatrical group of the village with freshness and spirit, and one also felt that the actors and the audience were very much in harmony.

THE HUAI RIVER
—GRAND CANAL AREA OF NORTH KIANGSU—
1952

October 28th "That was where Han Hsin sat and fished. There was a peasant woman who gave him a meal when he was hungry," the Chinese friend who was with us in the car pointed out the great stone that marked the place, and I thought of the areas so far west where the battles at the beginning of the Han Dynasty, two hundred years before Christ, took place—Shwangshihpu, where we had had our Gung Ho school, near Miao Tai Tse where the companion of Han Hsin, Chang Liang, is buried. These put the first Han Emperor on the throne and therefore could not be forgiven for their ability. In our today, the famous son of Huai-an, the ancient Huai River town we were approaching so rapidly, Chou En-lai, is helping to bring in a new day when man need not be jealous of his neighbour.

The ride from Yangchow along the bank of the Grand Canal was a wonderful one. Through Kao Yu and then Pao Ing Hsien seeing the work on a new ship lock in the Grand Canal going forward swiftly—the workers crowding down to welcome and farewell us and looking a solid chunk of North Kiangsu as they stood together with bare brown arms and legs, the afternoon sun shining on them, the new masters busy putting their house in order.

We went to a finished sluice gate and looked down the great wide canal that had been dug to take off flood water. The engineers patiently explained what was being done and why, and we learned how the large Kao Pao Lake which runs alongside the Grand Canal for miles would have 1,500,000 *mou* of land reclaimed from it which would be used as a farm for mechanised agriculture.

After seeing some of the work in the headwaters of the Huai last summer it is good on this trip to see what is being done in the eastern sections—the new construction and new plans which, going so resolutely into action, are bringing fresh courage and hope to all the millions of this huge area.

Almost the whole of the hundred mile run from Yangchow to Huai-an was lined with people—people from the fields, from the boats on the Grand Canal, from the cottages, the villages and the cities we passed through. Everywhere they clapped and shouted, "Long Live Peace!" Everywhere there were peace posters and slogans streaming across walls and the sides of houses also shouting "Long Live Peace!" and "Peoples of the World Join Together!"

October 30th A really full day, starting off in the morning and going west from Huai-an to the Hung-tse Lake and then around the southeastern side along the top of the old dyke which has held up through centuries so well.

The great squared stone slabs that face the advancing waters of the lake when it is in flood stand solidly. The iron cows that were once symbols of heavenly protection against flood are now somewhat on the shelf. For the thousands of workers on the shipping lock at Kao Liang and the sixty thousand who are busy on the Huai River outlet control sluice gates are thinking in other terms. They have come to believe in themselves and in their own strength to get things done and the tremendous job which was begun only a few months back is already well on the way. The girl students superintending the cement work are kept busy at the base, and long lines of men with flags denoting the various North Kiangsu counties from which they have come, weave back and forth in endless motion carrying out the earth in baskets.

A construction job of this size, being done in so short a time, is a thrilling thing to watch. The carpenters, the blacksmiths, the layers of light railways, the carriers of stone, sand, the fleet of junks sailing majestically up to the jetties with supplies of all kinds—all of this in its bustle and its life, its strong peasant figures, its sense of concerted movement, is the new China in action.

I went round to where the workers of Kao Yu county had their

temporary huts and sat in the office of the section talking to two lads I picked at random from the group who came to welcome me.

Tsao Chang-chu was 19, third son in his family of six people. He was a member of the mutual aid team and had volunteered to come and work on the Huai and would not go home until the work was finished. He has had four years at school and writes quite well. From the look of him I should hazard a guess that his family was once a landlord's or rich peasant's.

The next was Ku Ren-fu who had had two years in a primary school and was now eighteen. He, too, was of a family of six. Asked if the others at home would not miss him, he said, no, they had arranged to share his work between them.

I asked what plans they had for continuing their education and they both felt that they should go to night classes and winter classes after their work on the Huai was finished.

On the boat home—we left our cars and were brought by ferry down a newly made canal to Huai-an—we talked with Labour Heroes. Hsu Sao-ing, the first, was a man with a fine clear mind and quite a command of the national language as well as his native North Kiangsu dialect. He had volunteered for the 8th Route Army when he was a lad, leaving the army many years later after being wounded twice. He had gone back to his village and played a leading part in organisation there. He had led his mutual aid team to the Huai and had helped them win great honour through their work there. He stayed to help interpret to our ace Peking interpreter, Comrade T'ang, the broad dialect of Yu Ren, a woman Labour Hero who told us of the incredible amount of earth moved on the job for which she was responsible. "What, you yourself?" came the question from one of our westerners used to the idea of personal heroism. "Of course not—the group of fourteen to which I belong," came the answer.

She was a tough, able woman, this, and when she told us how every member of her group washed and changed their clothes regularly and cleaned up their encampments one did not doubt it. Before liberation she was a washer-woman and her husband looked after the landlord's water buffaloes. Now they have land. She has a son at school. Yes, there was another child who died in 1931, the year when the big flood came and she held her infant above the tide till she could hold him no longer. Twenty years

later she could not restrain her tears at this memory and shook as she spoke.

And now? The small bright eyes twinkled in the weathered brown face. Her home troubles are over. Crops off their own land were the best yet—a bumper harvest. On the Huai she has a good strong team, the assistant-head (a man) a skilled worker. All the joy of a human being given scope for ability that for half her life had been wasted in fruitless struggle, shone in her firm, good-humoured country face. Later, at the guest house, she joined us for supper and toasted the New Zealand people with warmth and sincerity.

Chang Fa was a pockmarked, middle-aged man who said quietly, "It's not easy to be a Model Worker!" He has eleven in his family and after Land Reform they got 39 *mou* of land.

He talked of the Japanese imperial army and the KMT and said that one was as bad as the other as far as the peasants were concerned. He himself had been a hired hand and was beaten many times by the landlord for whom he worked. That was all in the past now. Since coming to the Huai he had put his mind to the working out of new methods to speed up production and these had been adopted with great success, earning him his title of "Model Worker".

October 31st We got up this morning at 5 a.m. The workers' sanatorium on the banks of the Grand Canal near Huai-an was a very comfortable place to spend the night—taking our two hundred odd people with ease.

At dawn we heard the sounds of the farmers singing as they led their water buffaloes out to the autumn ploughing. One could just begin to distinguish the colours of the gorgeous chrysanthemums outside the dining room hall as, having breakfast, we got underway.

The hundred and fifty kilometres back to Yangchow was, as it had been on the way therefrom, lined with peasants, workers, school children shouting "Long Live Peace!" Yangchow gave us a terrific send-off after one of those meals at which all the delegates protest there is too much food but at which everyone seems able to eat vast quantities.

Unforgettable as had been the three days in the Huai River

country it was good to get back on the Peace Train again—a very charming moving home where between bouts of diary-keeping one can look out at the ever-changing scenery of the ever-changing countryside of new China.

Comrade Yang, the leader of our group, was a peasant who went to the guerilla armies as a boy. He buys and reads T'ang poetry and is a great fund of information on places of historical interest. At Chinkiang, after we had been farewelled by the people, he came to tell me the stories of Chin San Ssu, of the orphan island, and others. He often looks out at a peasant working in the field and says, "It would be nice to work in the sun and have those good meals of cabbage and gruel again." In his quiet way without any apparent effort, he is efficient and very able. Which is just one more proof of a thing proved so often, that China's peasant lads, with teaching at the right time, can do well at anything.

Down through Changchow in the dusk with the maze of power lines, telegraph lines, crossing the countryside, one realised how far industrialism had come in these years and the great leap ahead that would be made within the first Five-Year Plan. I write this on the train which, in an hour or two, will draw into Shanghai, that city once of so many tears and now of so much laughter; the industrial giant with so great a future as peace opens up the trade routes of the world again. The pain of the old day is giving place to the joy of opportunity on a vast scale, for everywhere on the Huai one saw Shanghai workers and the fruits of their technique, just as one does in so many other parts of China.

There is no mistaking the desire for peace that grips everyone now. Posters are for peace, slogans are for peace, the cry for peace followed us from city to city from village to village as we passed through the autumn countryside.

SHANGHAI, 1952

November 1st The welcome last night was a great mass of people shouting "Long Live Peace!" I had twisted my foot early in the day when being ferried across the Canal, so leaned somewhat heavily on the bright lass who escorted me out to the waiting cars.

Now today, while the rest have gone to see the sights, I stay in my hotel room overlooking the French Club. From here I can see the flats in the ex-Route Paul Henry where I spent my last nine months in Shanghai at the end of 1937 and the beginning of 1938. The interpreter of a Soviet delegate has just come in to ask after my foot. He was enthusiastic about the newly-opened Workers' Sanatorium they had been to see this morning. "A very beautiful place—such floors, such furnishing!" waving his hand around at the ex-Cathay Mansions rooms.

Today's fun, however, has been looking down at the Young Pioneers Day in the grounds of the ex-French Club. Rather like a dream come true, for how often in the time of "deep night" did we look at the parks and gardens of Shanghai and wonder if the people who ought to use such would ever get the chance to do so. And now, thousands of kids—where once the bored and overfed westerners disported themselves in an occasional game of tennis and lolled around the swimming pools calling for drinks to scurrying waiters.

Yes, the French Club is now a Young Pioneers' park. As I look down at the moment two kids are having a race round the green on ponies. There have been athletic sports today, massed gymnastic exercises, folk dancing and speeches. The place is alight with flags of various schools and with peace flags. Every now and then the "Long Live Peace" slogan comes up from one

or the other of the groups. Long-legged kids chase each other around, full of life and energy.

One remembers, twenty-five years ago, in this Club, seeing Guards officers with impossible and pretentious titles eating snails; and a bored figure in the corner who was royalty in the British Navy, bored with too much attention and seemingly bored with everything.

Now the place built with Chinese hands with the wealth of the people of China has reverted to its owners, who are not bored with life, and who are enjoying it as the works of people's hands should be enjoyed.

Justice does come if people keep on struggling for it.

November 2nd Last night I had a guest to dinner and to spend the evening. He was Wu Chia-lin, a worker in a small privately-owned factory in Yangtsepoo, making spare parts for bicycles. He had a natural grace common in Chinese workers, ate his foreign meal without shyness nor awkwardness and told his story with simple directness.

He was born in Hangchow, 25 years ago, the second son of a peasant paper-maker. When he was six, he was sent to a peasant school for three years, and when he was 13, to be helper to a paper-maker friend of his father's who lived in Wusih, in Kiangsu. Three years later he returned home to Hangchow, to help his father. The elder brother had gone to be a machine-shop apprentice in Shanghai, introduced by some distant relatives who were Shanghai workers. Wu Chia-lin took his place in the family work.

After the Japanese came to Hangchow living became almost impossible. The kids could sometimes get a meal with their mother's elder brother, who was a peasant and tried to help them as much as he could. They did not mind being naked so much as they dreaded the gnawing pangs of hunger. The only grain they could get was of the poorest kind—the leavings usually fed to animals—and for years they did not taste rice. The father starved himself so that the others could eat. Sometimes the kids would get work cutting the grass along the railway line for the Japanese would need it clean; but the pay for a day's work was not enough to buy a day's food, ever.

In 1945, just before the end of the war, the father died of

starvation. He was then forty-one. Just about the same time the eldest son was killed by an American bomb that was dropped on Shanghai before the surrender. He was an apprentice in a small machine shop in Kunping Road. There was now no way to make paper even had there been a market for it. Wu Chia-lin, with the help of the same worker relatives who had found his brother a place, came to Shanghai and became an apprentice in a bicycle parts factory. It was the property of a man who had been a driver for the Japanese and had amassed enough money to go into business with his relatives and friends—nine of them in all, none with any technical knowledge, except, perhaps, the accountant. They hired a few skilled workers but most of the working force consisted of unpaid kids, "apprentices" so-called. They worked a regular twelve-hour day, usually with three more hours after supper. The two days' holiday a month given to the skilled workers were spent by the apprentices repairing machines and cleaning up the factory.

No water was allowed for washing. The water came through a meter and had to be paid for so the management did not intend to waste it on apprentices. The apprentices stacked their greasy bedding in the corner of the workshop and spread it out by the machines at night.

It did not do to get sick as there was no treatment. That, too, cost money. When a punch press amputated a finger only one visit to the hospital was allowed. When another finger was crushed and spread out, it was tied up with a dirty rag and work was gone on with. Wu Chia-lin held up his right hand for me to look at; a good, useful hand in spite of the amputation and the crushed finger top. He looked at it contemplatively himself for a moment and then gave a short, bitter laugh, "The factory owner said I was careless," he said.

"Did the factory owner beat you?" I asked. "Oh, yes, frequently, especially when he was drunk and when he lost at gambling. He also set the old skilled workers against the apprentices. He kept us as divided as possible. The old workers were not then like they are now, showing us everything they know. Then they kept their knowledge to themselves and we would have to curry favour with them, carry water and do anything they wanted. They had no wives—they were too poor for that. Now,

since liberation, all have married. Now they have homes and are better-tempered with everyone. Now all the apprentices have become workers and we have only one new apprentice. We have clean places to sleep, clean clothes, we are members of the Union, we go to evening schools three times a week, to singing class once a week and generally spend Sunday in the Workers' Palace of Culture and Rest.

"A number of our small factories have been banded together and we have a clinic with three doctors, two nurses and one helper to look after our health. Our workers go off to sanatoriums at times and only yesterday two were sent off to a technical college for higher training. All workers in our factory are literate and most have now reached the 5th year primary school stage."

Wu Chia-lin himself has reached the Middle School stage and after he has completed his present studies he, too, will go full time to a technical college. His younger brother has also come to Shanghai now and is an apprentice in another bicycle spare parts factory in the same area. He had reached the 5th year of primary education and would soon be a worker. The brothers like to talk about the next stage of socialism, envisaging one big factory for making bicycle parts, with not so many owners and their relations and better scope for the workers to plan production more efficiently. But that was for the future. In the meantime they were determined to learn and fit themselves for bigger things.

Last year Wu Chia-lin went home to see his mother and stayed the five days of the Lunar New Year holiday with her. His wages are sufficient for his and her wants now and she is naturally keen to see him married soon. He and his younger brother plan to go home together this coming New Year. No, there was no difficulty now about proper holiday leave, and recently his younger brother had got special leave to go and visit their mother because she was sick.

Wu Chia-lin's factory has 44 workers and they work the nine and a half hour day common to small privately-owned factories. This is a very big advance from the 12 to 15-hour day worked before, but they plan to reduce it in time to the eight-hour day already achieved by the state-owned factories because their level of efficiency in production is higher.

The factory has 4' and 6' lathes, a planer, six punch presses,

five drill presses and equipment for bench work. It does chromium plating, and has the buffing equipment needed for this operation.

After liberation and on hearing of the American attack on Korea and the Chinese border two workers joined the Chinese Volunteers and the others pledged to keep up production while they were gone. Political study is now being very seriously undertaken by all; that is the study of the social principles and economic theory upon which the new society is based, clear understanding of which is essential to each individual if he is to play his part successfully in the planned work of the smaller group which is his factory and the larger group which is his country.

The level of understanding, says Wu Chia-lin thoughtfully, has been considerably raised this year. Even the owner-manager has improved, he adds, but does not dwell on this subject for too long. The bitterness of the past is not so easily forgotten. But now the mind is given to other things. Production is being undertaken consciously with every facet studied and understood. Every worker knows that the building up of livelihood is in his own hands. The once-dreaded figure of the employer who had the power to offer the choice between starvation and life on the lowest level has become somewhat shadowy; he will be judged now by his usefulness to others and not by his ability to grab power and profit for himself; and if he does not contribute his quota he will soon be the forgotten man.

It was good to have met Wu Chia-lin. His quiet, intelligent face and the quick smile showing strong white teeth, his enthusiasm for the new day and his warmth will leave a lasting impression. For these who have been through the fire a new life of opportunity waits. There can be no doubt that their able hands will grasp it and use it to the fullest.

November 3rd "I was particularly asked to see the race course in Shanghai," a New Zealand peace delegate told me as we entered the gates of the old race club. "A rumour has been spread that a great, high fence had been erected round it and that it was being used by tanks and mechanised army men and that the people were scared."

We went up on to the top balcony, the reception room of the Shanghai Museum, which is above the great Shanghai Library.

We looked over the old race course, now a public park where some hundred thousand people danced, sang, played games and walked together. There was a children's corner with swings, wheels and so on. There were rock gardens, bridges and streams giving a landscape effect.

In the light of the setting sun, with the mist stealing over the ground, the cries of kids shouting at each other and the background of traffic din from Nanking Road, it was an animated and yet peaceful scene. The dread picture conjured up by the operators of the "big lie" technique, of "great, high walls", "mechanised men", "tanks" and the rest of it, shrivelled like the wicked witch in a fairy tale, in the light of the good truth.

We turned away reluctantly and went into the Museum and the Library, there to find many more interesting additions since my last visit to Shanghai in August, and the library more crowded with readers than ever.

HANGCHOW, 1952

November 4th Yesterday, coming down from Shanghai, the autumn colours and the farmers digging for the next crop, the hemp standing to be cut, some of the new rice crop already sprouting upwards in its, to me, always miraculously swift way, were restful sights.

The farmers were still in summer clothes, some with their shirts off, tanning their backs in the pleasant sun. China's revolution has touched them, all right, as one can see by the better clothing and the sturdy bodies. And now the need to carry the vast peasantry forward, to keep up with their aspiration for better living in the future, is producing organisation for the production of industrial material, better communications, etc. on a breathtaking scale. Almost all the peasantry, for instance, need new housing, not in scattered huts taking up valuable land but in cooperative centres. All need new implements. All want careers in industry for some of their children. The whole process will certainly be carried through, but the demands of it stagger the imagination somewhat. Only the new social thinking could conceive it.

This morning we have been to see the railway workers' sanatorium and rest house on the shores of the West Lake; a very lovely home once the property of a Manchu Dynasty official, a first-grade mandarin with ten concubines who are buried near him in a beautiful park adjoining the house. In a corner of this park reserved for family graves is that of the scholar who lived on the bounty of the family and who no doubt was not only responsible for the bamboo tablets carved with poems to butterfly and tree, bird and morning mist that hang at the doors but also for designing much of the beauty of house and grounds.

Anyhow, the railwaymen like it all very much; the curios, ornaments, pictures, the beautiful carved chairs and tables, the

big rooms with latticed windows overlooking the quiet lake, where they can sit and play cards, read and relax from their work of cleaning locomotives, punching tickets, tending railway track. Old and young workers, all wearing their railway badge, seemed very much at home in their new surroundings.

At the edge of the lake we counted some fifty-two new boats moored there. There were more being built in the courtyard of the hotel. They were for the youth movement of the city, where as elsewhere in new China, outdoor sports are being encouraged; in this case water sports and races.

Planning is going on for more rest homes, parks, the repair of old historic monuments, reafforestation. It is expected that with the reafforestation of the total park area of hills around Hangchow the summer temperature will be reduced by five degrees.

Getting into conversation with one of the boatmen as we crossed the lake I found that he knew where New Zealand was and that it had beautiful scenery, in some parts like that of Hangchow. He said he had seen the big neon-lighted map of the Asian and Pacific region on the main street and that a student had told him about the countries. He had read in the newspaper about the delegates coming from these countries, so had asked.

The Hangchow Hemp Factory is a terrific adventure into modern industry and housing of workers, using modern ideas of space and now crowding of accommodation into small compounds as before. The well-lighted, comfortable dormitories for the single men seemed more like students' than workers' rooms and this impression was heightened by library and playing fields where athletic-looking young men, bronzed and in singlets and shorts in the still warm autumn evening, were tossing a basket-ball around.

The development of the hemp industry is bringing in a great new income and the cooperative farm of the future will bring in more hemp than ever for then the dry and the wet farming land will be better divided than in the present patchy, individual-farming manner.

To the huge new factory already in operation another great building has just been added to take seven thousand more workers. It had all been built, the workers told us proudly, with Chinese-made machinery; and in the factory new machines had been de-

signed to fit the size of local lasses who operate them, so that the women will not, in future, be tired out and their efficiency reduced, with unnecessary reaching and stretching. The treatment of women is very advanced here. The young mother gets 56 days off to have her baby. She can keep the baby in the nursery and gets an hour and a half off each day for breast feeding. If her milk is not enough, the factory supplies extra food at the factory's expense. The mother loses no wages at any stage. The babies in the nursery were certainly bright-looking youngsters.

Kindergarten, barber's shops, hospital, shower baths, a co-operative with a full range of consumer goods, a laundry looking after workers' clothes at one-third less than outside prices, houses for married workers spaced out in well-kept gardens, were all part of this big new industrial centre.

November 5th (on train through South Chekiang) Last evening, in Hangchow, when the rest of the group went off to see Shaohsing Opera, I stayed at home and wrote. The typewriter attracted one of the young hotel workers so I stopped and profited by the moment to ask him about his life.

He was Hsieh Ssu-kwing, a native of Mokanshan. I remembered Mokanshan as the summer resort of Shanghai foreigners escaping the heat and not wealthy enough to go off to the northern coasts and other more distant places in the summer. During the war it was front-line territory between the Communist New Fourth Army and the Japanese.

Hsieh Ssu-kwing was one of four boys who had come down from Mokanshan to work in this guest house. He had left his father and mother in Mokanshan. They had been against his coming, for it was a government-owned guest house and he would be working for the government; and they had said all their lives that it was madness to have anything to do with governments or the political parties that were always fighting against one another.

"But they changed after they were given land in Land Reform," said their son. "They still lived up on the hill but they came down to the flat to cultivate their ground." A strong, wiry lad, with the good teeth so many Chinese have and a sparkle in his eyes, he was a keen student of politics. "The farmers are slow to understand. The reactionaries always tried to make a division

between them and the workers. Even a poor peasant would often support the rotten old landlord class if they happened to be a bit kind to him, throw him a few favours. Is it the same in New Zealand?" I had to admit that it often was. "Yes," he said, "it's about the same everywhere in the old world."

He went on to tell stories of how the Japanese would come and tie people up, beat them and kill in order to strike terror into them all. Then when the KMT came back, they in turn would throw out the bedding, tear down walls looking for loot. Both Japanese and KMT always demanded rice. The KMT took young men away to be soldiers; those who were taken never seemed to return.

He felt that in trying to help the delegates as much as he could he was doing a good work for peace. "We can only make peace if we all work together for it," he said. "How is the peace movement in New Zealand? Is your government fooled by the Americans, too?" And I had to admit that it was, but that almost everyone certainly did want peace.

When we left he came down to shake hands with a friendly grin and a cheerful word and one felt it was good to have known him.

* * *

We have just stopped for a while at Kinhua. Looking out of the train window as I type, old struggles in Gung Ho come to mind, memories of advancing Japanese, KMT soldiers turning bandit and trying to loot our cooperatives as we tried to evacuate them, our members resisting and killing the killers with stones, wrestling rifles away with which to protect themselves; of the chief bandit, Ku Tso-tung, who had Meng Shiu-tseng, our chief organiser here, arrested and sent off to Chungking in charge of a batch of gendarmes.

Now to look at the little town and the surrounding country all seems prosperous, solid, beautiful, with hills of blue in their tumbled masses, fields of sugar-cane, rice fields, solid houses, camphor trees on grave mounds, peasants threshing, water-buffalos ploughing, buckwheat and corn being taken in, all so quiet and gentle. The deep sun-tan on the farmers' backs, the vivid blue of the new homespun shorts they wear, the growth of the young

trees on the hills covering the bare patches of red soil with green, and the deep reds and yellows of the ginko, candleberry and fruit trees.

Soon we shall be through Chekiang and into Kiangsi. Now is Chiang San where once Gung Ho people alighted to go down through Fukien to our work in Pucheng and Yenping. It, too, looks as though it had never seen those days of terror and distress, that eight years of Japanese occupation and many more of KMT misrule.

CANTON, 1952

November 7th "No, I do not think that there will be any welcome today," I said, in answer to a question. "Between three and four in the morning, you see." Yet as the Peace Train drew into the Canton station after two days on the rails through Chekiang, Kiangsi and Hunan, there was a band playing and masses of children, workers and students, Young Pioneers with flowers, Buddhist monks to speed the Burmese monks travelling through, and as warm a welcome as we had had anywhere.

The lass who took me out of the station to the waiting-room where we were to be entertained with cakes and tea before going on to our hotel, was fourteen years old, had six brothers, three of whom were with the Chinese Volunteers, and intended to be a tractor driver when she grew up. Her family had lived at Ing Teh during the Japanese occupation and had come down to Canton to be small traders afterwards. One brother was a teacher, two others students. I asked her if there was anything I could give her as a souvenir and she asked if I had a postcard of Tien An Men in Peking; all the kids were collecting postcards. I did not, but did have one of the Dr. Sun Yat-sen home in Shanghai, now a national monument, with which she was very satisfied.

It was dawn by the time we reached our hotel on the banks of the Pearl River and early workers were beginning to move about. The river in the half-light, lanterns still glimmering from the mastheads of the crowded shipping, was very beautiful. As the sun got up I saw the great bridge that had been blown up by Chiang Kai-shek in the last days of the KMT, now back in use again.

Today the whole city is dressed with flags for the anniversary of the Russian Revolution and the beginning of people's power.

Many of the streets here are lined with evergreens for protection from the hot southern sun and the bright flags under the green branches look very gay.

Down the main streets the big bookshops are doing a roaring trade, as in all Chinese cities of today. Looking for some of the old lanes I had known I found them so cleaned up as to be almost unrecognisable.

After lunch we went out to see the Tomb of the Seventy-two Martyrs, a band of young workers and students, some of them returned from overseas, who were massacred during the early days of the overthrow of the corrupt Manchu Dynasty. The tomb and the tablets of stone inscribed with messages from overseas Chinese in many parts of the world—America, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, Peru, Costa Rica, Tahiti, and others—have been very well kept. Children dancing in the beautiful gardens surrounding the monument gave us a great ovation, and pulled us in to join in their dancing and singing. We signed lots of autograph books and I hoisted one small boy up to my head, much to his delight.

We went on then to see the new stadium which had been cut out of the rock at the far end of the valley to which the KMT used to drag political prisoners and shoot them. The stadium will seat over fifty thousand and as we looked down on it we saw the kids training hard for races. At the back of the stadium is a Palace of Culture with facilities for games, exhibitions and so on. The swimming pool to which we went next, was also being fitted up for contests. Although it is the end of the first week in November the weather is so warm that we are still in shorts, so that the pool looked inviting. However, there was not time to dally too long and we went on to see the great Sun Yat-sen Auditorium where six thousand people can congregate for mass meetings and where interesting work has been carried out to improve acoustics and reduce echo.

One's impressions after the first day in Canton was that the city was a going concern and that the organised power of the people militant had thoroughly cleaned out the nest of corruption, vice and misery that was Canton in the last mad days of the KMT regime; a time when so much evil had been done in the name of "government" that the people had come to hate and fear the very word.

Of all Chinese cities, Canton has perhaps suffered most: the first impact of colonial imperialism and the opium wars, the shells from foreign gunboats bursting into the city, the intrigues and the fortune hunters backed by the British Navy and the British taxpayer and later by all the might of America, the gangster feudal elements who, linked with these, have been able to take over government and use it for their own ends.

Then the armies of the liberation came and basic change set in. The mess of the past is being cleaned up, the ravages of war removed, slum areas cleared away, great new housing projects getting underway; all these works are on the basis of and accompanied by strongly built people's organisations and people's understanding.

The streets of Canton are filled with varied life. Everywhere they contain not only the sellers but also the makers—the machine sawmill in a shop front, the blacksmith, the fitter with a few lathes, the welders, the makers of crucibles for glass works, the brushmakers, the cutters of seals, the tailors, bootmakers, ropemakers and tinsmiths. One guesses that these will have their place for a long time to come yet, for the bigger industrial units will set about the basic things of industry first—the communications, iron, steel, machines to make more machines, mines and all the rest.

The power of Canton in the lives of over ten million overseas Chinese will also be great. The new, regenerated Canton City will give them confidence and much encouragement and, more and more, their children will come here to school and return to tell their parents of the great advances being made.

November 8th This morning we set out to see a paper factory; a paper factory that has had a trying past. First planned in 1933, the buildings were begun and machinery brought in from Sweden and Czechoslovakia before the anti-Japanese war.

The factory began to operate in September 1938, only to fall victim to the onrushing Japanese militarists who moved all the important machinery to a factory of their own in Hokkaido, Japan. There it stayed until after the victory when it was brought back damaged.

No very serious progress with the restoration of the factory

was made until after liberation when, in 1949, the People's Government set to work to put the whole factory into going order, making, in the machine shops of the factory, all the parts that had been broken or lost, so that by February, 1951, the mill was working. Today we saw the big rolls of newsprint going off on trucks, being loaded on barges on the Pearl River for other places and entering the printing works of the daily newspapers.

The pulp is not all made in the mill. Quite a large per cent comes from the farmers round about who have now a ready market for the pulp they can send in. This, combined with the pulp that comes from fir logs and that from waste material, produces a good, strong paper.

Water is pumped from the river into filter tanks and from there pumped through the mill system. The work goes along without any apparent stress or strain and the workers look strong and healthy. Production has already risen 20 per cent above the estimated capacity. There are 33 model workers, of whom one, Ho Chin-yin, has distinguished himself by repairing a turbine considered hopelessly damaged. The factory has all the usual modern workers' amenities, including a garden of flowers, shaded with great trees and overlooking the river, a delightful place to rest in this warm autumn afternoon, and one could imagine what it would mean to workers in the humid heat of the Canton summer.

This afternoon we took a motor launch and went up river to a village in some of the delta country which lies around the city. Hsi Lang village was once the headquarters of a group of bandits who used to operate in these parts, composed, in the main, of the poorer relatives of landlords who were always spared their depredations. It was an area where floods were prevalent and where, of the total 3,000 *mou* of land, 1,600 was owned by the landlords, most of whom lived in the city.

We looked with considerable admiration at the new dyke which has turned a large area of what was reed-covered swamp into good rice land, at the new highway running towards Chung San, at the clean, whitewashed village office, and the school, and were not so surprised when we asked an old worn peasant of 51, half blind and with face wrinkled with the cares of the past, what he wanted now, to get the answer, "Nothing!"

"But there must be something still better to work for," we

urged, and pressed for an answer, on which he sat thoughtfully for a while and then said that already they had increased the yield from two piculs per *mou* to seven, and so he thought that with more care and better fertiliser they might even get to ten piculs per *mou,* and that would be very good. Another peasant we went to sit with had five daughters. Better to have daughters than sons, in his opinion; they got more done. Moreover, if he'd had sons in the KMT times they'd have been conscripted anyway.

His old mother, aged 88, hobbled out to see us and her daughter-in-law hastened to get her a stool and answer her questions. "What are they talking about?" she demanded, pointing at us. "They are talking about Land Reform," the daughter shouted in her ear. "What was that? What was that?" asked the old lady, cupping her ear. "Land Reform, Land Reform!" the daughter persisted until at length she grasped the idea. "Oh-h, Land Reform!" she said and looked at us benignly. She and all the others, down to the smallest child, knew what this meant, and that peace had something to do with it.

Land Reform has given back to the peasants of this village the more than half the total acreage that before had been monopolised by a few landlord families and used for their own benefit. The rents paid to them were fantastic; if a flood came, money would have to be borrowed to pay the landlord for the grain ruined. Almost all of the rice went in taxes and rent. The peasant lived on the subsidiary little things he could grow. "Lived" was hardly the word, for he barely existed. Every year in summer there would be epidemics and ten deaths from disease a year was common. In the three years following liberation no one has died from infectious disease. There is a health movement, there are clinics, everyone is inoculated as a matter of course.

Three times as many children as before now go to school. The purchasing power of the peasant is such that he can now, for instance, buy a boat. Camphor wood must come from a long way off and a boat is a pretty expensive thing to buy.

Now our motor boats pulled out in the dusk, with all the villagers, clad in the black oiled silk which the southerners say is the coolest wear for the hot summer months, standing on the bank and waving us goodbye—another pleasant memory to keep amongst the many others of this trip.

November 9th The railway workers in Canton City have really spread themselves, with the help of the people's government, in making their livelihood fit in with their ideas of what workers' livelihood should be.

The great new recreation centre in Tungshan, the modern cinema, meeting halls, rooms for dancing, kindergartens and primary schools and the most scientific type of workers' housing that can be evolved to suit the climate—these are some of the highlights.

I talked to a group of children at the primary school. Two lads, one from Fukien and the other from Honan, talked of how best to stop American planes coming over China. Aged 11 and 12 respectively, they had plenty of ideas. "Our jets will get on their tails," said young Honan, "then we shall force them down and we shall get their plane and their pilot together." Young Fukien said, "And then we shall be able to tell the American pilots something, so that they will understand their bad government." Honan sat on a swing, rocking backwards and forwards, and laughed.

Over at the housing project two other young hopefuls came over and extended their hands gripping ours firmly. One was from Liaosi Province in the Northeast and the other from Changshan county in Kwantung. They were friends. We went to see the family of young Changshan, finding his grandmother, a very gentle old lady in the sixties, proud of her son and her five grandchildren and of the new house that dealt so neatly and adequately with their family problem. "To be a railway technician now is a great thing," she said. It is very obvious that the days in these pleasant rooms overlooking the railway tracks and the community centre will, more and more, be full of meaning for the people who live in them.

Sun Yat-sen University was the show place of the Kuomintang in the old days before the Japanese invasion. Set amongst the hills and the groves of eucalyptus trees, blending the modern with the splendid architectural tradition of old China, today these buildings house the South China Engineering and the South China Agricultural Colleges.

When we came in students gave us a tumultuous welcome, among them many overseas Chinese who came up and spoke to us

in English. They looked a happy and healthy lot and one envies them the terrific future that lies ahead for them in all their work.

At the South China Engineering College we saw the electrical testing laboratory where students were being taught how to test for ohms, volts, amperes, etc., and then went over to the insecticide department of the Agricultural College where insecticides from locally grown plants are being prepared to combat common local pests. This branch of research has made rapid strides in a very short time and we were interested to see the lack of the common pests in the various gardens we passed through.

On the way back we drove past a great school, being enlarged and converted into a new training school for teachers. There is no question but that the teachers will be forthcoming for the vast network of new educational establishments that will shortly cover the entire country.

We spent the afternoon around recreational centres. In the People's Park of Culture and Rest, formerly the Confucian temple where in the old days officials knelt in obeisance at the correct seasons, there was a vivid scene.

In the great hall workers closed round us and danced with enthusiasm. One lad who was a worker in a toothpaste factory struck up a friendship with me. He had danced as though he were on springs in the hall and had dragged me into his group, and soon I met workers who make electric flash-lights, girls who mended busses, bus conductors and all manner of people, reading in the library, playing basketball, watching the fountains play in the front court or looking at the exhibitions on display.

The autumn flowers—chrysanthemums of all colours, make the place very bright as they did when, having crossed the bridge over the Pearl River, we saw the Labour Unions' Home of Culture and Rest. The girls there who took us around were workers in a cloth printing factory and wore full, long embroidered skirts of Russian peasant style.

In this place was reserved a very old stone carved pagoda of excellent workmanship. The front courts were still in the hands of the Buddhist monks and their sad, smoky gilt images peered through the darkness, with old men sitting in the doorways. The contrast between the two ideologies expressed struck the casual visitor with considerable force.

The big steel bridge we crossed has been the scene of much carnage. In their efforts to smash it in 1938 the Japanese militarists blew up the surrounding houses with bombs; and in 1949, Chiang Kai-shek's troops, then in retreat, blew up the bridge again, killing a busful of people as well as people in the shops nearby and passing boatmen. This crime is remembered with considerable bitterness and many people told me of it in detail. There was not even the excuse that the bridge was on the line of retreat; it was not. It was one of the many crazy, vicious acts perpetrated by the Kuomintang before the country was finally rid of them.

November 10th Today we went to the museum and looked at the ancient water clock of the Yuan Dynasty, and at the recent finds from graves of the Han, dug up during local construction; and looked over Canton City from the height of the old Ming five-storied tower, now a museum for the people. Now that the people have come to regard the museum as their own and to take pride in it they often bring in relics they have unearthed.

The exhibition of paintings of the T'aiping Revolution was very interesting but it was still more fascinating to look over this great, bustling city with its million and a half capable people who will be able to do so much in this new day. I was reminded of an article I had read, discussing the possibilities of the hot air turbine, saying that should a people, as, for instance, the Chinese, get hold of it and exploit its uses there would be such a revolution in industrial development that beside it the progress made so far by the industrially advanced countries would pale into insignificance.

Passing through the streets of Canton is always a fascinating experience. So much is being done in so many ways; the new cleanliness—clean, scrubbed legs, swept streets, absence of flies; new point duty posts shining with chromium-plated fixtures; the policeman who goes over to help the worker from some shop who has had a slight accident and dropped some of his goods from his carrying pole; and the same thing when a pedicab carrying boxes of resin drops one, and other pedicab men come to his assistance with a rush, see that the other boxes are firm, all in a matter of a few seconds; are all very different from the Canton

one had known in the dark days when thieves and loafers dominated the waterside and official life.

November 12th Today we went to Sumchun on the Hongkong border, to see off the last New Zealand and Australian delegates.

It was quite a hot day, the thermometer in the train registering 92 degrees F. These days around Canton have been a second summer—and I thought of Sandan in November, wearing heavy winter paddeds, crossing frozen streams, while here one was in shorts and shirts and saw lads bathing with abandon in the streams we passed over.

I have not been in this part of the country since, in 1940, I came through the Japanese lines by night in a sampan, with Evans Carlson.

Some of the old ruins of houses and railway stations destroyed in the years of war are overgrown with weeds now and everywhere new stations, new buildings have taken their places.

The railway station at Sumchun is quite a place, with well laid out reception rooms, reading rooms, bookstall and restaurant, bright with peace flags, doves and posters, in contrast to the drab solemnity of things on the British side. On that side some bayonets glinting in the sun, a heavy colonial flag that hung down the flagpole lifelessly while on our side a long line of small flags in light, bright colours streaming gaily in the breeze.

It was at Sumchun, one of our Cantonese friends explained, that the Chinese guerillas were so active against the Japanese and Wang Ching-wei puppet troops and where they resisted KMT efforts to disband them. Theirs is an epic story that will go down with other epic stories to be told around the villages for a long time to come.

The four-hour ride back to Canton City in the evening was very beautiful with the fir-capped hills, the peasants coming in from the fields, the summer haze—for the Canton summer is a long one.

We left just before midnight for Hankow after a Chinese dinner and an hour of folk dancing with a very charming group of young people. So ends a great peace conference—or one stage of it; for the work will go on with new enthusiasm, new life in the many countries to which the delegates return.

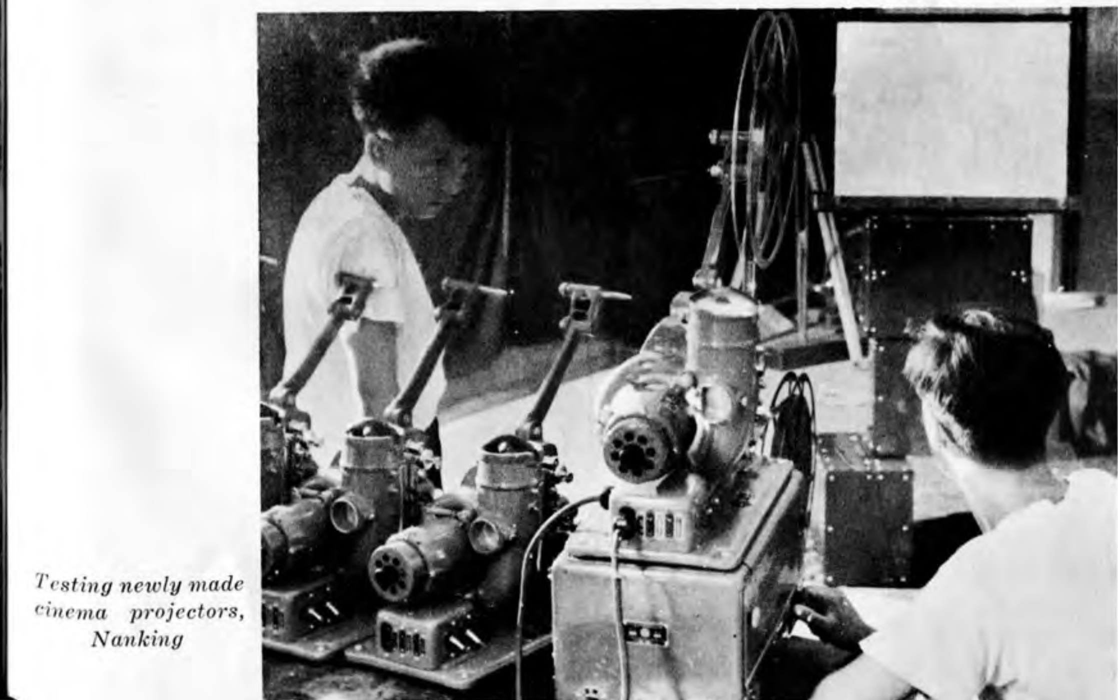
The bridge over the Pearl River. Destroyed by KMT in retreat and constructed again after liberation

The Pearl River at Canton

Children's Hospital, Nanking

Discussing new Marriage Law in Chekiang village

Members of a Chekiang farm cooperative at work



Testing newly made cinema projectors, Nanking

New housing, Peking

Chungking-Chengtu Railway

HANKOW, 1952

November 15th (written on the Peace Train, nearing Peking)
We came to Wuchang at five, the November morning chill, heavy scudding clouds above the Yangtse, mist rising from the waters and a wind that made us pull our clothes round us as we left the train and crossed by ferry to Hankow.

But on the Hankow side Young Pioneers waited with smiles and flowers and led us to a hot bath and breakfast at the guest house and later a drive around Hankow before getting on the train for Peking.

It was good to see the great new auditorium being built—one that is to house 40,000 people, the parks and gardens with their exhibitions, with people queueing up, even at that early hour, waiting for them to open; to see the waterside crowded with boats and activity and the waters lapping peacefully against the dykes.

Today life was ordered and sane, making one's fantastic memories of 1932 and 1938 seem unreal. The 1932 of needless death and suffering, greed and oppression that followed flood and famine, the 1938 of tragic soldiery betrayed by a nasty gang of profiteers seeking ways to build up their fortunes abroad, already scurrying off for Chungking and sending their families to America, while forced by popular demand to fight a war in which they had only one real interest—that of monetary gain.

One thought, too, of the Hankow of 1926-7, of the people's uprising that brought an end to the British Concession and demonstrated what the people's strength could be if given half a chance—something so much stronger than gunboats or the stamp of foreign soldiery.

One thought of Yo Fei standing here in the time of Sung, able to throw out the enemy from the north but being knifed in

the back by traitors who were making too much money out of the existing situation to permit resistance.

The triple cities of Wuhan, dominated by the Yellow Crane Tower that once stood in Wuchang, have had a long and important history, have seen many armies come and go, many ships ride between them on the broad Yangtse.

Always the people have been the pawns; always have they hauled stones to build for others, carried merchandise on their backs for the profit of others; fallen under the arms of others in the scramble of others for power. Today they think of life and how to make it more full. Today they are the masters.

PEKING, 1952-1953

November 17th Yesterday, with two Australians, I went to a village called Luchuan, some thirty *li* from Peking.

All the villages I have seen while looking round new China these last few months have these things in common—progress, people understanding their position and pushing forward with the new life; yet again, each and every village has its own flavour, as it were, depending on the stresses laid by the local people.

This village was one of 475 families which made up a population of 1,030 men and 988 women. They owned a total area of 9,889 *mou* of land or about four *mou* a head. They sow 2,430 *mou* in cotton each year, this being the main crop. Maize is the second crop, wheat the third.

Before liberation there were 451 families in the village with 20 landlord families, in all 135 people, owning 4,445 *mou.* This was the best land of the village. 252 families of the poor peasants had 896 members and owned 1,044 *mou* of the poorest, most sandy land.

The tenant farmers would not only have to pay a rent that took almost all they had grown—they managed then to grow 120 catties of grain per *mou* and had to pay from 75 to 90 catties in rent—but on top of this they had to pay taxes; and as in the case of almost all tenant and poor peasantry throughout the country in those days, there were many people in the gang above them who watched them closely and saw that they paid out every cent that could possibly be screwed from them.

They were always hungry. Many could not afford ever to get married. They were harried by conscription and led a fugitive existence always, sleeping in holes in the fields, and so on. They were illiterate and exploited to the utmost. They were beaten and arrested at will. The case of one Yuan Bao-chen was cited,

one who had spoken out against the corruption of a local small official. He was taken away and tortured until he died.

Now, after liberation and Land Reform, 150 rooms of landlord housing, 150 farm implements, as well as wagons and livestock, have been divided up amongst the tenant farmers and poor peasants. The biggest landlord family house has been turned into a large primary school. In addition there is a night school to help carry out the plan to "liquidate illiteracy" in the whole village within three years.

But the most staggering thing about this village is the increase in production, which has come about under the leadership of the village Labour Hero, Ho Feng-chi, who is a District and also a Peking Area Labour Hero.

Aged 57, with drooping moustaches and a quiet, wise face, he was the hired man of the landlord class only a few years ago. Today he lives on in his little old house and is chairman of the newly-formed agricultural producer cooperative which has the goal of buying a tractor in three years and of becoming a full-blown collective in five.

This is all due to better methods of manuring, to deep ploughing, to improved planting methods learned from the Soviet Union and to the general emulation drive. The farmers now feel that they can do their best and that they will better their livelihood by doing their best.

The sales of the village consumer cooperative show how raised production has affected buying power. In 1949, the cooperative did a business of 27,000,000; in 1950, of 288,000,000; in 1951, 444,000,000 and in the *first half* of 1952, 485,000,000.

In the consumer cooperative, we found a range of 160 items. The Australian dentist looked somewhat askance at the quantity of white flour and white sugar being consumed, but for people who had never had the chance to use these luxuries, it is good to see them have the chance. Before, they looked from afar.

We went to the home of Wang Teh-min, who has built himself three new rooms with glass windows and papered ceilings and who has married a widow who had one child. He is very pleased with his new family. In the old days he had no hope of marriage at all. (And in the old days, widows were forbidden to marry.) Now he is assistant-head of the cooperative and has two good suits in

a fine big box at the end of his *kang* and a pile of good bedding. He has his future well planned out. He will learn to read and write well, he will be in the first collective. The land will do better still.

This village subscribed nearly 20,000,000 yuan (the equivalent of about US $1,000) for the buying of aeroplanes to fight against aggression in Korea and several of the young men of the village are with the Chinese Volunteers. 1,860 of the villagers signed the petition for a five-power peace pact.

Twelve new wells have been sunk in the past year and fifteen new Peking-type waterwheels for raising the water from the wells have been installed. These waterwheels are operated by animal power and bring up the water on a chain hoist. They are very efficient and are being made in very large quantities by the various foundries around Peking and are penetrating back into the most distant areas of the country. The village has 66 mutual-aid teams, which are the forerunners of the cooperatives which are in turn the forerunners of the industrialised collective.

The village chairman was exceptionally able. He had a clear grasp of the problems involved and expressed his gratitude to all peace fighters, for, as he put it, without peace nothing that is being done can succeed.

The head of the village women's organisation who sat beside the delegates opposite me, listened carefully and showed that she, too, understood very clearly.

We called on the ex-landlords and found that they were not as efficient as the peasants in cleaning up their yards and they looked pretty dirty by comparison; but they seemed quite happy and busy, living in the servants' quarters of what was once their home and castle.

One hundred of the school children, the Young Pioneer group, had gone off to the city by bus to see a movie, but there was plenty of up-and-coming young life around to talk with us on this bright autumn Sunday.

One left feeling that it would be a great thing to come back five years from now and see the strides made by a village like this. And when one thinks how, under the old regime, people like these would have been crushed down as carrying coolies, dying

early, frustrated and hopeless, one realises something of what liberation has meant to the common man of China.

Rather a sore point with me today as in the mail I have just received clippings from New Zealand newspapers which have misquoted me as saying that the common man is not capable of taking leadership.

It is obvious that the fear of the common man is part and parcel of the thinking of reactionaries in many countries who hate and dread his resurgence in so great a portion of our world today. So truth will be twisted and lies forged in the futile attempt to keep the common man from coming into his own, as he must if the human race is to progress in peace and plenty.

November 20th Thinking over the events of the past few days, it seems best to write down impressions before they are washed out of one's memory by the ever-changing new.

Outside the city, with Lao Liu on our way to a village, we passed all the old defences erected by various armies—feudalist, Japanese, Kuomintang.

There were pillboxes converted into watchmen's huts, into chicken coops, pillboxes awry and half-submerged, pillboxes smashed and the cement being carted away to put into house foundations, painted pillboxes looking glum and empty—and on the other side of the road, timber being unloaded from a railway line, sawn timber, logs, several hundreds of yards of timber for construction.

Lao Liu waved his hands at the pillboxes, "KMT construction," he said with a grin, and then at the timber, "and ours!" he said triumphantly.

The other afternoon to one of the city's 66 middle schools. This one, founded 52 years ago, has as headmaster a man who had travelled through the south seas widely and who was now responsible for a school of 2,600 pupils where in pre-liberation days there had been 700. Today fifty per cent of the pupils—ages running from 12 to 19—came from peasant and worker families. There is a library of about 65,000 books, some 7,000 models and specimens including a set recently given to the school by the Soviet Union. New accommodation for staff is going ahead quickly. The teacher is now an honoured worker and his security

and that of his family is taken care of; unlike the KMT days when most teachers led lives of great privation, often not knowing where the next meal was to come from; while as for those who fought for a better state of things they, with the progressive students, were subject to every kind of persecution, including sudden secret arrest, torture and death.

Last night, at the newly-opened Children's Palace in the North Park we saw an old temple that had been renovated and filled with equipment for the use of children much of it given by the German Democratic Republic. There we saw various voluntary study groups working with experiments in chemistry and physics, others making lantern slides, more making tractor and truck models.

In the old courts where once the Buddhist monks shuffled in silence, masses of Young Pioneers played and danced with happy abandon in the dusk of a winter's evening.

November 28th An Indian friend who had been reading "Yo Banfa", said that he would like to hear more of my impressions of the impact of America upon China in the years before liberation. India, we agreed, and other countries fighting for independence and the right to develop their economy along lines, chosen by their own people, were being subjected to the same sort of influences and interference as China had been and for the same overall reasons.

"Certainly India is on the way to change," he said, "but every year we stay on in the old way is a year filled with suffering and death for many millions of our people. We want, we need and we can have change earlier. And towards this end we need a thorough understanding on the part of everyone of how the old society, in the guise of American 'assistance' works to hold back our progress."

A large order, to write the story of America in China—the insidious infiltration that went on under the banner of philanthropy, the using of every means to retain the rotten Kuomintang regime as the puppet of western imperialism, followed, as the KMT grew weaker and weaker, by the dropping of all pretences and the open and brazen assumption of power over Chinese affairs and lives.

One aspect always struck me tragically—the ability of the American politicians to fool their own people, to get into the ranks of their supporters quite able and sincere men and women who honestly felt that they were sacrificing a lot to stay and work in a foreign country, some of whom were even mildly progressive; yet all of whom were quite sure that the "American way of life" was, after all, the only way.

In this belief and backed with all the cash necessary, the modern apostle of the American Way for all other nations, becomes a technical advisor or a member of the executive personnel of the country concerned.

His relations with the active American State Department men who were on the spot are those of subordinate to chief. His reports go into State Department files just as do the regular reports of permanent State Department officials. He also includes in his reports information he has gathered from others of his own or different nationalities who may have special knowledge of some particular aspect of Chinese conditions, economic or political; a missionary friend in a church school may have found out something about local affairs; a priest may have been in a special position to get inside information; a businessman can give economic information which is of value; even a tourist may have quite easily collected material that will help to solve some problem.

The "economic analyst" or the relief technicians can therefore be used by higher political levels to penetrate into the affairs of the country and obtain statements that will certainly be "used as evidence against" the people struggling for a national program which is not in accordance with the program of the American State Department.

Both his efficient and detailed reports and the showy works accompanying them can at the same time be used to show subject peoples how superior the American Way of doing everything is.

The film, the lavish picture-magazine and the printed word, all depicting life in "the most industrially advanced country" in the rosiest colours are directed at the wavering middle-class. They aim at attaching the local businessmen who will then be willing to make profitable tie-ups with the ruling businessmen of the imperialist countries.

Middle-class lads who will go into the civil service are enticed

with scholarships to go abroad and study. Some come back as progressives, certainly, but this is just one of the contradictions. The majority become faithful servants of their teachers, especially when they get into positions where their nice flow of English and their impeccable connections mean real money to them.

Shanghai, in the KMT days, was bursting with such bright young men, carefully tailored in foreign business suits, with swanky cars, living in luxury flats—the very loyal supporters of the utterly corrupt Kuomintang which presenting, with "American assistance" a sweet face to the Western world, lived off its own people like some ravenous beast.

In support of all these nice people and their less nice feudalist partners a host of writers spread their pulp over the world. China had its Lin Yu-tang, its Hu Shih, painting for the benefit of Rotary Clubs and bourgeois culture-seekers a China which never existed, a China supine and content to bask in the condescending praise of the dominating West, as indeed were these exponents of the Wisdom of the East.

On a lower literary level but not much different in character, was the queer medley of pap into which was woven "the mysterious Orient", "the inscrutable Chinese", the patient peasant, the devoted servant, the opium den, mandarins' pigtails and the bound feet of sing-song girls and all the rest—dished out to divide the people of the west from the people of the east by setting up artificial cultural barriers and sowing suspicion.

Chinese history was represented in feudal terms so that few people even now have any conception of the growth of Chinese civilisation in terms of the people. Nor did any even of the more innocent of the "do-gooders" attempt to find out what the Chinese people themselves really thought and felt, nor did they support those who struggled to throw off the parasites that were bleeding their country to death and to lay new foundations for people's livelihood.

The doctrine of white supremacy was one carefully fostered. Certain things could be done only by America or by England. How often have I heard from the lips of middle-class Shanghai, "We cannot do this; we cannot make this." "Our people are not so strong; we have no way." "Buy this, it's imported; don't buy that, it's Chinese-made." And much more of the same, partly with

the feeling that the westerner would like to hear it and partly as an excuse for doing nothing.

In regard to the great problems of flood and famine, in official circles, at least, there was cynical acceptance of these disasters, which had their well-defined uses, (a) to provide an opportunity for selling "relief" supplies and (b) to reduce the population—especially that portion of the population they felt to be their enemy, the class of workers and peasants. In the end even the more sincere members of relief personnel, balked and irritated at their own helplessness to convert China into a younger brother of America, became infected with the same attitude of cynicism.

Many might argue that these things could apply in general to the operations of business, to official "relief", even, but that in the realm of the church, surely it was different. These people surely came because of religious convictions and stayed working under difficult conditions for many years with little to reward them.

Yet again, the role of the church missionary in the old society needs to be analyzed so that there can be a correct evaluation of his contribution to social progress; and in the main, this role, including that of the puzzled few whose love and admiration for the Chinese was sincere, was to support a government which was against the people and to prepare the way for subjection to and exploitation by western imperialism.

I think back to one fairly typical mission—a Protestant one in a small prefectural city. Here the missionary and his family lived in a great rambling house with wide courtyards, spending a large portion of their time in attending to all the needs of a well-ordered middle-class home.

Both the husband and wife took classes in the county middle school, teaching some English to the children of landlords. Each afternoon at four there was high tea, and the most frequent visitors were the civil and military KMT officials. A daughter of the highest civil official would come and play on the piano and sing English hymns. A local returned student from America was also a frequent visitor. The missionary felt that he was an important person in local affairs, ranking with the top group of landlords and on various national days he would be invited to the county yamen for a formal dinner.

He acted as a kind of information centre for the dissemination

of anti-Communist stories, gleaned from missionaries all over the country. In fact, anti-Communism was the main plank of the ideology that seemed to get further and further away from Christ the Carpenter, the greater the intimacy with the landlord group.

He soon got used to seeing the poor and starving on the streets and the conscripts being hauled off, roped together, and beaten. He would tell me how in the early days he could not stand seeing people dying in famine but how, after the years, he had been able to get all this on to a completely impersonal basis. No beggars ever came to the gate of his mission and lay there. The gatemen took care of that.

In the nearest big city there was a mission hospital and he would write introductions so that family members of the landlord and official groups could go there. When he was sick himself, the chief doctor of the city hospital came in his jeep to see him.

Politically he was on the extreme right. Presidents and kings were the appointed agents of God and his reading matter consisted of church magazines and the *New York Herald*.

He kept open house for all foreigners who came through, military or civil. He was even quite nice to me and gave me tea and cake along with the rest though looking askance at my dusty shirt and shorts—and his wife smiled sweetly as she handed me tea, excusing the fact that the milk was all used up by saying, "Oh, Mr. Alley will not mind. He has gone quite native, haven't you, Mr. Alley?"

One thing you could always be quite sure of was that they would never, on any account, "go native". They were Americans, as the flags festooning the ceiling of the dining room—there since July 4th—showed. And they stood for all that America stood for. America was always right. England was right, too, so long as she did not get in America's way. The USSR was unspeakable, the Chinese Communists unutterable, the great Generalissimo Chiang a devoted Christian. His early morning-prayer meetings, the hours on his knees in supplication for his nation—these were topics for reiteration on every possible occasion.

That mission house was a kind of club, really, for the defence of the old system of anarchy, a place where every kind of white-washing device was produced on every possible occasion to hide

its bankruptcy; a system within which the Church Acquiescent flourished.

In times of civil commotion, the whole town watched the mission. Speculators made their plans according to the movements of the mission. If it packed up and went off to the big city, then the moneybags packed up and went, too. It was always taken for granted that the mission had inside information on what was going on.

Towards the end of their power in China, the American defenders of the old system became more and more reckless and openly indulged in adventurer schemes to try and check the advance of the people. They openly took part in KMT Gestapo activities of murder and torture. They sent agents around the country trying to support elements who would fight against the people.

They have continued to use the resources of the American taxpayer in maintaining a fleet around Taiwan, giving economic and military aid to the Kuomintang remnants there, instigating and encouraging the absurd notion that they can come back and fight against the people of China.

The adventure of Taiwan is the logical conclusion to which those in charge all these years of American policy in China have been brought.

There have been and there still are many Americans who have loved the Chinese people and respected their struggle for independence and livelihood. For these the fact that China now stands up must be a great satisfaction and an inspiration in the work that still remains to be done in their own country. They are not to be blamed for the fact that Anglo-American policy in China has been primarily based upon the idea of making quick profits out of the Chinese people, a foundation that was bound to collapse, standing as it did against change and the onward march of a great people.

December 3rd Yesterday, on my fifty-fifth birthday, an unexpected birthday treat turned up in the form of an invitation to the theatre, to see a new Soviet play done in Chinese by a Chinese cast.

The technical mastery of detail was excellent and the scene-changing done with a speed that left one breathless. The story

revolved round the affairs of a textile factory and the attitude of the woman manager which, because it was individualistic and not cooperative, was holding back the progress of both the work and the workers.

The manager was a very credible character, both capable and energetic but over-proud of her abilities and convinced that single-handed she could lead the work to success, asking nothing from her fellow-workers except obedience.

Brushing aside their suggestions because of her longer experience, she tries to rely on old factory production method with the result that the creative urge is denied any field for expression in the mill and the standard of the product has in no way improved. Another excellently-depicted character, the manager's mother, an old Labour Hero of the factory and a tough and wise person with a pungent humour, does her utmost to make her stubborn daughter understand as does also her own daughter, a bright lass just out of school and beginning to work in the textile design section of the mill.

As scene after scene came on the similarity of the problems presented with those of production units in China in their struggle for progress captivated the audience and this uniting factor made the Soviet play warmly understood despite the curious clothing of the people of another country.

December 15th More mail today, from various parts of the world. Looking through the papers, one is more and more astonished at the material on China that is being fed to the West. Books written in Hongkong by all kinds of pathetic "white" refugee reactionaries, disgruntled, spoiled children of the nastier kind, accustomed for long years to having their own way, willing to give up none of their former habits and privileges and dreadfully put out that "their China" should have reverted to its rightful owners.

One article contained a comment that was of more than passing interest, however. It was to the effect that the Chinese peasant, that is 80 per cent of China, was never slavish in his respect for authority or for the wealthy who had come into his midst—or for anyone very much. Somehow he had kept this tradition of independence through the years the long centuries

that had passed since the end of the stage of his primitive communism.

When he was drilled in courts, in *yamens*, in coastal business houses or in old-time armies, then it was possible to change him, as any man; but by and large, the great mass of Chinese people remained quite unabashed by any show of superiority.

The easy and friendly relations which during our years in the villages of Shwangshihpu and Sandan were so natural made possible creative training that would have been quite impossible had there been any slavish imitation or deference, which would have nullified efforts.

The contempt of the ordinary person for the successful moneyed men, too, was a thing one found to be general. I remember once in KMT days being on a back road in a truck which had to stop for repairs, and a small peasant soldier boy coming along and asking for a ride to a place a few hours' journey further on. When refused, he turned on the trader-owner driver and said with immense contempt, "Oh, of course you want MONEY," and the amount of feeling he put into the last word made even the hardened driver wince.

No, the revolution, in coming to the Chinese hinterland, finds a people tough and creative with a solid sense of the values of the good things of life. They are enjoying the colour and warmth of the new day, they want and they now know how to get better livelihood, and they certainly have no idea of ever becoming anyone's slaves.

December 16th No, I cannot remember all the figures—how many billion insects that might carry disease, what fantastic numbers of rats, lice, fleas and mosquitoes have been caught; how many billion inoculations done; but I can remember the long line of rat-traps devised by common people in all parts of the country, showing the most remarkable ingenuity, and the lass who demonstrated them all with such pride. Also still in my memory are the huge photographs of the nation-wide clean-up, cottages with everything being taken out of them and scrubbed, polished, disinfected as necessary before being put back; of the whole masses of rubbish being cleaned out; of students, peasants and workers

together along the banks of creeks clearing away breeding-grounds for larvae.

Anyway the Public Health Exhibition we saw this afternoon was a great success. We had really gone a few days too early, through a mistake; it was being shown to health workers only, not yet being opened up to the public, but when we explained that we were peace workers we were kindly admitted and spent a couple of hours going from one exhibit to the other, or rather, in being passed from one demonstrator to the other, with fascinated interest.

There were models of modern waterworks, as well as clear information, backed by easily-understood models and pictures, on how to keep the water supply of a village right.

There were all kinds of patent latrines, made so that doors shut automatically after use, and so on; showers for construction job workers and soldiers, portable delousing plants, rubbish vans of many different kinds, methods of eliminating mosquito-breeding grounds, the filling-in of stinking ponds and the transformation of straw shack villages around cities into habitable villages.

It was interesting to find that the old chopped-off bamboo trunk could be a dangerous receptacle for stagnant water; these had all been cut down to near a joint so that the water could run off.

The enormous power of billions of hands in dealing with health in a mass campaign was well demonstrated. China is great in sheer strength of people.

Pictures and actual bombs dropped from American planes showed the grim need that lay behind the mobilisation of doctors, scientists and other health workers against both the actuality and any further threat of germ warfare. On the protection of public health side, the widespread inoculations given against plague and the clear information issued in all newspapers and pictured on posters in all public places and the knowledge of the vigilance of the Health Department were certainly among the factors responsible for the general confidence and absence of any panic among the people when disgusting facts became known.

A job well and truly done, we felt, as we emerged from the Public Health Exhibition into the winter's afternoon at Wen Hua Kung.

December 26th Last night we attended a performance of singing and dancing by the visiting Red Army Ensemble of the Soviet Union. The big hall was packed and the singing and dancing magnificent.

One was struck by the historic significance of the evening. Here were the Chinese people as hosts being entertained in their own old capital of Peking by a cultural performance given by their greatest neighbour.

That the people of Peking had opened their hearts in welcome was easy to see. That the Soviet artists were glad to be there was unmistakable. They rendered many of the modern Chinese songs, as well as several of the folk songs, with great feeling and skill.

Ambassadors of a new kind, internationalism on the proper basis and history in the making. The hundred years of the impact of colonial imperialism upon China have been as nothing compared with the three years of liberation in the progress towards true internationalism. All the chances that the old society had to better the relations between men were sacrificed on the altar of profit.

December 30th This afternoon we went to see the Temple of Heaven in its winter setting. One of those calm winter days common in Peking, with vivid blue skies that made the white marbles and the blue tiles of the well-maintained Temple of Heaven stand out in all their perfection.

In two of the side halls was an exhibition of gifts from various countries and as we went in to see them we rubbed shoulders with a large party from Sinkiang—various minority peoples in their warm northwestern clothing.

There were many gifts from the USSR and the New Democracies. German Democratic Republic had sent some magnificent pieces of sculpture as well as many fine instruments. There was a peace flag from the Youth Movement of New Zealand and a present from the Sydney wharves as well as gifts from people's groups in America and England.

All were the object of the greatest interest from the many hundreds of thousands of people who came to see this national park. Again, internationalism being promoted in a living,

realistic way. It was interesting to see the smiles on the faces of the line of people as they came out, talking to one another about what they had seen.

January 1st, 1953 Last night, New Year's Eve, two of the staff of the peace committee, one of them an interpreter who had been with the New Zealand delegation in the summer, invited two of us who were the remaining delegates from the south seas, to eat stuffed dumplings with them, as is the custom at New Year.

The elder had the quiet exultancy of the working cadre who has come through the years before and after the liberation. "Land Reform has been carried out. We have made the railways run and have built new ones; we have carried out the movements against corruption, waste and bureaucracy; we have cleaned up the country in a health movement; we are getting the mass of the people to schools; we have kept the imperialists out of our country; we have liberated Tibet. These are all good things. Now in the next ten years we shall see how we can industrialise and construct."

The interesting thing about China today is that not only this cadre but all working staff throughout the whole country, all politically conscious people, are saying this to themselves and to their friends at this time, saying it proudly and with confidence.

This is something different from what people had in the past when the New Year would simply bring wishes for wealth and honours for the particular family concerned.

January 5th This morning a letter from the school at Sandan telling of the success of the health campaign in the village last year. Four thousand tons of rubbish have been carted outside the walls, three thousand tons of human and animal waste cleared and added to compost heaps in the country; three hundred latrines repaired or built new, 27,483 house-rooms and all their contents scrubbed and cleaned; 395 cases in the country where separate places have been built for animals previously living in the cottages with people.

The hospital reports not one case of diphtheria though in previous years it was one of the most common diseases.

When one realises that this is just one poor countyseat, not

so big as many a village in the south of China, one gets some kind of an idea of the work that has gone on over the whole country. Sandan is so far in the hinterland that it may be taken as a very typical and ordinary case.

Last night we went to see a drama on the new Marriage Law, acted by a troupe from the Northeast.

It was very well done. The irate parents wanted to arrange their daughter's marriage but her own wish was to marry someone else; the arranged marriage, in which the girl was married to a child of 11, the son of wealthy parents, is dissolved and the girl's choice comes into her own. The eleven-year-old child was played very well, with a dash of earthy humour. The bride refuses to go to bed with him the first night after the forced wedding and sits up all night. His mother comes to dress him the next morning and asks him if he has wet the bed, to which he replies in the affirmative. The culmination of the whole in its very happy ending brought home a political lesson in a very direct and artistic way, with quick scene-shifting and well-balanced opera.

Following it came opera, done without words, of a peasant rebellion in the Sui Dynasty. The dancing and acrobatic skills were of an exceptionally high order—which is saying something, in China—as were the costumes which were as gorgeous as any I have ever seen. An acrobatic feat that made a terrific hit with the audience was the somersaulting, in the final act, of the rebel soldiers over the high city walls in order to open the gates and let the victors in.

And something quite new in old Peking were the ice hockey and skating tournaments we were taken to see this morning. The ice hockey was being played by teams from workers, soldiers and students and was very fast and interesting to watch.

A good crowd of Peking people had turned out to see the skaters compete in races and figure skating. The organisation of athletic competitions of all kinds is part of the new day here and will stimulate such sports in the villages, as they progress towards industrialisation, giving new stress to the collective way of doing things.

The part of the Ho Hai Lake on which the winter sports were being held was not much more than a cesspool in the old days, but was cleaned out two years ago for summer swimming.

We did not stay long for the Indian and Philippine delegates who were with us had not put on heavy enough clothes for the role of spectator on the ice and we all got colder as the sweat poured from the faces of the contestants, some clad in shorts and jerseys only.

January 12th Last night we went to see a play put on by the students of the Academy of Dramatic Studies.

It was a powerful story of liberation in one of the poorer counties of the rural Northwest and the landlord group with its KMT backers, its Japanese-puppet backers, was as ruthless as any in reality in those dark ages.

The liberation forces tried again and again to dislodge them and finally succeeded, a triumph for their own organisation and their thorough understanding of the whys and wherefores for victory.

Drama of this kind is understood in a very real way in the country areas where the people suffered so long and helps to bring more coherent understanding of the past experiences.

The play reminded one how strong the forces for reaction were at that time. Everything that mattered seemed to be in their hands. They were armed and the most modern arms in the world would pour in from America for the asking. The transport system was in their hands. They had an air force and a navy. All men of money were on their side. They owned the press, the radio. They had a vast police system. They had an army staff trained in many of the best military schools in the world. The KMT army commander who came through Sandan village in the last days before liberation was a Potsdam Military College graduate and a divisional commander who called had been through an American military college.

Their gendarmes on the streets of Chungking or Nanking looked very efficient, well-dressed, as did the shock troops they paraded on manoeuvres to impress. They built up fanatical fascist youth organisations that permeated the country.

During the whole of the anti-Japanese war, excepting for the resistance at Shanghai and the battle of Taierhchuang in the first stages, they husbanded their military force for the purpose of trying to eliminate the Communist-led armies letting the latter

take the brunt of the battle, periodically deploying their own armies against them even while the common battle against the Japanese was in progress, until it became evident that the Japanese would be beaten and that Germany would collapse. From then on the KMT became the slavish vassal of one kind of American interests —the kind that is against the people of the world everywhere.

So the liberation armies had no easy walk-over. Their greatest weapon was their ability to bring understanding of their cause to all who worked with them, from the highest commander to the lowest soldier. This has meant constant meetings and discussions between all ranks; when a mistake has been made, a thorough enquiry into the reason and how it could have been prevented; when a piece of work was done, frank criticism of it with the principals criticising themselves; when the whole political situation changed, a thorough understanding by all of reasons for change; practical lessons in solidarity with the people learned every day; continual study together that brought up questions affecting the immediate future of everyone and brought out their solutions.

This is the method whereby the revolutionary armies made themselves superior to all the power of the old society; something for other progressive people everywhere to learn from, for in this way the people find their strength.

January 23rd This afternoon I wanted to see a doctor and so was sent to the hospital of the Ministry of Heavy Industry. I had not seen this place before so was glad to have the opportunity of visiting it.

The assistant-superintendent, after the doctor had seen me, volunteered kindly to show me over the place. It had been some private garden in the old days and two modern buildings had been erected on it, one with some hundred beds and the other an out-patient department. Buildings were bright and clean and the people who were sick were getting first-class treatment in warm, steam-heated wards by very efficient-looking nurses.

"We are learning as we go," the assistant-superintendent said. I especially liked the ward for mothers who were waiting delivery of babies; a very bright room with flowers and plenty of light and big posters of fat healthy babies around the walls. This was really something for working people, one felt, in comparison with what one had known their lot to be in the old days of impossible living conditions and crude exploitation.

January 31st Last evening we went to the newly-released movie on the *I-Kwan-Tao* secret society.

The role of secret societies in the old days was a far-reaching one. The people were dissatisfied with their lives, they wanted to express their sense of organisation; the old world encouraged superstitions rather than tried to show them up so that people's minds were full of fears and fancies that could be played upon.

Foreign imperialists had their share of control in these secret societies and most of the leaders of the Kuomintang were either members or promotors of them, using them as a tool to harry the progressive movement through the years.

The *I-Kwan-Tao* though pretending in some places of its operations to be anti-Japanese was in reality a powerful tool of Japanese imperialism, as this movie shows. It was a ruthless exploiter of the people, demanding large cash contributions and getting them.

The film shows how, at their departure, the Japanese imperialists with much cordiality, hand over all the files of the *I-Kwan-Tao* to the Kuomintang who immediately start to promote it extensively in the villages and anywhere it can be used to oppose the liberation forces.

After the entry of the liberation army it goes underground and seeks to hold the reactionary remnants together until exposed and its arms, secret radio sets, documents, etc., confiscated.

The heroine of the story is the daughter of a poor drug-shop owner who is in the grip of the gang. She is taken into the society to learn to manipulate the planchette. She exposes the whole story of sordid trickery lying behind the glittering facade of temple ritual and becomes a demonstrator at the exhibition held in Peking to show up the operations of this and similar societies. An exhibition which ran for a long time here with hundreds of thousands of people waiting hours in queues to attend.

The scope of *I-Kwan-Tao* was a very considerable one. It had methods of getting funds and ran a kind of underground empire of its own. Even back in the poor country of Sandan it was found, after liberation, that the peasants had been carrying silver

in sums out of all proportion to their means, to promoters of this empire. We found that some of our technical staff in the school had actually been members of this secret society and one old man, once a graduate of Yenching University and later a professor at an agricultural college, one who had fallen on bad days and had come to us asking for a small job teaching apprentices in the school farm section, was actually a practising chief of the gang with all kinds of apparatus to fool the people.

This helped to explain the amount of trouble he had given us in the first year after liberation, trying to organise the weaker elements against the school. He was sent packing, leaving his son in the school, a lad young enough to understand change and take part in it.

Now the people of today make their own open organisations, tied very directly to the problems of their own livelihood and their own welfare. There is no place for the secret society that so easily becomes the tool of their enemies. Organisations like the *I-Kwan-Tao* were the evil weeds that flourished in the rot of the old decadent order. Brought out into the light of this new day a healthy people turn away from them in disgust.

One was interested last night to see how the audience reacted; many of the people witnessing the play must have felt the effects in their own lives of the *I-Kwan-Tao*. But it seemed as though they were looking at something that had already slipped so far into the distance as to be old history, something that could be viewed with the detachment one accords to a former time; but the scenes of the liberation of Peking—and the liberation of the victims of the *I-Kwan-Tao* and arrest of its leaders—brought forth sharp bursts of clapping; and there was a general laugh during an earlier scene when the headman of the society tries to put the right amount of servility into saying "thank you" in Japanese—showing that the word "arigato" had not been forgotten.

February 3rd A part of the old dollar imperialism of the Far East were the works of the Rockefeller Foundation.

For a tiny percentage of their fabulous profits, some striking institution, in touch with the lives of the people, would be set up. Such a one was the Peking Union Medical College Hospital, set in the heart of old Peking. It was one of the show places for

tourists in the old days, demonstrating how kindly Uncle Sam's dollars really were. Magnificently equipped, it carried conviction to many. Its graduates, however, were few.

Lately I have been attending this hospital, now the China Union Medical College, for some treatment. It is a changed place now, a humming hive of a hospital, just as spick and span as it used to be but with the whole place being used to capacity.

I went up in the lift to the operating rooms lying on a stretcher and looked at the peace doves painted on the elevator cab ceiling and the peace posters on the walls.

The operation was done swiftly and competently, doctors, nurses and staff called each other "comrade", and there seemed to be a new and strong spirit of working efficiency.

It is another good example of how all that is useful of the old has been adapted and put to greater use in the new. This adaptation has been one of the masterly features of the liberation seen all over the country these three years.

The incorporation this year of the two old mission universities of Peking within the newly organised University of Peking has been another master-stroke, eliminating overlapping and providing the best facilities for each of the University Colleges. The necessary changes have been made, in each case, without stopping the work and with the full understanding of all concerned.

February 4th I was interested to see in the *Kwang Ming Daily* an article about the story out of the *Shui Hu Chuan* ("All Men Are Brothers", or "Water Margin" are the best-known English titles) in which the hero Wu Sung goes after a tiger that has been tormenting the farmers and seizing the tiger with both hands puts an end to his depredations.

I have also noted on many of the bookstalls that there are stories from the *Hsi Yu Chi* (stories about the irrepressible monkey who tricks his way into the highest circles of earth and heaven and stands in awe of no one).

These are people's classics of many generations past. Their central thesis is that the common man has strength enough for anything. Wu Sung can deal with a tiger with his bare hands. The Monkey can wreak havoc in the halls of the King of the

Western Heaven. The bigger the opponent the harder he falls is the general idea.

Everyone in China is familiar with these tales. They have been shown in old opera at seasonal festivals, told by the street story-tellers in cities and villages. Everywhere they are known by heart and everywhere their message is clear; no oppressor so big that he cannot be pulled down; no change too startling for man to face provided he keeps his courage.

The peasant can become a leader or an engineer; his hand can touch electric switches setting great power in action, he can drive jet planes, tanks—everying is possible.

The sure knowledge that man today, as part of organised life, has the strength to do just about anything makes change a natural thing, something that all men want.

February 6th Looking through the newspaper today I noticed an article on the development of Neikiang, in Szechuan, relating how, since the completion of the new railway between Chengtu and Chungking, this city had come into its own with a new sewerage system 15,000 meters in length, a public square which can accommodate 100,000 people, a new boulevard around the city, 1,800 square meters of housing and so on.

In the reign of the Kuomintang, when Chungking was the capital, the first stop overnight between Chungking and Chengtu was at Neikiang—if the bus did not break down, as it so frequently did.

In all the years the river had not been bridged and one had to cross on a ferry.

Szechuan is a province as big as Germany and with more people. A rich, powerful province with great resources in iron, steel, coal, cement, etc. Yet the KMT never managed to link the two big cities of Chengtu and Chungking by rail.

In the first two years after liberation, the people's government made the rails and put down the railway line so that now one travels easily between the two chief cities inside one day, stopping, I imagine, at Neikiang and buying some of the wonderful candied fruits that are a specialty of the place.

In the early days of the war of resistance against Japanese aggression, I suggested that this place was a logical one for the

development of various small industries—fruit products, linen, etc., and help given them would help stabilise local economy.

I was told that Madame Chiang Kai-shek was promoting something there, so there was no need. I asked what this work of national importance was to be and was told that a factory would be set up there under the direction of the "New Life Movement" for the manufacture of cube refined sugar for the officials of Chungking, to save bringing it from Hongkong. However, some months after this, when I was flying from Hongkong to Chungking, the agent from the Central Bank came to the plane and stacked in it, along with Californian fruits, fresh from the refrigerators of the "Dollar Line", a large parcel of cube sugar and tins of coffee.

Such were the hardships of the great in the war of resistance. The various baskets bore the label, in English, "Dr. H. H. Kung, Executive Yuan."

February 7th At breakfast today with the charming and able Olga Poblete of Chile, a noted peace fighter, we talked of the Opium War and how deep an impression this had left on China, so that almost any child who had been to school can tell you how one of the dirtiest of all wars in history was waged and why.

It seems almost incredible now that any country wishing to have normal, friendly relations with another should allow a gang of predatory officials to ruin their reputation with that country for generations to come. One remembered being, in 1943, in the little city of Tunhuang just inside the old Jade Gate of China, in the far northwest, across many deserts, a place where few visitors ever came; and seeing there, painted in the old drum tower in the centre of the city, graphic representations of the attack on defenceless Canton, the burning of the opium, and so on. The dry air of these parts of Asia had kept the paintings so fresh that they looked as though they had been done the day before.

From increasing millions, the question, "How did opium come to China?" brings the immediate answer, "British imperialism!" "How was Korea treated after the end of the Japanese occupation?" "Smashed, looted by American imperialism," will be the answer of a thousand million people, right off the bat.

It is good for people, the ordinary people in the west, to know, however, what has been done in their name and why Chinese

people look at them so inquiringly. Americans will have to bear the brunt of questions about Korea for a long time to come.

As I write, I pull over an old book—Williams' "History of China", published in New York in 1901. On p. 291 it quotes part of the diary of Lord Elgin, Commander of the British forces in the Second Opium War:

"We actually steamed past the city of Canton, along the whole front, within pistol shot of the town. A line of English men-of-war now anchored there in front of the town. I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life and Elliott remarked that the trip seemed to have made me sad. There we were, accumulating the means of destruction under the very eyes and within the reach of a population of about one million people against whom these means of destruction were to be employed."

On p. 160 there is a report of the debate in the British Parliament on the Opium War. A candid debate, of historical interest, deserving of as much study as would be the events leading up to any of the imperialist wars raging today.

"Sir John Hobson truly stated that the reason why the government had done nothing to stop the opium trade was that it was profitable; and Lord Melbourne, with more fairness, said, 'We possess immense territories peculiarly fitted for raising opium and though I would wish that the Government were not so directly concerned in the traffic I am not prepared to pledge myself to relinquish it.' "

The Duke of Wellington thought that the Chinese Government was insincere in its efforts and therefore deserved little sympathy; while Lord Ellenborough spoke of the million and a half sterling revenue "derived from foreigners" which, if the opium monopoly were given up and its cultivation abandoned, they must seek elsewhere.

Then back again to Lord Elgin, who by now is finishing up the Opium War, in Peking. He had just returned from the palace of Yuan Ming Yuan, the total destruction of which he was to order a few days later. "Plundering and devastating a place like this is bad enough but the waste and breakage are much worse. Out of a million pounds worth of property I daresay fifty thousand will not be realised. French soldiers were destroying in every way the most beautiful silks, breaking the jade ornaments,

porcelain, etc. War is a hateful business; the more one sees of it, the more one detests it."

Let us return to page 15 for the final piece of hypocrisy. He describes the Chinese as "ignorant of common science, deprived of everything which Christian benevolence, philanthropy and knowledge could and wished to impart to them", talks of the need to "compel" them to change their attitude towards foreigners and proposes "the gradual influences of the true religion, profitable commerce and sound knowledge."

Hence the missionary, the control of Chinese Customs and the dumping of industrial products, the elimination of the Chinese handicraft industry, the arms traffic, foreign concessions, extraterritoriality and the whole long line of imperialist excesses that the Chinese people are now clear of but which the common men of Korea, Vietnam and Malaya still struggle against. And the real culprit? Perhaps the lack of understanding which allows the people of the West to accept the reactionary policies of their governments quietly, letting their sons go off to be killed in modern imperialist adventures every bit as wicked and senseless as the Opium War.

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February 8th Last night the foreign peace delegates still in Peking were invited to see a play which certainly would not be performed in any part of the East except in the new society; for it attacked the very basis of the old family system. No longer could a family head make marriage arrangements for his daughter without her full and free consent; should he attempt to force her into such a marriage, it is the duty of the daughter to disobey him!

It is very evident that the new society will be founded on the happiness of its hundred million homes; and this play which ridiculed the spendthrift, drunken father, the marriage-maker and the rich widower with a bad leg and a taste for young and pretty wives, certainly brought the message home.

One noted that many among that night's audience were young men of the army, police and country government workers come into the city, and thought of the effect of such a bit of drama. The heroine's part was played with such skill and vivacity, and there was fine singing and an efficient orchestra.

The final scene of the village mass meeting, with plenty of colour, and the clever, charming and irrepressible small boy who makes the sparks of humour fly, will not be easily forgotten; nor the selfishness of the old loafer types who ruled in that other day.

February 11th Yesterday there came mail from abroad with large wads of papers and magazines of various kinds.

One picks up copies of the American "Reporter" and turns over the pages of this popular magazine curiously. One notes that the editor deems the hope of peace in Korea "largely depends on the persuasive power of our blows." I'm afraid this idea will not "sell" very well with the peoples of Asia.

Yet, goes the blurb, "We do not want Asia to feel that the White Man of the West is his enemy. If there must be a war there, let it be Asians against Asians, with our support on the side of freedom."

This says just about the right thing to ensure the hatred and contempt of the common man of China for the American war gang.

Well, let's turn over some more pages. Here's a picture of MacArthur and Eisenhower shaking hands and one of the holy creeper Dulles. One long feature seems to be devoted to Wire Tapping—How to Tap a Telephone—(with diagrams)—Who's listening, and to What?—Little Politicians have Big Ears—and so on.

The candour of the candid reporter who has just returned from South Korean elections is refreshing. A Chinese who has been indicted for voting tells this reporter, "The ward leader came around two days before election day. He gave us registration books and told us that anyone who did not vote was a Communist. He even told us how to vote and gave us two catties of rice." . . . The reporter goes on, "In Taejon only one candidate criticised the government with any degree of vigour. He was dragged from the platform and imprisoned for twenty-four hours. Thereafter, criticism was muted." . . . "A fish pedlar entering a town knows that he must present a few fish to the police sentry and a few to the sergeant. A shopkeeper knows, almost to the penny, how much he must pay for the privilege of doing business." . . . "In North Cholla Province, tucked away in the mountains of South-

west Korea, there were famines all spring and into the summer because army and police speculators had cornered the rice supplies in that fertile region." . . . "In Pusan, now the seat of the national government, grey slime covers the streets and sidewalks even on sunny days and naked beggar children sit on the ground displaying their mutilated limbs. Each day adds its share to the all-pervading filth. Twenty-four hours a day, truck convoys pound through the main streets, for Pusan is the main supply port for all United Nations troops."

On graft, he says, "An American adviser to the combat police explained to me how the system works. 'Every week or so the chief will detach a few administrative trucks for a run. They'll load up with rice here and sell most of it in Inchon. They'll buy fish, octopus and seaweed in Inchon where it's cheap and then shoot across to the east coast to pick up a load of firewood; then back down here to sell the wood plus any dainties they may have picked up on the way like *kimchi,* penicillin or blankets. Remember, they're making a profit, and a big one, on every transaction and they're not paying for the gas, the trucks or the labour.' "

And then, on the refugees, "who are, for the most part, farmers without land. (They) live for the regular distribution of rice and a few scraps of clothing. Their older children—boys and girls from ten to sixteen, too young to be in the army and unable to find employment, sometimes improvise games but spend most of their days in soul-rotting idleness. Sometimes the grey days are enlivened with the chance to do a little physical work or pick up a few pennies selling pitiful merchandise from roadside stalls to passers-by who are almost as impoverished as the children themselves. Educational facilities for them are non-existent and their more settled brothers and sisters are little better off."

To one who knew the China of 1943-1949 with American very much in control, the picture is shockingly similar; the gangsters using government trucks, the cornering of rice, the bribery and graft, the intimidation of voters in the so-called local elections, the hordes of refugees, the young people without hope of jobs or schooling, the whole picture of denial and despair; plus the visits of the "great" to the "great" for mutual back-patting—the great Eisenhower commending the gangster Syngman Rhee, the visiting

high-ups who lauded that other gangster, Chiang Kai-shek, as they hauled in their profits and stood on the neck of the Chinese people.

The final sentence of this particular article ("Reporter" Nov. 11th, 1952, by Robert S. Elegant) is in complete accord with the general opinion of the arrogant profit-mongers of the west, to whom one had to listen in China through all the years from 1926 onwards:

"There are few Koreans capable of managing a factory. There are even fewer who can run a nation."

Substitute the word "Chinese" for "Korean" and it is the slogan that was dinned into the world throughout the race for easy fortunes on the China coast. The breathtaking progress made in China by Chinese since the liberation, the no-less startling success of people's planning in North Korea—in agriculture, industry, education, medicine and all other fields important to the life and happiness of any people—and last but not least the strength with which both peoples have been able to resist all the military might of the "advanced" America and her satellites—these things give the everlasting lie to the racists, the colonial-imperialists, all the private profiteers who, using the old slogan that this or that country is "not fit to govern itself", seek to move in, subject and exploit the people for their own enrichment.

February 12th This morning as we came down the stairs of the hotel from the dining room there were the waitresses and waiters of the dining room taking part in the spring cleaning drive, rubbing down walls, polishing windows and singing lightly together as they worked. With them was the old headwaiter, a tall, dignified Pekinese who has been in the hotel since he was a lad and has seen all manner of men come and go.

He was working as gaily as the rest, and one is struck with the way this new society has been able to bring the old and the young together in one cooperative group. The old have become young again. Gone are the pompous airs, the insistence on "face" that once belonged to the headwaiter. He has become a friendly person, valued for his experience and his knowledge of foreign languages, getting on well with the youngsters who come in to be trained and who also help to train him in the new way of doing things. He is proud now, not of his position as a top-ranking

servant over other lesser servants. There is no such thing any more as a "servant" in the old sense. He is a "hotel-worker", his status is equal to that of any other worker (and "worker" in China is a proud title). He is able and he knows it; and part of his ability is to not only lead but learn from each member of his working group the things that will enable him, in turn, to give them more useful leadership.

February 12th The modern Chinese drama is certainly developing new force, with new modern technique and mass appeal.

Last night when we went to see four one-act plays we saw an audience sitting and laughing for four hours—and seeing through their laughter the absurdities of the old ways. There was the husband who looked down on his wife and felt that the life of a family drudge was all she was fitted for; was fond of her and the baby in a possessive sort of way but really felt that he himself and his factory work were the great things in life. The play ends with his seizing a broom and sweeping up the floor after pinning up on the wall the banner his wife has brought home acclaiming her as an outstanding worker in the health movement.

Then there was the play about the arranged marriage in a country village—the irate old father who has always thought that his daughter was his to marry off to the best possible advantage to himself; and the girl, in love with an able young farmer and with the backing of the new marriage law which lays down that marriage shall be the concern of the people who are getting married and it is they who shall choose. The life of both factory worker and farmer in the village were very realistically portrayed and the homely quips and language of the ordinary people in factory and farm kept the audience delighted.

February 16th The spring wind lifted the dust from the fields lying fallow and drove it in great clouds over the village people gathered on the third day of the Chinese New Year below the platform in front of the village office.

But the dust did not seem to bother anyone particularly for they were watching the stilt dancers and *yangko* dancers, so brightly costumed, with avid interest. To see one's own villagers

dressed up and to judge their capabilities as entertainers always makes a great appeal.

Our group was one of peace delegates from Japan, America, Argentina, Siam, Mexico and New Zealand and we had just been visiting the families of the village labour heroes and the houses of people who had sons with the Chinese Volunteers and who could therefore paste up a red sticker saying that the house was a "glorious" one—and so on, down the village street.

In one house, two old ladies, so neat and well turned out, said that they were seventy this New Year and when I said they could count on twenty more years yet, one said, "Why, now everything is possible!"

In the village office we found that a Roumanian party had visited here and had left the villagers some of their peasant crafts—a model of a Roumanian weaving loom and many pictures of their Song and Dance Ensemble.

One of our Argentine delegates, an artist, drew on the blackboard of the village office a very fine picture of Argentine and Chinese farmers together under a scroll held aloft by two doves.

As the Village Council Chairman was telling us of the phenomenal increase in production of maize, of the twenty-two landlords who had owned most of the land, eight of whom were self-confessed criminals, I looked over at the very pretty lass serving tea—flowered jacket with a clean shirt collar folded over the neck, two pigtails with red ribbons tied to them and a flashing smile; then up at the posters on the walls—how to keep healthy bodies, how to stop wells being infected, how to have babies in the proper way, how to deal with insect pests, how to keep the American armies out of Korea and such-like commonsense advice —and then back down our table at the delegates sitting there, a Negro American, a Japanese with a beautiful camera, an Argentino with his gaucho thrown over his shoulders; and realised how much practical internationalism was being taught both to us, as we all mixed together, and to the people of rural China.

In one of the farmyards, I said to a small boy of perhaps seven or eight, "Sing me a song," and without a trace of embarrassment he simply opened his mouth and sang a very charming

peasant song about cutting wheat and then said, just as unconcernedly, "Now sing me one."

The attitude of children to foreigners has certainly changed. The old "foreign devil" idea which made all children scared of people from any other country seems to have vanished, though of course the "American Devils" who are helping Chiang Kai-shek and the Japanese imperialists come into the new folk songs very realistically. Nothing that has been done by America in Korea or in Northeast China has been in any way hidden from the ordinary man, woman or child, who now come out strongly in their expressions of opinion on these matters.

On the way back into the city one passed many a new construction job—workers' housing, factories, etc., on the main road. The last time one came down this road was in midsummer, when all that could be seen were brick kilns turning out bricks. In a few short months the bricks have changed into houses. The speed with which things happen in this day takes a little getting used to.

February 17th Last night to an entertainment given by the Korean Railway Ministry's Artists' Group for the railwaymen of China.

The group consisted of about a hundred young men and women, all very trim and handsome in uniform, and in the dance numbers, vividly beautiful in national costume. Both choral and solo singing of national songs and folk songs was on a high level and the singing in Chinese of some popular folk songs and "The East is Red"—the Mao Tse-tung song—brought the house down.

We peace delegates, included by special invitation, got much pleasure in looking both at the audience and the players, so enthusiastic were both.

One particularly beautiful dance was done by a boy and a girl, as young lovers of the Ming Dynasty whose happy absorption in each other against the peaceful background of country life is rudely broken into by the news of Japanese invasion. The dance ends on a note of resistance and firm courage.

One was reminded in looking at this group of artists trained from the ranks of Korean railway workers, young people so full of dash and spirit, technically able and organisationally well knit

together, that the armed might of America has been trying to dislocate Korean transport for the past three years but so far they have not succeeded in doing anything more than temporary damage which has been repaired immediately and the lines with the front kept unbroken.

The theatre was packed but then the term "full house" has lost its meaning in Peking. All shows play to full houses, perhaps because they are shows by the people for the people.

February 21st "The people in other countries ask what is in the Chinese daily press," a friend wrote. "Are the people really interested in the newspapers or are they all just propaganda, as some western critics say?"

I thought back to the KMT press with its mass of advertising, its copying of Reuter and American press agencies, its daily screams about "red bandits"; and how newspapers would lie unread in the corner of our school library at Sandan while the students looked for something technical to read or some story that had some real meaning for them.

Today when the newspapers come there, or to any organisation, they come in quantity and are eagerly read by everyone. They are kept on file and referred to; extracts are made of their articles and published in monthly form.

The whole struggle for a new society, for construction, is full of human interest with a direct appeal to everyone engaged on the same tasks, with all their complications and problems, adventures and successes.

As for the advertising, it is usually to be found at the bottom edge of the last page and is confined to notices of various amusements—cinemas, theatre, sport, etc., or of school classes.

The main movements of the day, foreign and domestic, affecting the livelihood of so many, are discussed and there are columns for criticisms; "Why does the county government of such and such a county levy a bridge toll?" . . . "The system of looking after materials at such and such a construction job is confused," . . . "There should be closer inspection of the way construction material is handled." . . . "The preparation work for such and such a mine extension has been badly carried out." . . . are some

that greet my eye as it runs over the issue in my hand of the Peking *People's Daily*.

Here is a long article about the start of a new movement against bureaucracy in Shantung Province; another about an army movement to have army men give still more practical help to the farmers of areas where they are located; and a long story about a certain leading construction engineer who worked at his job efficiently but in complete disregard of the wellbeing of other construction work in his area—"cared only for the success of his own special bit of work" . . . an attitude frowned on these days. Then there is the news from the Korean front and a poem by a soldier on returning to his country after serving with the Volunteers in Korea.

The implementing of the women's movement for observation of the new Marriage Law—which means no less than expelling the last remnants of feudalism from the family system—is getting a good deal of space these days; as is the world-wide movement against Eisenhower's plan to enlarge the Korean war—his alliance with the Chiang cast-offs in Taiwan.

Fan Chang-chiang, a noted writer on the progressive side in Kweilin and Chungking in the anti-Japanese war days, has a long article on the new peaks attained in the solidarity of peoples throughout the whole world—standing in contrast to the insane plans of those who still push for war.

There is a long evaluation of Darwin in the light of today's knowledge.

The major theme, however, is construction and the problems of construction; and each day, there is some special piece of news of work being carried on in this or that part of the country with description of the scenery and geography of the area. In the paper in front of me there are stories about a coal mine, about a big digester for a chemical plant being constructed, about a cod-liver oil factory in Amoy; there are also pictures accompanied by working plans of a water elevator that can be used on any farm where there is water reasonably near the surface.

There are also pictures of the delegates at the Vienna Peace Conference and lively caricatures of political events and sketches of the lives of Volunteers in Korea and workers and farmers on

the job. On the top right-hand corner is a clear index of the most important items of news of the day.

The prevailing note is peace and construction, but contained within the word "peace" is resistance to aggression and all that aggression means to the new life breaking through here and in other parts of the awakening world.

The newspaper in China has really become the people on record and so is regarded by them as a valuable document which they keep carefully on hand for factual material for the speeches and reports everyone will make, sometime or other, in his or her small group, street union, village meeting or labour union. The newspaper provides both the record and the working guide to action, policy and interpretations of policy as well as all the news of the practice —methods and difficulties, exchange of experience, human achievements and shortcomings and analyses of these with a view to improving both the individual and the group—all material of a kind important to everyone's hopes for better livelihood.

February 25th Looking through this morning's newspaper: "A balanced budget was presented in 1952 and in that year prices fell about five percent. Both home and foreign trade were expanded. China's foreign trade in 1951 was double that of 1950. Imports and exports were balanced."

Simple words, these, from official sources, but containing a wealth of meaning. The mad stories exchanged in the old days between foreign businessmen and officials on the coast of China can no longer be told: "But if they (the Chinese) were not like this what would become of us all? So here's to their staying like this!" And the glasses of all would be raised and the toast drunk most heartily.

"Why, they import their own exports! We make millions from refining their sugar in Hongkong and then sending it back to them. We even make on the transportation. It all pays very well."

And one thought of the farmer who grew sugar, his back bent under the sun, his tired, pitiful wife and children helping him and the skinny old ox pulling the great stone rollers that crushed the cane—all to keep a bunch of loafers sitting on the China coast.

But everywhere the story was the same. Imports—goods that

the fingers of the Chinese people were anxious and more than able to make—being brought from overseas to the major cities at great cost and the raw materials and silver that China needed being drained away, in great quantities, in exchange. Even Japanese porcelain right alongside famous Chinese porcelain centres, American glass where the materials for making better and cheaper glass lay around in abundance, and so on, from one absurdity to another, in weary mockery of the creative spirit and the elementary rights of the five hundred million or so people living on the four and a quarter million square miles known to the world as China.

The idea that anything made in China was no good was one that was fostered by interested parties all along the coast. I well remember, during the anti-Japanese war, showing some of the highest KMT leaders the products of refugee workers who were resisting Japan through production, and getting the somewhat surprised query, "Did our people really make that?" Then, dismissing the matter with a scornful little laugh, "Not nearly as good as we can buy in Shanghai!"

From this sort of nightmare a united China emerged in 1949 with a planned economy in which the first principles of trade and production were strictly applied; and now in this year of 1953 begins her historic first Five-Year Plan, the results of which will certainly give those who entertain any doubts of the powers of collective man to manage the economy of a great nation considerable food for thought.

Later In the papers these days are the depositions of Colonel Schwabe and Major Bley of the American airforce, on germ warfare.

Their own writing, photostated and printed in the newspaper, can be seen on the public newspaper boards along the streets. Just near the entrance to Wang Fu Ching in Peking, is one such, and round it was a group of people, old and young, one reading aloud to the others while I pushed in to read the English.

"Mei-di must be very dirty to keep on with this," said one. ("Mei-di" means "American imperialism".) "Worse than the Japanese!" chimed in another.

As far as the Chinese people are concerned, germ warfare is not a matter for argument. They have heard and seen all the

evidence both on exhibition in the cities and from the lips of their own soldiers, scientists and doctors coming from Northeast China and Korea. Germ warfare is just another evil fact to be dealt with realistically, another difficulty to be overcome, as they have already overcome so many in their long struggle for peace and a better way of living. The thing now is to put the maniacs who use it in a position where they cannot do further harm, to keep along with health campaigns and reduce the liability to disease, to push ahead with the construction by which their country goes from strength to strength.

The amazing thing to me is the effrontery with which the Pentagon and the State Department still attempt to brazen out the situation with their unctuous denials to the press and that any section of the public should be willing to accept such denials in the face of all the published facts, including the many reports in America's own journals proving that "B.W." has been the subject of systematic research in the USA ever since the last war.

People do take a certain responsibility when they accept lies without protest. Perhaps they argue that to believe the truth would be to strike at the basis of their established order, their security, their hoped-for future. But the clear, cold truth will have to be accepted sometime and dealt with in all its horror.

February 26th Yesterday Mr. Matsumoto, who was to have come as head of the Japanese peace delegation last autumn, arrived in Peking and peace workers welcomed him at the airport and afterwards at a supper held at a famous Peking duck restaurant, Chuan Chu Teh, near the Chien Men Railway Station.

The host was Chen Shu-tung, one of the remarkable "old-young men of this day—a Hanlin scholar of the Ching Dynasty—who through all the years has retained a fresh, courageous outlook. His white beard and the white beard of Mr. Matsumoto looked well together at the table.

I talked with several of the Japanese friends during the afternoon and evening and realised anew the close ties that must exist between these two countries, geographically so near and with so much in common in cultural heritage.

At one stage the conversation turned on Tu Fu, the Chinese poet of the T'ang Dynasty, at another on the new trade agreements

between China and Japan, the peace movements, and the arrest by the American Army and eventual release at the demand of the Japanese people, of a very dear friend of Shanghai and Chungking days, Waratu Kaji.

Kaji, one of the foremost writers of his day, an anti-imperialist who, wanted by the Japanese gendarmerie, had come to Shanghai disguised as a member of an opera troupe, went to Chungking after the outbreak of war with Japan to express his opposition to Japanese imperialist policy. The KMT isolated him and he was not allowed to do very much. After the war was over he returned to Japan, suffering from the TB that under-nourishment and poor living conditions over a long period had brought him. His life under the old warlords of Imperial Japan had been one long story of imprisonment and torture and now under the rule of the American Army of occupation, their natural successors, he was to suffer a similar fate. He was seized and held secretly for a year before Japanese peace fighters discovered his whereabouts and an aroused people demanded and secured his release. People in many a western country who sacrificed so much in a major war against fascism would be surprised to learn what is being done in their name by forces to which they are now giving their support.

The arrest of Kaji, Kaji of the sweet and gentle nature, Kaji of the great soul who has struggled through to middle-age, wielding his pen on behalf of his suffering people, is surely one of the more contemptible acts of the American fascists.

Ikeda or as we called her Yuki, his wife, I remember too, so courageous always, especially in the dark days of 1937 in Shanghai when the Japanese gendarmerie were hot on their trail and capture meant sure death—Yuki, with each of her finger joints broken and swollen from torture in prisons, having children and losing the best-loved.

The peoples of the world can well be proud of these true representatives of the Japanese people who, in a properly organised world, will help to bring peace and better livelihood to everyone.

February 28th Yesterday afternoon, when I went on my stroll

through the Tung An Market, I was hailed before the police. It came about in this way.

Going down the line of bookstalls, on the fringe of the market, one of the stall-keepers said, "You had better go to the bookshop inside where, the other day, you bought a book. You lost some money there and they want to see you."

So we shook hands cordially and parted. As I went by the line of bookstalls inside the market, the manager of one of them and his young assistants came out and told me that I had dropped six banknotes there which they had found as soon as I had gone and taken them to the police sub-station in the market. Would I please step right along and take them back? Surely, I said, and we went off.

The police office people asked me to sign a receipt and one of them said that to be in Peking for peace was very good. We shook hands all round and I parted from the bookseller's assistant at the main door. He was a sprightly lad of about twenty who assured me that even had I dropped the money on the crowded street outside it still would have been returned to me. "It's not the same in China now as it was before," he said with a cheerful grin and vanished into the depths of the market.

March 1st Last night the Peace Committee sponsored the showing of a Japanese movie, depicting the life of workers in a coal mine through three decades.

The theatre was filled mainly with young people and when, during the introductory talk, Matsumoto, the grey-bearded peace fighter from Japan, stood up to acknowledge a reference to himself he was greeted with a spontaneous and prolonged ovation. A fine example of real internationalism and objectivity and a good token for future relations between the two countries so recently locked in a life-and-death struggle on Chinese soil.

The missionaries who came to teach "love your neighbour" but stood on the side of all the powers of exploitation could produce nothing to equal this.

The film was very good and strong, depicting the rise of a workers' movement, the courage of men and women in the mines, their daily life and struggle.

Many of the people in the audience must have lost members

of their family in the terror of the Imperial Japanese Army onslaught on their country, all had no doubt suffered during the war years; yet their newly found understanding could bring them into sympathetic relation with their fellows in Japan in a direct and very warm way.

Now we can see how the dream of mankind for a world that will work together can find a practical basis.

March 2nd A fine spring afternoon with a blue sky and a fresh little wind when we went to the south of the old Chinese city to see a new lake and people's park in the making.

The place was called Tao Ran Ting where, in the old days of Imperial exclusion, poets used to come to pen lines to the beauties of nature.

During the disturbances of the past forty years or so, however, Tao Ran Ting had ceased to be a beauty spot and had become a place for dumping rubbish, with great pools of stagnant water lying between small hills of old refuse. It had become one of the chief breeding grounds for mosquitoes and flies and therefore one of the first areas to receive the attention of the health department after liberation.

Some seven thousand men were put to work at once and a big sum appropriated to clean the whole place up and begin the process of turning it into a park. The dirty ponds have been already made into a big winding lake of clean water blown to blue ripples in the light spring breeze as we gazed.

As we walked around with the sanitary engineer he told us how in the years between the Ming Dynasty and the liberation—some six centuries, 200 kilometers of sewers had been laid in Peking. In the three years since liberation another 100 kilometers had been laid and within the current year another 100 kilometers is to be put down.

Voluntary work by organised groups living in the vicinity will help to cover the clean, bare earth and the several hills made from the excavations with gardens and trees and places for rest and recreation by the lakeside. Even in its present state it provides a grand place for the kids who charge up and down the hillocks playing at repelling the American invader in Korea or whatever phase of the drama of their time strikes the young

imagination when it is given scope to express itself. The girls seemed to get just as excited as the boys over this particular game. The revolution has presented a challenge to people in all walks of life and the kids of this time are not the "goody-goody" subdued little things of the day when parents were so anxious to keep their children off the streets where anything bad might happen at any time.

The thrill of construction going on around the park area—factories, buildings of many kinds—seems to add to the tempo of doing and making.

March 3rd The election law has been promulgated. Today's paper says that "universal franchise is stipulated", that "all Chinese citizens above the age of 18, irrespective of nationality, race, sex, occupation, social origin, religious belief, education, property or length of residence, enjoy the right to elect and to be elected", and re-states so that no possible doubt can be left in anyone's mind, "women enjoy equal rights with men to elect and to be elected".

Simple words, these, but as one thinks over them, words charged with terrific meaning. The Mongol, the Miao, the Tibetan, youth in high schools, apprentices in factories, grandmothers, soldiers—all will choose their representatives, all will be eligible for choice.

"One delegate shall be elected for every 500 people in cities and towns under a county and in important industrial and mining districts within the boundaries of the county. One delegate shall nevertheless be elected in places where the population is less than 500 but over 250. One delegate shall be elected for every thousand of the population in the cities and towns under a county where there are a particularly large number of towns and the population is exceptionally large."

Ever since the downfall of the Manchus the idea of universal franchise has been talked about and the KMT held much-publicised "elections" by which, with the use of manipulation, bribery and intimidation, they not only maintained themselves in power but were able to represent this desirable state as an expression of the popular will.

In Sandan, the head landlord got himself "elected" to fill any

position he happened to want—to be head of the local government body, of the middle school, colonel of the militia, head of the Buddhist Association, and so on; to be sent to Nanking, from which place he came back with a new dose of venereal disease demanding that our school hospital provide immediate cure.

The only thing that stood in his way was that he represented one section of the KMT while the local KMT Party secretary represented another; but this problem was easily solved by getting the KMT Party secretary transferred to another county and made resident magistrate there.

An "election" was an occasion for official feasting entailing the lavish use of local government funds—in a poor area where a little government help to the peasants would have made the difference between life and death in many a family.

Sometimes there were fights between the loafer-gangster supporters of one side or another but always the richer side won.

The people were mustered when necessary by the same elements who took their sons as conscripts, snatched their grain for taxes, could imprison or beat at will. The very word "election" brought forth a smile on everyone's face—a smile of contempt or a smile of anticipation of some sort of rake-off.

In this today the right to vote is not just something that is given to people as a sop, something that can be sold to the highest bidder, it is part of the new way of living, an acceptance of personal responsibility for progress, a declaration of the importance of every voter in the scheme of things. Both to the electors and the elected the choice of a representative who will truly carry out all that the people trust him to do is a serious thing and everyone who takes part feels this in a very personal way.

March 4th Preparations are being made for International Women's Day, a date which this year in China marks the beginning of a great women's movement for the implementation of the new Marriage Law.

Teng Ying-chao, a leader of the women's movement and wife of Premier Chou En-lai, states in her message that the Marriage Law "unequivocally provides that the arbitrary and compulsory feudal marriage system which is based on the idea of the superiority of man over woman and which ignores the interests

of the children shall be abolished; that bigamy, concubinage, child betrothal, interference with the re-marriage of widows and the exaction of money or gifts in connection with marriage shall be prohibited; that the free choice of partners, monogamy, equal rights for both sexes and protection of the lawful rights of women and children shall be put into effect; so that husbands and wives may live in harmony, participate to the fullest extent in productive labour and rear united, democratic families."

The purpose of the movement will be to see that no doubts whatsoever are left on the minds of people in the villages and everywhere else that now the women mean business; that two people who have agreed to live together are two awakened individuals with equal rights and equal responsibilities; and that there is just not going to be any more of the old feudal attitude.

The old village attitude was that a *ya-tou* (slave) as a father would call the girl child, was of less use than an animal, just something to be brought up and sold as soon as possible. There was the trader who had eight wives and infected them all with V.D., the chairman of the Kuomintang Political Council who was a chronic sufferer from the same malady and who claimed the privilege of first night with young brides; there were the old men who bought girl wives through unscrupulous marriage-makers; while, on the other hand, there were women who had money enough to hire husbands.

The old society, with its cynicism and lust, bred people who grabbed the chance to exploit any kind of human desire for profit to themselves.

In my early days in China I went to spend one summer working on a famine relief project. Before going, I met an acquaintance who had at his house that night a prominent Kuomintang man who had been a secretary of the Chinese Y.M.C.A. and was quite wealthy. He drew me into a corner and said that he had heard that I was going into a famine area and that young girls of fourteen or fifteen were very cheap there. Would I select two or three and then he could have the money sent to a local mission and have them brought to Shanghai for his household. He stipulated that they should be good-looking and strong. He had a friend in Peking who would receive them and send them to Shanghai. Needless to say, he did not get the girls. He died

some years later, during the anti-Japanese war, from an overdose of 914 with which he had hoped to cure his persistent V.D.

But the stories of the exploitation of women and children are too numerous, too harrying, to put down here. Now, with the bad old days rapidly receding into the distance, people in China do not like to be even reminded of them. They are tied up with intertwined Japanese and American flags, Imperial edicts; they are the dead hand of a dead past. Now any feudal ideas left in the minds of men that a woman is just an unpaid servant whose function is solely to bear him children and minister to his wants, is being attacked with all the power of a people's movement, in the determination that the full strength of women in this new day shall be released for the transformation of the country.

March 7th The day before yesterday one of our Chinese comrades brought the *Peking Daily* with a worried look on his face. "Bad news," he said, handing me the paper and one glanced down at the Chinese characters that stated so clearly that Stalin was sick.

The next day's paper was more hopeful so a group of peace delegates went on with their original plan to spend a spring day climbing the Great Wall.

Just as we arrived back at the city the red flags began to come out at half-mast and groups of people could be seen standing and talking quietly.

We realised that the end of one more stage had come and that one loved so passionately by so many had gone, leaving his spirit and his work to strengthen them in the march towards that future in which he believed so profoundly.

This afternoon the group of peace delegates, headed by Japanese Matsumoto, followed closely by the American Louis Wheaton, joined in the long column that had, since early morning, been filing through the reception rooms of the Soviet Embassy, signing their names in the register and standing in front of his picture for a while before passing back into the outside world which is the biggest monument to him.

Never was any king or emperor paid so great a tribute in a country other than his own as the figure of the great inter-

nationalist, Stalin—to increasing millions of all manner of men, their Stalin.

Peking has felt his death as a blow but there will be more determination than ever now to make all the things he stood for come true. In the field of construction, in defence against aggression, in international relations and in the great fight for peace, his leadership will continue triumphantly for a long time yet to come.

March 10th In the beautiful days of last autumn, Peking was radiant, welcoming the peace delegates from many countries. Its children and youth personified the loveliness, the warmth and strength of peace and construction.

Yesterday the faces of the seven hundred thousand who gathered to pay homage to the memory of Stalin were different. They were set and stern, the face of a people who knew that a blow had come, a good comrade had gone from them, but that they would all struggle harder because of this. Here was strength shown in another way, and looking over the mass of soldiers, Young Pioneers, workers of all kinds, one felt its impact keenly.

The ceremony was simple and dignified and after the speeches had ended the massed band played the Internationale; then quietly the whole machinery for dispersing such a large body of people went into motion.

During the period when the artillery salute was fired, factory sirens all round the city came to life while the whole great meeting headed by Chairman Mao Tse-tung, facing the floodlit portrait of Stalin, stood in dead silence.

One looked down at the big flagstones of Tien An Men where we were assembled and thought of all that had been done for the world of man since 1917, how the clear-sighted determination and ability of this one man we honoured had brought about so much change; and what preceding mankind had suffered in this city of Peking; thought of the tramp of foreign soldiers over these same flagstones, the hauling of the guns; thought of the emperors and eunuchs, the scared officials; and of the students' demonstrations; of the generals and more generals, the pomp and glitter; and of the countless millions of feet of common men which have worn the great stones so smooth, giving place today to these

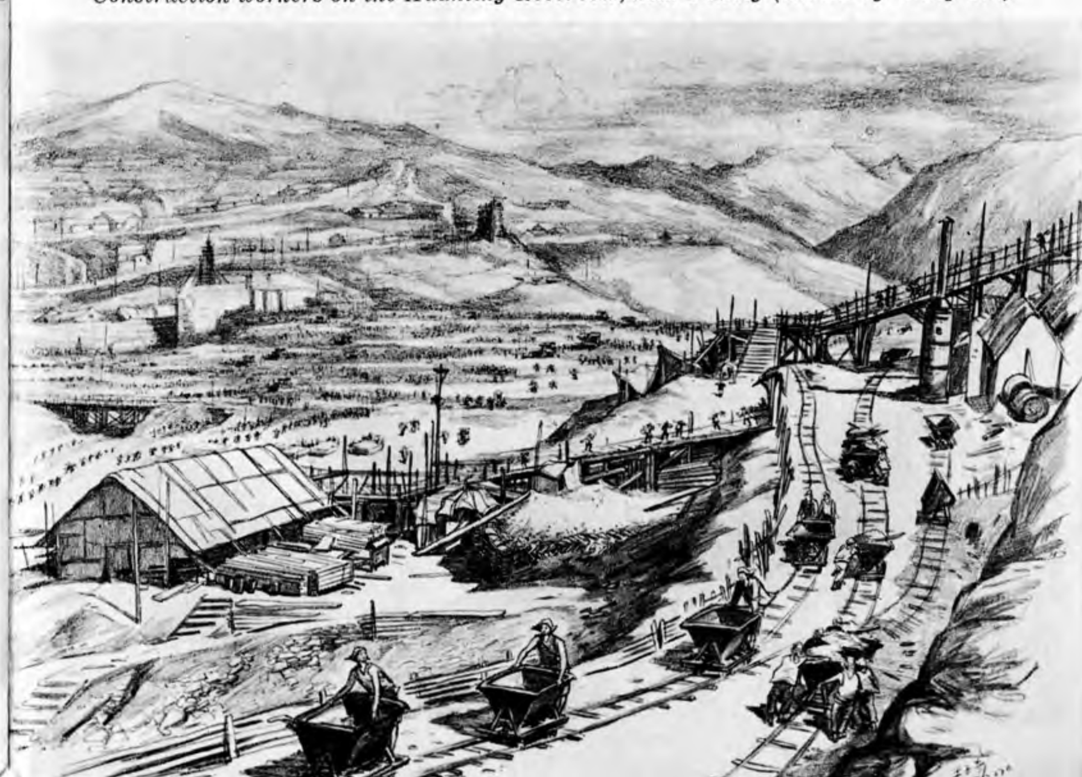
Memorial service for Stalin in Peking, March 1953

Editorial staff of "People's Daily", Peking

Delivering "People's Daily", Peking

Lanchow-Sinkiang Railway construction at Wuhsiaoling, Kansu

Construction workers on the Kuanting Reservoir, near Peking (sketch by Wang Chi)



Happy that they have registered for marriage (poster by Wu Teh-tsu)

Two shrimps (painting in Chinese ink by Chi Pai-shih)

packed ranks of silent children with red scarves around their necks who stand so solemnly beside one, and the determined faces of their elders.

One also knew that at this moment, over all the vastness of China, the USSR and the New Democracies, and in many another part of the world, men and women, youths and children, in their hundreds of millions, were standing in reverence too; the dominant feeling rising over the sadness of their loss, that the work that this man had started would certainly be carried to completion—which is a great and heartening thought for anyone interested in humanity and its peaceful development.

March 11th The news items of these days provide much exciting reading for one who has lived in China over the years.

To read that the road bed for the Tienshui-Chengtu Railway has already reached Mienyang and that the tunnels are being made all the way to Liaoyang, takes one back to the anti-Japanese war days and the many journeys by truck from Chungking to Chengtu and then on up into the Northwest—Paochi, Tienshui and then Lanchow, one trip often taking several weeks. Now the railways are being driven through so that the main railway lines of the whole country will soon be joined up and it will be possible for goods to come by rail from very distant places to the new centres.

One thinks of Liaoyang, a county off the main road and alongside a stream that flowed down from Shwangshihpu in the Tsingling Mountains, where the people had once showed me such wonderful kaolin clay for making pottery and I had told them so regretfully that they would have to wait for some way to transport before it could be used. Almost every county through which the new railway will drive was like this, full of great possibilities for many kinds of local industry. Now these will be developed in a planned way and with no worry about transport and markets.

Fine sites for hydroelectric power will have transport facilities brought alongside them so that the cement from the great cement plants can flow to where it is needed, together with all the other equipment a construction job must have.

The papers talk much, too, of the achievements in heavy industry and having seen something of what has been done since

liberation, one is sure that the basis of industry is being well and surely laid.

In the past the heavy industry of China's Northeast was used to help expand the armaments of Imperial Japan and to provide a basis for Japanese industry. Today the steel is going into implements for the mass of farm cooperatives, mutual-aid teams, collective and state farms, as well as to make tools that will, in turn, produce tools.

The Northwest is being opened up in a way that is very basic and that will bring rapid results. Its vast resources of coal and iron will help to change the eroded steppe and the treeless hills, the sandy deserts and dried-up valleys, into a land where people shall dwell as masters of the new environment their own hands will create.

"Can we make this in China?" Tsao Bai-cheng, aged sixteen, ex-Honan refugee, turned to me and asked, looking at a Diesel-powered bulldozer easing a pile of earth away from a piece of work we were doing.

"Surely," I say, "these hills are full of tractors waiting for you to come and pull them out." And then he halted and looked at the hills, where lay so much iron and coal, with new interest, after a minute turning to me with a dazzling smile and saying, "That will be really something!" and going back to work with swift energy as though the reconstruction of the Northwest depended on him at that moment, the sun glinting on the sweat that came from his bronzed back and his lithe figure making a pleasing picture of youth in its struggle against nature, yet a part of nature and part of man to be.

The cynical, jaded youth of the West are missing the thrill that comes to Chinese youth today—the challenge of construction, of being an essential part of things, the sure knowledge that they are in a changing world which they themselves are helping to shape.

The construction of industrialised China will be easy to these. It will be hard for restive youth of so many other countries to have to stand on the side-lines and watch work for which there is such ample scope in their own countries, being done by Chinese, Mongol, Vietnamese, Korean youth so gaily; the despised, the

oppressed standing up, throwing off their chains and advancing to the fore in the fight for mankind.

March 12th Second-hand bookstalls around the world must preserve a good deal of material on the growing imperialism of the last century which would help people to understand today's imperialism that goes, with such ferocity and such desperate measures, after its impossible objectives.

One such book I brought home last evening from the Tung An Market is called *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan in the Years 1857-8-9*, by one Oliphant, Elgin's private secretary.

Passing through Singapore, it notes that at that time there were 70,000 Chinese—whose labour had done so much to make the place—and that there was not a single Englishman there who knew their language; then, in the language of the entrepreneur, "When an altered state of commercial relations with China shall have opened that vast field to European enterprise, when under the skilful administration of European rulers the resources of a large part of Borneo find their way to the English market, when the Malay Peninsula, extensively peopled by industrious Chinese, furnishes its important and valuable produce, when, in fact, from these and other sources the whole trade of the East has increased tenfold, it will be found that the importance of Singapore has not been overestimated."

The Mission proceeded. It bombarded Canton City and occupied it, sending Governor Yeh off as a prisoner to India. The author indulges in a little satire of his French allies when talking indulgently of the looting sailors of both England and France:

"Our Jacks presented a most grotesque appearance as they returned to their ships waving Chinese banners, their heads covered with Mandarin caps and their knapsacks filled with spoils of a miscellaneous description; though, to do them justice, we may fairly conjecture that these were ornamental rather than useful in character. In this respect, our simple Tars presented a marked contrast in their looting propensities to their more prudent comrades among the allies. These latter possessed a wonderful instinct for securing portable articles of value; and while honest Jack was flourishing down the street, with a broad grin of triumph

on his face, a bowl of goldfish under one arm, and a cage of canary birds under the other, honest Jean, with a demure countenance and no external display, was conveying his well-lined pockets to the waterside."

The secretary goes on to speak with condescension of the quarters they had seized: "Summer houses and cool grottoes were pleasant retreats from the noonday heat. The grounds altogether were of that quaint character peculiar to Chinese taste, which is not without a certain charm." And, hoping for the puppet armies of the future: "The Chinaman was not deficient in personal courage; while in their endurance and obedience they gave evidence of the most valuable qualities which go to make up the soldier." Looking at artisans: "One gazes at a party of Chinamen at work very much as one would at beavers or bees. Their results are startling and their mode of arriving at them defies imitation by an ordinary mortal." Then, with an eye to business, writing in a place in Shantung: "These islands immediately opposite the city are separated from the mainland by straits about four miles across. The largest and nearest is Chang Shan. It is seven miles long and three broad. Here, in all probability, will be established the future foreign settlement."

Having shelled and burned cities up and down the China coast in the conclusion of the Second Opium War, having looted and destroyed, our writer goes on to say: "Lord Elgin arrived at Tientsin as the representative of a nation whose dignity has been outraged. It had been necessary to have recourse to violence, and to force an entry into the country, to obtain satisfaction for insults; and any symptom of reluctance to grant it rendered a stern, uncompromising bearing doubly necessary. He accordingly declined the refreshment which was pressed upon him and terminated the meeting abruptly, stating, as he did so, that he would reserve for written communication any remarks he had to make upon the subject of the full powers."

How to make the Chinese love the opium-bearing English traders? The writer explains thus: "So we laid hands on the captain of a Tartar guard at the gate and a few apparently well-to-do shopkeepers and marched them solemnly off between two files of marines; Mr. Lay pointing the moral of the proceeding by making the Chinese as we passed say, 'It is very wrong to insult

an Englishman; I will never insult an Englishman.' Any man who showed a reluctance to repeat this formula was at once brought forward and compelled, in a distinct and grave voice, to give utterance to a variety of sentiments expressive of his regard and consideration for the English."

Then as a final bit of imperialist conceit, some remarks regarding the English translation of some lines of poetry written by the leading Chinese official in negotiations, His Excellency Hwashana, a distinguished scholar: "It is just possible that their merit is due rather to Mr. Wade's elegant translation than to the poetic talent of the composer."

One can imagine that the poet wrote these lines looking over the smoking ruins of the city laid low by the superior guns of the opium-running conquerors and thinking of other barbarian conquests in China's four-thousand-year-old history of civilisation. The final lines of the translation read:

Forlorn the scene; a very "Walk in Dew",
Envoy of majesty! So known to whom?
Peace where the state hath need; no word of care,
Turn to thy Muse; let verse these walls adorn.

The translator adds the following note: "The 'Walk in Dew' is a poem, allusion to which is made in order to convey to the reader the idea of shuddering or shivering horror with which the present poet gazes on the scene before him." And, if one may hazard a guess, upon the aristocratic faces of the forerunners of the new civilisation from the West, the victors of the Opium War.

March 19th Last evening the workers from our floor of the hotel and some of the restaurant workers, together with the peace workers and some peace delegates—about forty people in all—sat in one of the hotel sitting-rooms in which a long table had been laden with fruit and sweets, and in the middle of which was a huge birthday cake studded with candles.

The candles lit, the lights were switched off and in was escorted the guest of the evening, an American peace fighter whose birthday it was, with his beautiful wife. It was a surprise party for him. The evening went on gaily with little speeches, games

and song. Just some plain, everyday American people with plain, everyday Chinese workers in a hotel, together in real warmth and friendship, even while American manufacturers of death and destruction were pounding away at the Korean entrance to China and supporting the most hated of all Chinese renegades, Chiang Kai-shek. A spontaneous little demonstration of the essential oneness of peoples.

March 21st Spring is here and the tree opposite my window is bursting into leaf. Across the roofs of the houses one looks at the background of Coal Hill and the long sweep of gold-tiled roofs of the imperial palaces that stretch out from it. On the street below, an incessant stream of bicycles, trucks and rubber-wheeled carts flows along, while on the sidewalks rush bands of school-children in their bright red scarves, shouting gaily to each other.

Near the hotel a block of old housing is being demolished to make way for building extension. The old beams look solid enough but as I watch one drops to the ground and simply disintegrates, its core being completely rotten. An old lady, going along the footpath on the arm of a tall young worker, stops and, swaying on her feet, looks solemnly at the change that is going on. She evidently has memories of former times.

But the ancient building has had its day and nonchalantly the workers pick up the old timbers and throw them on to carts that are swiftly removing all the debris. In a few months' time a useful, brand-new modern building will stand where the old one stood. The local people will become completely accustomed to it, as they are accustomed to the new ones opposite our hotel built only last year, and the old will slip out of their memories.

All over this vast country, in the minds of its people and in the work of their hands, this change is going on. The agony of the past century in trying to find a workable way to enter the new era of industrialisation and better livelihood has ended. China takes her place as a leading nation, the wheels of her machinery beginning to turn, her people increasingly master of their environment.

The new strength that one can feel in every walk of life is the strength of plain people in their hundreds of millions, co-operating as one. China's genius for working in groups is finding

full expression now that the groups are united by a theory which has been found to work for everyone and which is therefore accepted gladly. Her people are awake and determined to put an end to everything that has held them back. They have undergone a liberation of the human spirit. They are a people who, fully conscious now of their immense strength, stand firmly and steadily with progressive mankind on the side of peace.

* * *

June 5th, 1954 Since the entries which go to make up the preceding pages were written, over a year has elapsed. A year which has seen the momentum of change gaining as one victory followed another. In Korea, America has been forced to withdraw to the 38th parallel, from which she originally started the Korean War. Steps for the industrialisation of China have been made resolutely and with great success. In the big state factories, wages have been raised and the hours of work shortened. The mutual-aid teams of farmers, which organisation followed on Land Reform, are advancing into producers' cooperatives in many parts of the country at an increasing rate. New schools and new hospitals are everywhere, and the new railways push through mountain passes, connecting up those areas whose place names were legendary—and which now come into reality.

The foundations that were being dug next to the hotel, for the building mentioned in my last entry, now support a massive, seven-floored block. Scaffolding, with flags waving from its highest points, has become a permanent feature of the Peking landscape, for as soon as one lot of buildings is finished, another rises.

Outside the city, on the way to the Summer Palace, a broad new motor road has been completed which makes traffic easier. Huge buildings are now under construction on either side of it. A new Zoo, with newly brought zoological specimens, replaces the older one, much to the delight of Peking's children who flock to see polar bears from Siberia, elephants from India, etc., all in their new setting.

The Kuanting Reservoir has now been finished, and the Yungting River will now no longer flood, bringing devastation to the country around Peking. In many parts of the country, other water

conservancy projects have been completed. Millions of trees have been planted.

New parks and amusement centres in all urban areas have been built to meet the popular need. In Peking, for instance, in the Tienchiao area, there is a large new theatre, where a group of us went to see the Song and Dance Ensemble of the German Democratic Republic at the time of its opening. Here also, the Korean concert party that came to Peking after the armistice, performed, and last week we went to a very brilliant concert of minorities there, which followed a few days after the commemoration of Dvorak the great Composer, when a Peking orchestra rendered his compositions with much feeling and appreciation. This commemoration brought to memory the great commemoration meetings of last year when Chu Yuan, Jose Marti, Rabelais and Copernicus were honored, and wide interest aroused in their lives.

Cultural exchange with other countries has brought in this last year a continual stream of delegations to Peking, while delegations from China have visited other countries in many parts of the world. The health movement gave rise to added interest in health work, and as I sit and type these lines, I can look across the roofs, and see the new Tung Ren Hospital buildings rising to completion. A large new Children's Hospital is also amongst the new hospitals completed.

All of this and much more, grows around us here in Peking. Last month on a trip to see old cultural relics in Loyang and Sian, it was noted that the whole process is going on everywhere. The railway junction of Chengchow in Honan we could see in passing, was becoming the site of a rising industrial city. Loyang and Sian have much new construction. The thing that strikes one most, however, as one travels, is how much more sure of themselves the ordinary people appear to be, how better fed the children evidently are, and how the consideration people have for each other which was such a marked feature of liberation, has become the new way of life everywhere, in itself this such sure evidence of high morale.

In the late summer of last year, I made a trip to the school at Sandan, where I had spent so many years, and with excitement saw the railway trains puffing up to the foot of the Wuhsiaoling mountain range, having long since passed Lanchow, and leapt

over the Yellow River. Wuhsiaoling, which our school trucks had crossed in so many cold winters of the past, and which was dreaded by every driver in charge of a truck that might break down there. News in the Peking papers these days assures us that the main tunnels through this barrier are now completed, so that before long the railway will be hauling goods into Wuwei, and the corridor of West Kansu with all its rich natural resources will be open to new development.

From Szechuan, the railway is pushing up towards Paochi, through the valleys of the Tsinlingshan, where at Shwangshihpu our Gung Ho workers of the Anti-Japanese War times had their center. It was from here that the staff and students of the Bailie School set out in the cold winter of 1944 to find new quarters in Sandan. Before long, the whole journey will be possible by rail, done in a few days instead of the couple of months it took then.

In this last year, there has been the nightmare of P.O.W. treatment in Korea, told of so movingly and clearly in Winnington and Burchett's "Plain Perfidy", bringing one to realise anew the moral bankruptcy which encourages such. The growing disgust of the peoples of the world with the atom bomb maniacs, is reflected in the resolutions of peace supporters not only in China, but also throughout the world. Nonsense talked in the name of UNO makes people in China wonder how much of what has been said at Panmunjom is the truth. For instance, UNO men there recently stated that myself, Courtney Archer and Max Wilkinson, all of New Zealand, were being held in North Korea. It is twenty odd years ago since I was last in Korea, and I am not "held" anywhere. Courtney Archer, lost in Korea according to UNO, has been found living peacefully at his home in Rangiora, New Zealand. Max Wilkinson and his wife are living happily in Lanchow, where he works on a dairy farm. When we compared notes last summer in that city, our only complaint was that we were getting too fat. So much for UNO reports.

One of the little excitements of the day in Peking is to see the brief understatements in the papers of progress all over China. To one who has rebelled against the slowness of change in the old China, these are always dramatic. This past year has seen them come more and more frequently—things like this:

Timber is pouring into Korea for rebuilding—cement—steel in hundreds of thousands of tons—electrical and chemical industries producing five hundred kinds of equipment to support Korea's reconstruction work—medical instruments and medicines for Korea—daily necessities—consumer goods for Korea.

In North China, the Cooperatives supplied peasants with 40,000 waterwheels since liberation, enabling them to convert more than 12,000 hectares into fertile paddy fields and harvest an extra 45,000 tons of rice annually.

Shantung will harvest 365,000 tons more peanuts this year than last, it is estimated.

The City of Tientsin census returns show that the population of the city proper and its immediate surroundings, has reached 2,620,000. . . . Between 1937 and 1948, Tientsin's population never exceeded 1,800,000. Of the 2,620,000 population, more than 440,000, or one-sixth, were born in the last five years.

These mean a great deal to me, though it is the daily street scene, the daily contact with people that now, as always, makes life in China so full of interest. Today's scenes differ from many of those in the past, however. For instance, going for a walk the other day to Liu Li Chang, I passed a crossroads, noticing two police workers come along, and selecting a spot begin to hang up a considerable number of posters. Quite a number of people soon gathered to see what it was all about. Then the police workers, their display ready, turned and began to explain, one man using one poster as subject-matter, and his comrade the next. In demonstration, they would point to the people on the street. It was a travelling explanation team for education in traffic safety. "Now you see, that boy coming across; the point-control man has shouted to him to wait, but he keeps on coming—he is carrying a parcel; now something has dropped out of it; he is stooping to pick it up; a bus is coming; but everyone sees him . . . now he is over here!" and everyone looked at a boy who stood reddening, and still

breathing heavily, while the explainer pointed to a poster of a street accident where the child was not so lucky. "It is waste to have street accidents. Our country needs everyone to live a happy, working life. It is our duty to cooperate and stop these things from happening." Taking education to the people is a thing that is also part of the new day, and in the quiet lanes of Peking, such demonstrations as these on things that affect people living together, gives the ordinary man a chance to hear, discuss and understand that no other way would equal.

Increasingly, during this last year, has the New Peking been able to give its people the chance to study its own history. Construction means the unearthing of many relics, and these make for many exhibitions. The museum at Choukoutien has been completed, and one may now go there to study prehistoric man. The treasures of cave temples, such as those of Tunhuang, are now becoming known to millions of people who had never known that their country possessed such, in the past. Of the many exhibitions seen during this last year, I especially like to think back to that of this last April, when the paintings of Chi Pai-shih were shown. It was something to see the 93-year-old son of a poor Hunan peasant, who had been a carpenter and then a woodcarver before he became an artist, sitting in the apartments that had once been the Emperor Ch'ien Lung's own private ones in the Winter Palace. The light of a spring day glinted across the golden tiles, and played on his gown of red brocade silk, as he received the crowd of visitors who had come to see his work.

Only some of his creations and those done after the age of forty were here, but what gay, lovely impressions they were, done with the skill of a great master! The old artist himself seemed very interested in a mild, quiet sort of a way on what was going on around him, and after a while he rose from his chair, and walked around the paintings, some of which he had not seen for a long time. A tall man, his body straightened a little and a smile came to his lips as he looked at some of these old friends. Chang Lan, a Vice Chairman of the People's Government, came and talked for a while with him, two old grey beards together, both of whom must have seen so much and heard so much of what has happened in and around these palaces in their long lifetimes.

Chi Pai-shih has carried on the old tradition of Chinese art,

carried it through those terrible times of Japanese domination and Kuomintang dictatorship. Now the younger artists of today, with a new world of people constructing around them, will take this tradition and adapt it to newer forms bringing man, the creator, in amongst the hills, the tea blossom, the grapes and wisteria, and all the forms of life that flowed from the delicate brush tips of this genius, who has taken his place so surely amongst the great artists of our time.

They carried him away from the reception in a sedan-chair through the many courtyards, to where his car waited near the Coal Hill entrance of the palace. The wind, with a little dust in it, blew through the pines and his grey hair. His face was calm and serene, like old ivory, graven.

Through all its new construction, its advance in all fields of life, China this past year has held unswervingly to the cause of peace, seeking by every means possible to promote it, knowing well that only with peace can its people's strength be properly manifest. Enthusiastic delegations have attended peace meetings in many parts of the world from China, and last month, delegates attended the enlarged meeting of the Secretary and Deputy Secretaries of the Peace Liaison Committee for the Asian and Pacific Regions, here in Peking, which I also attended as a member of that committee. I particularly remember one delegate, an Indonesian lady, who was giving her speech clearly and decisively, when she stopped in the middle of it for a second, and, looking over the top of her spectacles, said, "And my own personal opinion is that if the Americans want to try out H-bombs, then they should try them out inside their own country," all with an edge to her voice, and then after a second's pause going on with her speech evenly. There is no one who lives in the Pacific outside the North American continent; who would not echo her words, one feels.

It is always with something akin to reverence that delegates to peace conferences listen to Korean and Vietnam delegates. Small countries who by their resistance to aggression, are fighting for a true basis for peace. Who fight and construct at the same time, and who need peace so much. One thinks of the youth they have sacrificed, the utter destruction that has been rained down upon them, the twentieth century barbarism that has shown itself to be so much worse than that of the ancients, who did not have

such propaganda technique as the merchants of death own today, to hide from their own peoples the napalm-burnt villages, bomb-blasted hospitals and schools, the victims of carelessly thrown explosive who die amongst the green of their hills and beside their rivers. Surely, today's merchants of death are the true descendants of those who have operated up and down the China coast since the beginning of last century, as the lurid history of that time will increasingly show. But that day is now ending. All Asia is turning away from it, which is a hopeful, glorious thing for the peace-loving people of the whole world.

Looking out through the windows of the meeting room across the tree tops in the compound, one was conscious of a background of song from the loud-speakers on the distant streets. It was a song of strength, confidence in the future, and as speaker after speaker rose, and quietly the interpreter's voices carried the message around the green baize-covered tables, there was somehow the echo of that song. For no longer is any people content to sit and be used by others for profit; no longer will any people acknowledge the traders of any one race to be their masters, their exploiters. The end of a stage has come, and there is the fullest confidence amongst progressive mankind that the future will be a future for all peoples to advance in together. That peace is truly indivisible, essential to life and its progress.

Now, while so many millions await the result of the meetings at Geneva, where China now sits as one of the great powers, the Chinese people press forward with their tasks, like a mighty wave engulfing the sorrows and tragedy of the past and advancing ever higher up the gleaming sands. The elections—the first real elections in China's history—which were held in this last year, have knitted government and people together in a way that China has not known before, and given added strength in the carrying through of policy. The rest of the world needs this strength, this China, and the people of China, for all their present and their potential power, have no greater wish than to live in peace with all other peoples throughout the world.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Rewi Alley was born in Canterbury, New Zealand, in 1897. He has been in China since 1927, working in various fields—factory safety inspection, industrial cooperative organisation in the anti-Japanese war years, and in technical training. He now lives in Peking, as New Zealand representative on the Asian and Pacific Peace Liaison Committee.

He has travelled in many parts of China, and for some ten years, has lived in a technical training centre in a remote village in the Northwest of China.

Amongst the books written by him are "Yo Banfa!" (We *Have* a Way!) published in 1952, and "Peace Through the Ages", "The People Speak Out" (both translations of Chinese poetry) published in 1954.